

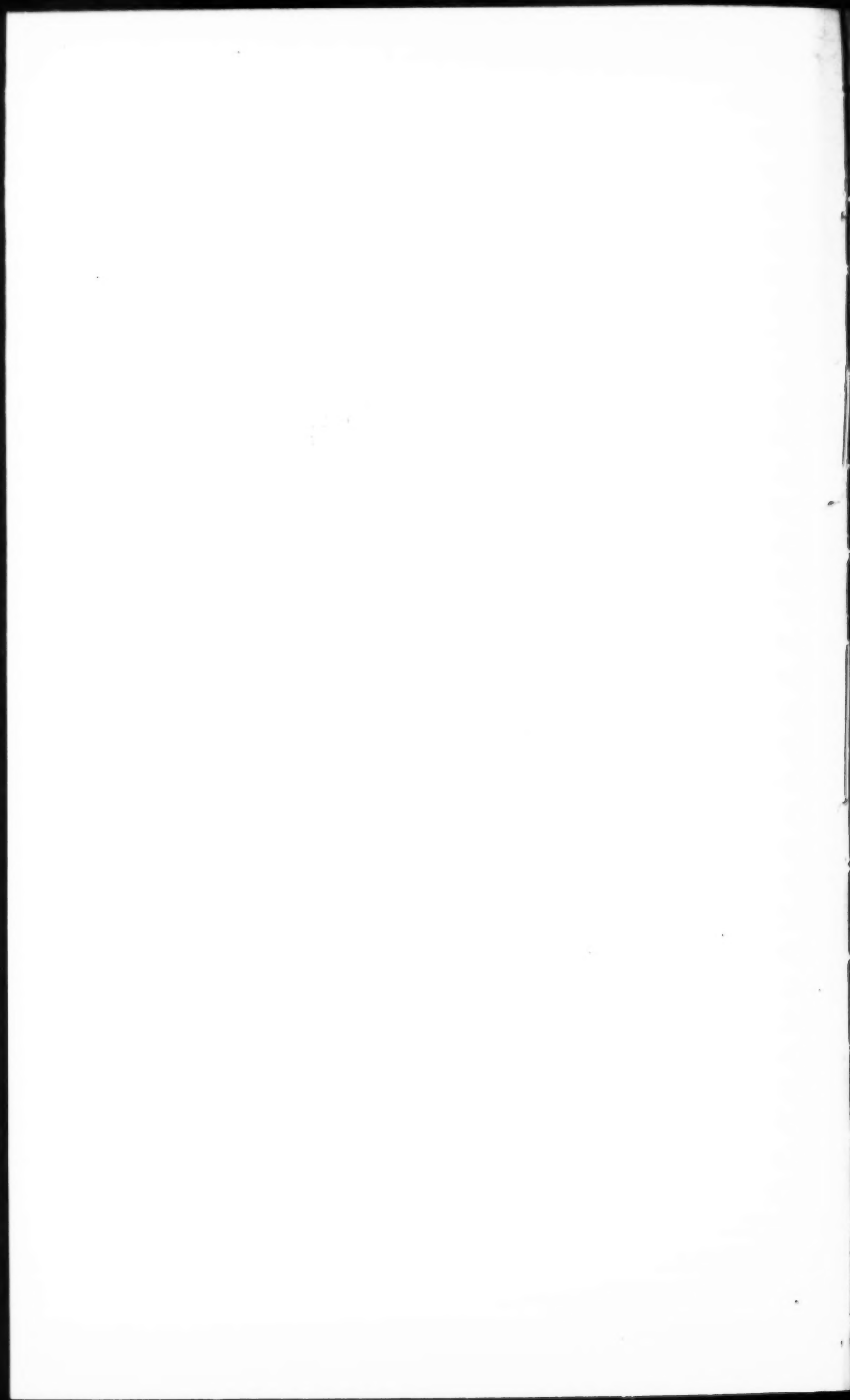
THE DUBLIN REVIEW

UN

Volume CLIX

Quarterly Nos 318, 319 ; July & October 1916

BURNS & OATES
28 Orchard Street London W



80th Year
Vol. 159

THE

Quarterly
No. 318

DUBLIN REVIEW

JULY 1916

BURNS & OATES

28 Orchard Street London W

B. HERDER, 17 South Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Price 5s 6d Net. Yearly Subscription 21s Post Free

BURNS & OATES' NEW BOOKS

DEVOTION TO THE
HOLY FACE

ITS SIGNIFICANCE, ITS
HISTORY, ITS GIFTS, AND A
COLLECTION OF ITS PRAYERS
BY E. SETON

Boards, 1s. 6d. net. Postage 3d.

¶ "The devout student of the Passion of our Lord will find much that both enlightens and edifies in 'Devotion to the Holy Face.' The theology, history and practice of this devotion are here very fully set forth, and the latter half of the book is devoted to prayers and devotions gathered from far and wide."—The Month.

VERSES IN PEACE
AND WAR

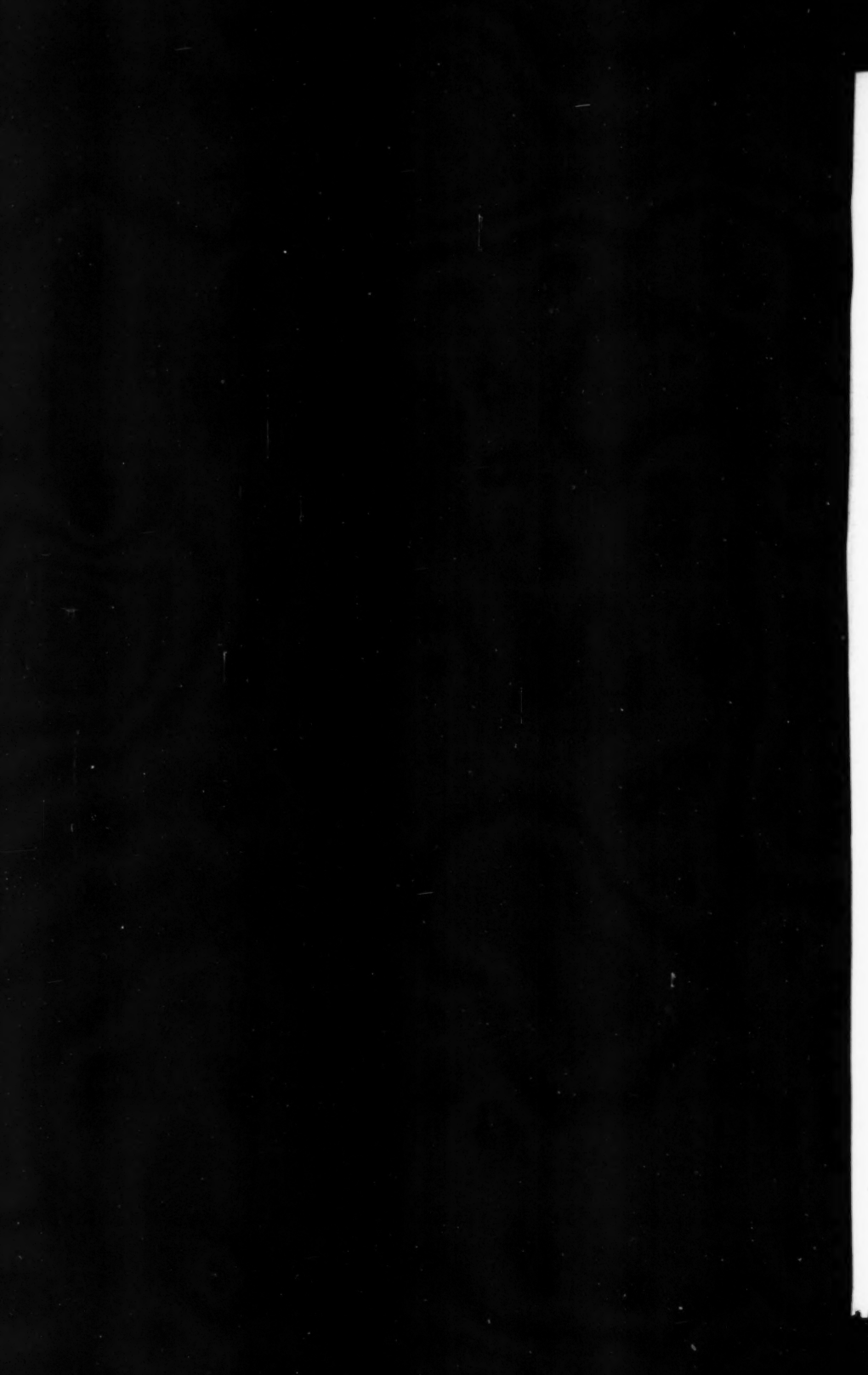
BY SHANE LESLIE

Cloth, gilt, 2s. 6d. net. Postage 3d.

¶ Those many watchers after new talent who have found much to interest them in the personality and prose of Mr. Shane Leslie will welcome this little collection of his poems. Their quality, indeed, is not altogether unknown, for he was one of the contributors to "Eyes of Youth," that assembly of poems by a little group of Catholic friends which found much favour and many purchasers a few years ago. "The Athenæum" then wrote: "The note of individuality and enterprise makes itself heard in the varied output of Mr. Shane Leslie. He adds strength to versatility. His short poem 'The Bee' shows the instinct of the born lyricist."

XXVIII ORCHARD ST., LONDON, W.





THE CONTENTS

July and October 1916

Wilfrid Ward (I). By Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.	<i>Page</i> 1
(II). By G. K. Chesterton	23
The Spirit of the Nation. By Arthur H. Pollen	33
The Russian Church. By Rothay Reynolds	52
A Plea for War. By W. S. Lilly	68
Some Thoughts on Mediæval War Poetry. By Miss Mary Segar	84
In Honorem Sancti Boni Latronis. By Prof. J. S. Phillimore	102
Some Memories of O'Connell. By Martin Haile	106
Race and Super-Race. By A. J. Rahilly	125
Bishop James Gordon and the Highlands of Scotland. By Dom F. Odo Blundell, O.S.B.	141
Is Turkey Doomed ? By The Very Rev. Dr. Barry	156
Some Recent Books	180
The German Soul. By Baron Friedrich von Hügel—The Ethiopic Liturgy, By the Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D.—The Book of St. Bernard on the Love of God, By Mr. Edmund Gardner—Political Theory from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth. By A. J. Carlyle—The Political Writings of Rousseau, Edited by C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Litt.D.—England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth, By Dr. Arnold Meyer—Syria as a Roman Province, By E. S. Bouchier—The Chevalier de Boufflers, By Nesta Webster—The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, By G. E. Buckle (Vol. IV.)—The Primates of the Four Georges, By Alfred W. Rowden—Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, By Fr. Martindale—The Last Days of the French Monarchy, By Hilaire Belloc—East and West through Fifteen Centuries, By General Young—Catholicism in Mediæval Wales, By J. E. de Hirsch-Davies—Lectures on the History of the Papal Chancery, By Dr. R. L. Poole—The Antiquity of Man, By Prof. A. Keith—Morphology and Anthropology, By Dr. W. L. H. Duckworth—The Onion Peelers, By Fr. Garrold—The Shepherd of the North, By R. A. Maher—Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans," By Dr. Warde Fowler—etc., etc.	

The Contents

Memories and Reflections. By the late Wilfrid Ward	<i>Page</i> 209
The Irish Scene : In American Eyes. By Shane Leslie	234
Reconstruction : An Echo from the War Literature of France. By Father Martindale, S.J.	250
The Seven Penitential Psalms : Newly translated from the Hebrew, with Notes. By Father Hugh Pope, O.P., Doctor of Scripture	267
Free Nations and German Culture. By Canon William Barry, D.D.	291
Problems of Mental and Spiritual Healing. By James J. Walsh, M.D.	301
The Pilgrimage of Grace and the Exeter Conspiracy. By R. C. Wilton	318
A Lapsed Relationship. By William Wistar Comfort	336
A Study in the Development of Sacramental Theology. By O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R.	346
A Page of Gibbon. By Hilaire Belloc	361
Some Recent Books	377
The End of a Chapter, By Shane Leslie—Counter Currents, By Miss A. Repplier—Kitchener's Mob, By J. N. Hall—The Tidings Brought to Mary, By Paul Claudel—The Mechanism of Mendelian Heredity, By Prof. Morgan and Others—The New Europe, By Arnold Toynbee—Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine, Edited by Rev. A. Poulain, S.J.—The Money Master, By Sir Gilbert Parker—Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition, By Miss Janet Spens—The Dead Musician, By C. L. O'Donnell—etc., etc.	

WILFRID WARD

I.

FOR twenty years Mr. Wilfrid Ward was regarded, both by those who differed from him in his religious faith and by his fellow Catholics, as one of the ablest exponents of the Catholic position. His success in obtaining a respectful hearing for the Catholic point of view amongst thinking men of every shade of philosophic thought was perhaps his most immediate and manifest achievement: it was due mainly to his entire sincerity and his sympathetic endeavour to understand other men's points of view. He stood as a Catholic, but no one could think of him as a sectarian; he was an earnest and good-humoured protagonist who knew his own mind, but was anxious to do justice to the minds of other men. Utterly sincere himself, he had a large faith in the sincerity of those from whom he differed. These moral qualities, added to his intellectual ability, were perhaps the chief factors in his success as a Catholic apologist with those outside the Catholic body.

Amongst his fellow-Catholics this sincerity of mind gave him a secure place in their esteem: it carried him safely through the period of acute feeling aroused by the condemnation of modernism, when one party regarded him as a drag on the wheel whilst their extreme opponents wondered whether modernism itself was more dangerous to the Church or the "liberalism" of Wilfrid Ward. To those who knew him at all intimately the charge of "liberalism" was too ludicrous to be taken seriously, though it caused himself much pain at the time. He could hardly have been a liberal in thought even had he tried, any more than he could have been a democrat in politics. By temperament he was essentially conservative: it required the full weight of his intellectual ability to make him an open-minded conservative, that is to say, a conservative who believes the world has a future as well as a past. It was, indeed, with the

Wilfrid Ward

freshness of an ever-new discovery that he recognised the inevitability of change in living institutions: it was a relief to his spirit that change did not spell disruption, but might be merely the vital action of the living organism itself. Having made that discovery, he was spiritually afire to share his discovery with his fellow-men; to ward off disruptive change by proclaiming and enforcing the law of conservative development by which organic societies and institutions live. Quite intelligibly the more revolutionary party disliked the attitude of the self-appointed advocate who doggedly refused to allow them to appropriate the consecrated word "development" and suggested that their proper war-cry was "anarchy." And, almost as intelligibly, he was not altogether trusted by those who hold that any change in established things must be for the worst. But the Catholic body at large never distrusted him: the loyalty of his faith was as patent to them as his sincerity of mind was to all who knew him.

His vocation as an apologist of the theory of development applied by Cardinal Newman to the teaching and life of the Catholic Church came to him out of the stress of his own experience. Newman's analysis was to Wilfrid Ward the solution of a difficulty created by his own conservative temperament and his intellectual appreciation of the facts of life as he saw them. He had gone to Rome to study scholastic theology. The splendid synthesis of thought achieved by the early scholastics caught his imagination: he was particularly struck by "the extraordinary balance of mind, breadth of view, and absence of undue prepossession" with which they approached the questions of which they treat. Nevertheless something was lacking in the traditional scholastic system: it did not fulfil to-day the function it fulfilled in the Middle Ages of elucidating the intellectual difficulties uppermost in the minds of men at the time. In its method and language it was out of touch with the thought of to-day. Was the Church, then, so exclusively committed to the scholastic

Wilfrid Ward

synthesis of thought that none other was admissible ? Newman's theory of development gave him the answer. It showed him how the Church in the past had conserved its forces and methods and yet had always in the long run adapted its methods to new needs, assimilating what was true and permanent in every age whilst rigidly defending its own position and authority against aggression : it convinced him that a new Catholic synthesis of thought was possible, which, whilst it met the special need of the modern world, would link up the modern mind with what was of permanent value in the scholastic system, as that system had itself linked up the newer thought of the Middle Ages with the teaching of the Fathers. Newman thus became the master-light of the young theological student who was in later years to do more perhaps than any other man to apply his master's teaching.

At the same time we must not overlook the debt which Wilfrid Ward owed to his famous father, the strenuous defender of authority in religion. From his father he inherited his strong conservatism and love of institutional order ; but it was his father who taught him to think for himself and to beware of taking mere words for real thought. An amusing passage in his biography of William George Ward describes the catechism to which the son was subjected on his return from the Gregorian university :

Is there any tendency to *substitute* current formulæ for real thought ? Is an argument in philosophy pure and simple, tested by the weighty names of the advocates or forced upon the student in the name of orthodoxy ? If so all this is "intellectually deplorable." "More intolerable than any Eastern slavery" was a phrase he used of the attempt to invest purely philosophical opinions with the semblance of authority ; and to allow formulæ learnt by rote to supersede genuine thought was to make the mental attitude utterly unreal. What, then, was the state of the Roman University in this respect ?

Wilfrid Ward throughout his life was always seeking to get at the truth behind the formula, whilst following

Wilfrid Ward

his father in paying "absolute deference to authority in matters of doctrine."

In his earlier years he was chiefly concerned with the metaphysics of religious thought, and it was at this period that he wrote *Witnesses to the Unseen*. But already at the time of the publication of this book he was becoming dissatisfied with pure metaphysics, which seemed to him of itself "to lead nowhere." The fact was, he had not the temper of mind of the purely speculative thinker. He was really much more of a man of affairs than of pure thought, though the affairs which arrested his mind were mainly connected with intellectual speculation. He was more interested in thinkers than in thought itself, and in the drama of contending minds than in particular opinions or theories. And what concerned him most in regard to the human mind was that it should go forward in orderly activity: he was less concerned with the actual results of philosophic or scientific investigation, except in so far as they were evidences of intellectual activity. Hence he followed with a keenly appreciative interest the developments of thought in all manner of subjects—in theology and philosophy, in natural science and history, in literature and art; but always it was with the eye of the politician, following the movements of the time with a view to the welfare and evolution of the State. He belonged, in fact, to that class of thinkers who may be described as the politicians of the world intellectual. No wonder his early adventure in pure metaphysics seemed to him "to lead nowhere," and that he was drawn to the more congenial task of making the ways straight for that orderly vital movement of the human mind, in which he mostly delighted.

That he became the apologist and apostle of intellectual development under the governance of the Catholic Faith and tradition was not merely an accident of his being born into the Catholic Church. Cardinal Newman had inspired him with the conception of the Church as the one historic institution which combined the

Wilfrid Ward

widest liberty of thought in matters of life and religion with that conservative genius which is necessary to the true organic development of the human mind, viewed not in this or that particular aspect, but in the simplicity and fullness of its being. Assuming, as Wilfrid Ward assumed, that man is a religious being, there can be no hard and fast separation between his religious thought and his secular; and assuming, further, that the Catholic Church is the supreme authoritative witness to the religious life, it follows that the ultimate synthesis of thought universally considered must be a Catholic synthesis and find its place in the Catholic Church. Outside the Church and apart from the Catholic Faith, any attempted synthesis of human thought must fall short of the entire truth of human life. That was the idea underlying the mediæval conception of theology as comprising all the sciences, and of the institutional Church as the home of all the arts of civilisation; and it was the idea which fired the imagination of Wilfrid Ward and determined him in his advocacy of Newman's theory of development. In the great truth which the mediæval Church endeavoured to realise he saw the working principle for that Catholic synthesis of thought which will bring together the historic Christian Church and the modern world.

His early attempt to provide a philosophic basis for religious belief had in view this ultimate harmony of the Catholic and modern secular minds. But he was very soon convinced that, before any substantial progress could be made, it was necessary to clear up the more fundamental problem of the attitude of the Church as an institution towards the ever-changing activities of the human mind. Twenty years ago that problem was held by the general run of men, even thinking men, as hardly to need investigation. Those outside the Church spoke far more glibly than they do now of "the rigidity of Rome" as synonymous with mere obscurantism. Dr. Jessop's comparison of the Papacy

Wilfrid Ward

with the Chinese Empire, as self-contained and standing aloof from the civilised world outside itself, expressed the settled opinion of the non-Catholic body. Amongst Catholics themselves anything which savoured of a departure from the accepted condition of things was regarded with a suspicious timidity. Cardinal Newman's *Essay on Development* was taken as an apology for his own conversion to Catholicism ; but few, either outside the Church or inside, seriously considered it as an apology for Catholicism itself, still less as a prophetic proclamation of a new order of things in the relations of the Church with the modern world. It is not saying too much to assert that Wilfrid Ward brought Newman's theory of development out of the shadow into the light. Upon it he based his own persistent apologetic for the genius and claims of the Church. He urged it in season and out of season as giving a reasonable interpretation of the enigma of Rome. He compelled attention to it by his persistence and persuasiveness. If to-day non-Catholics regard the Catholic position more intelligently and sympathetically, it is in no small measure owing to his handling of the great Cardinal's interpretation of the Church's genius. At the same time he secured for it a more general acceptance in the thought of Catholic apologists themselves. For the very attempt of the modernists to wrest Newman's theory of development to their own defence only ended in gaining for it an authoritative vindication from Rome. There was, indeed, an anxious period for those who with Wilfrid Ward regarded Newman as a prophet of the new dawn. But Rome, with the unerring instinct which it has ever manifested in times of heated controversy, quietly but firmly set Newman apart from the modernists and recognised him as her own.

There were those who said that Wilfrid Ward's presentment of the theory of development was "Newman as seen by Wilfrid Ward." He was accused by the modernists themselves as "formulating" Newman in the

Wilfrid Ward

interests of a timorous orthodoxy. The accusation was really untrue. It was the modernists themselves who were distorting Newman's teaching in the interest of an impatient rationalism. Newman's later pleading as a Catholic for a freer intellectual activity in regard to modern thought and science was not inconsistent with his emphasis at Oxford on deference to authority and tradition. As a Catholic he assumed the existence of authority and the duty of obedience as essential to Catholic intellectual progress, even as he explicitly vindicated the place of authority in his *Essay on Development*. The modernist controversy reproduced within the Church something of the same rationalist mode of thought against which Newman had contended in his Anglican days; and Wilfrid Ward in contrasting Newman's loyal attitude towards authority with the modernist's attitude of defiance was undoubtedly true to the great master.

From the first when he came forward as an exponent of Newman's theory of development, he felt the necessity of laying stress upon both aspects of the Cardinal's mind as exhibited in his unswerving obedience to the authority of the Church and his sympathetic appreciation of the new mode of thought in the modern world. This he felt was necessary not only for the sake of truth but as expedient in view of a new situation within the Church itself. Few people outside the Catholic body were aware at the time of the intense renewal of thought which was quietly manifesting itself here and there throughout the Catholic world. In all manner of places there was a feeling of intellectual unrest, a calling out for a re-statement of theology and philosophy to meet the historical and scientific investigations of the day. There was a feeling abroad that the scholastic explication of the Catholic mind had got into a groove and was aloof from the new intellectual questions which were now exercising the minds of men. Much of the restlessness was vague and ill-formulated: it largely expressed itself in mere discontent with the accepted teaching of the text-books. But

Wilfrid Ward

there was at the same time a more positive element which aimed at definite reconstruction. Leo XIII. recognised the discontent and dealt with it not unsympathetically. He directed the Catholic schools to revert to the fountain-head of Catholic scholasticism with its broader and more constructive line of thought and to endeavour to harmonise it with the scientific thought of the present day; he encouraged free historical research, and formed the Pontifical Commission for Biblical Studies with a genuine desire to promote Biblical enquiry whilst safeguarding Catholic tradition. Wilfrid Ward, it need hardly be said, was in entire sympathy with the new intellectual awakening, yet none saw more clearly than he that, if it were to achieve the reconstruction it desired, there must be a decisive clearing-up of the fundamental issue between the rights of authority in matters of speculative thought and the rights of human liberty; above all, there must be a co-ordination of these rights in the mind of the Catholic body at large. Otherwise there would be revolts and heresies on the one hand and an undue restriction of liberty on the other.

The circumstances in which the Church had been placed by the revolutions of the past four centuries had created an atmosphere of prejudice dangerous to any new movement. There was the prejudice amongst a large body of Catholics against any innovation in methods which had long been accepted. That prejudice was intelligible. The Church had been in "a state of siege," and a sort of martial law had taken the place of the ordinary law which governs and guides individual action in times of peace. Living in an atmosphere of siege for several centuries, Catholics had grown accustomed to look upon unquestioning obedience as the one law of life and to go to authority for guidance in matters which in more normal times would be left to individual initiative. Activity for a long time had thrown itself into two forms: blind obedience and revolt against authority; and, if a man could not be ticketed with the one label, he was apt to be ticketed with the other. This

Wilfrid Ward

prejudice did not represent the normal Catholic mind, nor did it prevent a far larger amount of individual initiative amongst Catholics than the Church is ordinarily credited with. But it was sufficiently widespread to cause any new movement to be popularly regarded with suspicion, and its existence tended to create a counter prejudice on the part of the discontented against even the rightful exercise of authority. Any action of authority was apt to be suspected as inimical to progress. To disperse the mists of prejudice was therefore essential if the new intellectual awakening within the Church were not to be hindered or to break up in destructive disloyalties.

It is well to note the fact that Wilfrid Ward's advocacy of Newman's theory of development was not merely for the defence of Rome against non-Catholic misunderstandings: he deemed it even more needful for the guidance of that Catholic movement of thought which he hoped would emerge from the intellectual discontent of the moment amongst Catholics themselves. He himself believed that the very genius of Catholicism made such a movement possible and inevitable: it was part of his faith in the indestructible vitality of the Church: and he found in the history of the Church a confirmation of his belief. Already there had been two great constructive periods of Catholic thought, the Patristic and the Mediæval: each had grown out of the union of the Faith with the best and more permanent features of a distinct civilisation. Both periods prove how wide a liberty can exist within the Church side by side with submission to authority. But the history of these periods further elucidates the function of authority in regard to human thought. It does not belong to authority to build up schools of thought; you cannot demand that the Papacy should provide the world with ready-made systems of philosophy: that is the function of the Catholic body at large and of individual thinkers. But it does belong to the Papacy and the ecclesiastical authorities to determine whether new ideas or methods

Wilfrid Ward

of thought are to be accepted into the institutional life of the Church. It is the function of authority to declare whether the new ideas or methods are foreign to the mind of the Church or in accord with it. For authority is set to foster and shield the life itself of the Catholic community—that life “which is deeper than thought and deeper still than any analysis of thought.” Only in a secondary sense, as a moderator rather than as a creator, has it to do with the developments of human thought. Once this position is clearly recognised we have the key to Catholic obedience and Catholic liberty and to the duties which obedience and liberty imply. In some sense intellectual activity is not only a right but a duty binding on Catholics corporately and individually. Without it Catholic life must eventually stagnate and cease to influence the world. On the other hand there can be no true intellectual progress which shatters the life it should nourish or disrupts that institutional existence which is to the invisible Christian Faith what the human body is to the soul. That briefly was the moral which Wilfrid Ward, led by Newman, drew from the reading of Church history, and it was the theme which he persistently laboured in all his apologetic writings.

Two of the earliest papers in which he formulated his views on this subject were *The Conservative Genius of the Church* and *The Rigidity of Rome*. Together they sum up lucidly and simply the whole of the message which he considered it his vocation to deliver. They are of further interest as exhibiting how he handled his theme when addressing his fellow-Catholics on the one hand and on the other those outside the Church. In *The Conservative Genius of the Church*, a paper read at the Catholic Conference of 1900, he appealed to the Catholic body to take stock of their traditional methods and machinery with a view to the needs of the present day. The paper was frank and sincere, as all his writings were. It begins by calling attention to two phenomena in the history of the Church: first, there is

Wilfrid Ward

her attitude of uncompromising resistance to rival theories of life which strove to dictate to her and bend her to their will.

The other is her faculty of assimilation :

From not one [of these rival systems] did she fail ultimately to assimilate something, in most cases a great deal, once their aggressive character had been broken by her resistance.

He then proceeds to ascribe this double phenomenon of resistance and subsequent assimilation to the conservative principle of the Church, and to explain the apparent paradox. "It may be urged," he says,

that the first attitude—of opposition to aggressive novelty—is an exhibition of the conservative principle ; but that the second—the subsequent assimilation of portions of what was rejected—is not. To this I would reply that to identify conservatism simply with the rejection of what is extraneous and new in form is to identify it with the principle of decay. To preserve a building we must indeed resist those who would pull it down. But we must also repair it, replace what is worn out by what is new, and fit it to last in the varying conditions of life. True conservatism involves constructive activity as well as resistance to destructive activity. Periodical reform and reconstruction belong to its very essence.

"There are," he continues,

two classes of enemies to true conservatism—those who would pull it down, and those who would leave it untouched, without repairs, without the conditions which render it habitable in the present.

The Church in the past resisted both classes of foes. She opposed the aggressive movements of the times ; but

had the Church been content with a false conservatism—the conservatism of mere resistance to innovation—and then remained passive, having escaped the dangers of aggression, she would have succumbed to the danger of decay. She alternated instead, not

Wilfrid Ward

between resistance and passivity, but between resistance and the most active process of adaptation and assimilation. . . . The fundamental difference between false conservatism and true conservatism is that the former is blind and passive ; the latter, open-eyed and active. Both recognise that the Church's business is to preserve the theological structure whereby the original revelation is protected, but the former tends blindly to cling to the *status quo*, the latter insists on surveying the building, renewing what is decayed, replacing what is worn out, examining intelligently whether a particular part of the construction now does the work for which it was originally intended.

He then comes to the practical application of these remarks to the actual position of Catholics in England at the present day. Catholics are no longer excluded from public life as they had been for centuries past ; they were coming more and more to associate freely with their neighbours in the universities, London clubs and in the world generally. And they find that the Catholic Church is regarded as hopelessly reactionary and as not facing or realising what others consider the assured conquests of modern science. Hence the Catholic is apt to find himself in a difficulty. It cannot be denied that the action of the Church has been almost entirely hostile to the conclusions of the scientists where these touch upon Christian teaching. But if one looks back upon the systematic action of the Church in the past the difficulty is less.

The first instinctive action of self-protection, of conservatism, on the part of the Church has been necessarily to oppose them ;

for much of the scientific thought of the time has been in form hostile to Christianity. But that does not mean that the Church is hostile to science as such. In the thirteenth century the Church was at first hostile to the new scholasticism because in form it was hostile to the Faith. But, whilst the official action of the Church was to protect the Faith against its enemies, there were Catholics who were working to

Wilfrid Ward

bring about a *modus vivendi* between the Faith and the new method of thought ; and before the century was finished the work of assimilation was completed by St. Thomas Aquinas. So to-day, whilst the authoritative action of the Church is mainly concerned with protecting the Faith against error, there are many Catholics in the retirement of their studies working out a harmony

between the Faith on the one hand and the assured or probable results of science and criticism on the other.

Thus the two processes of resistance and assimilation are now being carried on. To those who object that authority is unduly restrictive of the liberty necessary for reconstructive thought he replies that

those who desire that such a state of things should be modified must not fail to bear in mind, in their forecast of what is possible or practicable, the exigencies of the conservative genius of the Church. Reform . . . must be what I have called "conservative reform."

At the same time he looks forward to a growing activity of assimilation now that "the state of siege" has given way to less exclusive conditions. This process of assimilation is the function of individuals doing their part and not hiding their talent under a bushel ; working in loyalty to authority in the maintenance of *its* function and not sulking or abusing the authorities in the spirit of the grumbler.

A Catholic's final duty is to obey authority in its rightful sphere, and at whatever cost it should be to his pride. If we desire the law to respect our liberties, we must ourselves respect the law. Justice may miscarry. Or he who has urged the difficulties of the situation, and its requirements, may have been unwise or wrong. In any case the ground of his appeal is the ground of his submission : "*Civis Romanus sum*," "I am a Catholic."

Wilfrid Ward

Looking backwards one sees how the fears and the expectations which were in the writer's mind have been fulfilled or are in process of fulfilment. The modernist controversy justified the caution and the insistence upon the rights of authority; whilst those who are intimate with Catholic life know well how the habit of mind engendered by "the state of siege" is passing away, giving place to a more "open-eyed and active" interest in the new intellectual problems of the time. But the paper is here recalled because in its clear, direct statement of the case it expresses so simply and entirely the mind of Wilfrid Ward: his eager hope of a new age of constructive Catholic thought which should be the outcome at once of the new thought of the day and of the traditional thought of Catholics; his anxious conservatism of temperament and his unhesitating loyalty to the Church. It was in no prudent deference to the powers that be that he confessed his faith in the Church. He honestly uttered what to him was his chiefest pride, in that final: "*Civis Romanus sum*"—"I am a Catholic."

In the second paper to which I have referred, *The Rigidity of Rome*, he deals with the same problem, but from a converse point of view. *The Conservative Genius of the Church* was an appeal to Catholics to recognise the legitimate claims of modern thought. *The Rigidity of Rome* is an appeal to the thinking world outside the Church, to recognise the reasonableness of Rome or at least to consider the Catholic point of view fairly and without prejudice. Regarded with an open mind, the rigidity of the Roman Church—paradoxical though it may sound—may be due to its very adaptability. Hitherto that open-mindedness has been wanting; and prejudice and misunderstanding have created a barrier between the Church and the world outside it. Owing to "the state of siege" begun in the sixteenth century, Catholics and non-Catholics had been separated into two camps, and if, on the one hand, Catholics had got out of touch with the mind of

Wilfrid Ward

the outside world, on the other hand it was equally true that non-Catholics had come wholly to misunderstand the Catholic mind.

Two corporate bodies, in England especially, for centuries as much separated as different races, have not only come to have fixed habits of thought at variance with each other, but have to a great extent lost both the language and the opportunities which should enable them at least to make clear the points of divergence, and to explain that context of their tenets which makes the views on either side consistent with common sense and even with sanity. The language spoken, the whole intellectual equipment, the class of ideas exercising the mind on either side have become largely distinct.

Hence an estrangement had come about deeper than any due to mere differences of opinion or conviction about any particular point of doctrine—the estrangement of minds unable to understand each other's habit of thought and each other's language. Non-Catholics accused Catholics of standing aloof in a self-contained isolation, whilst they themselves were content to accept the most uncouth account of Catholic dogmas as the most probable, without any suspicion that perhaps the Church had another, more vital account to give of herself. The remedy for this unhappy state of affairs undoubtedly lies mainly with Catholics themselves: they must assimilate the thought around them so as to be able to explain to the outer world their own thought in a language it will understand: and this undoubtedly is what will happen if the proverb, "History explains itself," be true. A far wider assimilation of contemporary thought within the Church will lead to a consequent diminution of prejudices and misconceptions without.

This change would involve two elements—increased individualism among Catholics, issuing in a fusion of Catholic thought with the intellectual movements of the time and a consequent growth of the recognition among those without the Roman communion of the nature and power of Catholicism.

Wilfrid Ward

At the same time he asks that those outside the Catholic body should approach the Church with an open eye, and as far as possible without prejudice. If Rome has been rigid in her exclusive insistence upon authority, do not the circumstances of the last four centuries justify her attitude? When "speculation abroad was perverse and unfair" and designedly hostile, when the most liberal minds would admit no toleration for "Papists," the Church was necessarily thrown back upon an attitude of sheer defence and resistance. And where would Christianity be to-day if the Church had acted otherwise?

If men are in general only now discovering that, as Heine long ago said, Protestantism is the mother of free-thought; and if the free-thinking method ignores the authority of some of the elements in our nature which are essential in the search for truth, even those who are not Catholics may now recognise that the Church, in deliberately rejecting some of the culture of an age of destructive speculation, was preserving important truths as well as guarding her own existence.

High-Church Anglicans, at least, might be grateful for the rigidity of Rome, since to whom is it due, if not to Rome, that the mass of Catholic doctrines and ideals have been preserved?

What society was it which actually defended Catholic ideals through general obloquy, and in spite of the scorn of the would-be intellectual, when the rest of Western Christendom had abandoned them? Were those ideals as a fact to be found flourishing and operative in the Church of England a century ago?

The essay is a spirited and brilliant defence of the Catholic attitude of resistance; yet a defence which holds out the promise of a better mutual understanding in the immediate future which may eventually lead to the reunion of Christendom. Corporate reunion, he thinks, is still far off: "the divergences and misconceptions

Wilfrid Ward

are too deep and extensive." Yet this does not mean that the state of war is to continue. We have come to a point where increasing co-operation between Catholics and their neighbours in many spheres of activity must bring about a better mutual understanding and a clearer idea as to the nature and extent of our real divergences. The polemical spirit will give place to the expository ; a temper of justice and kindness will clear the air of prejudices and enable at least those who care, to see things truly and act justly. This temper of fairness and sympathy on all sides, he is convinced, "will lead ultimately to an estimate of the possibilities of Catholicism which to the fixed prepossessions of the present generation of Englishmen appears simply Utopian."

One can hardly fail to read into this paper an apology for his own line of action in regard to non-Catholic thought. He was incessantly working to bring about that mutual understanding for which he pleaded so eloquently in *The Rigidity of Rome*. One evidence of this is the remarkably able essays which he contributed to various reviews, the more important of which have been republished in the two volumes, *Problems and Persons* and *Men and Matters*. Still more fruitful, perhaps, was his personal acquaintance with a large number of the leading thinkers of the day in philosophy, science and literature, and the eagerness with which he started discussion upon any intellectual problem whenever he met with a compliant listener.

But the mere discussion of problems would not of itself dissipate the deeper prejudices of centuries unless reinforced by co-operation for some common cause.

When people have been fighting hard for generations it is not of much use merely to *tell* them to be friends, and to conduct their discussions dispassionately. But let them work together for a common cause, on the importance of which they are agreed, and the sympathy on one point may pass to a better understanding on others.

Wilfrid Ward

Upon this ground he became, with Mr. Arthur Balfour and Bishop Talbot, one of the founders of the Synthetic Society. The object of the Society was to bring together persons "differing from each other in theological opinion, yet equally desirous of union in the effort to find a philosophical basis for religious belief." For more than a century destructive criticism had impaired the effectiveness of the traditionary systems of natural theology; but the inadequacy of a destructive philosophy was being more and more felt by minds of various shades of religious belief or opinion. Here, then, was a field for co-operation. In the discussions of the Society wide divergences of religious thought were to be looked for; but it was hoped that discussion with a common object would promote good feeling amidst such theological differences as exist and be a step towards real union amongst those desirous of maintaining the religious basis of human society.*

When he accepted the editorship of *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* he had in view the same policy of fostering a better mutual understanding between Catholics and non-Catholics and of co-operation in subjects of common interest. His purpose was to eschew as far as possible the controversial spirit, "which engenders more heat than light," in favour of a frank but friendly statement of the Catholic position and point of view. He was ambitious to make *THE DUBLIN REVIEW* representative of the best Catholic thought of the day on all subjects which interested the thinking world. At the same time he opened its pages to non-Catholic writers and invited their co-operation in matters which concerned us nationally.

Thus, in season and out of season, he worked incessantly to promote that good feeling and mutual understanding which he deemed so necessary. "Let us get to know each other," he said in effect; "we shall undoubtedly find that our divergences are even more fundamental than most of us now recognise; but

* *Men and Matters*, pp. 420-429.

Wilfrid Ward

mutual recognition of each other's points of view will be a first step towards eventual agreement." One of the things about him which, perhaps, has not been sufficiently noticed was his frank insistence that the divergences between the Catholic mind and the non-Catholic are deeper than the controversialists generally allow, and that, until these deeper divergences are brought to light, agreement upon secondary points at issue is more or less futile. Of what use, he would say, is it for Catholics and Anglicans to discuss details of reunion, whilst we fundamentally differ upon the very notion of what "the Catholic Church" is? We frequently use the same words but mean different things. We do not understand each other's language, still less each other's thought. We talk about agreements when we should be emphasising differences. No one ever yet set out to achieve co-operation and *rapprochement* with a more candid proclamation of the points at issue.

Another point he was at no pains to veil was his conviction that this mutual understanding and the eventual new synthesis of Christian thought must be the work mainly of the Catholic body itself. The world creates problems, the Catholic Church solves them, was the seemingly arrogant claim which underlay his proffered programme of reconstruction. But the claim, which, falling from the lips of the ordinary controversialist, would be deemed "mere Romish arrogance," was listened to with some measure at least of respect when it was uttered by one who plainly implied that the claim indicated not merely a right but a duty. Gradually it dawned on not a few minds that Rome's exclusiveness might be the basis of a wide inclusiveness, though it remained for Rome to prove her case. One could hardly expect more than this conditional measure of assent from those who in Wilfrid Ward's scheme of agreement are yet to be taught. And he himself did not ask for more. The greater obligation lay with the Sion from out of which the light was to come, the Catholic body itself in its mission to the modern world

Wilfrid Ward

upon whom lay the greater duty of getting to understand the world in which they live, with its own particular thought and language, its moral aspirations and intellectual achievements, its vital movements in philosophy, science, and social life. Only as Catholics themselves get to understand the world at large can they shed that light which will bring the outer world to understand them. Hence the need of an ever-increasing assimilative activity amongst Catholics, working in harmony with the conservative action of the Church's authority.

But that Catholic assimilative activity itself created a problem which exercised the mind of Wilfrid Ward and found expression in his writings. Assimilation of thought requires as a primary condition a wide liberty of intellectual research and discussion; and in matters which affect the religious beliefs of the multitude freedom of discussion has its manifest dangers, against which authority is bound to stand as a sentinel. Were religious Faith merely a matter of secular knowledge or opinion, the risk might perhaps be taken more lightly. But the Faith is really something more: it is a vital form of the spiritual life, and no mere intellectual progress can compensate for injury done to the spiritual life itself. Nor is thought itself ultimately benefited by being thrown into the midst of an indiscriminating multitude unprepared to recognise its true value. For these reasons Wilfrid Ward was averse in principle to the discussion in the periodical Press of subtle, speculative questions which are intimately connected with the spiritual life of Faith. Such discussions, he held, were for specialists, not for the general public. At the same time he was fully alive to the fact that the periodical Press holds the field and to-day fulfils the function in speculative religious thought which the University fulfilled in the Middle Ages, so far as freedom of discussion goes.

But what the Press cannot provide is that moderating influence upon individual opinions which is exercised

Wilfrid Ward

by the corporate judgment of the schools and personal contact with master-minds. What Catholics especially needed at the present time was some machinery for bringing together scholars in all the various branches of human thought—"physicists, historians, critics, philosophers, and theologians, working with a common endeavour for the provisional adjustment of the contested frontier" between all the sciences at their present stage of development. Such a "boundary commission," as a well-known Jesuit has described it, would be a first step towards the ultimate synthesis and afford just that moderating influence on individual enthusiasms and activities which is urgently needed. The Catholic *Institut* of Louvain, under the direction of Cardinal Mercier, would, he hoped, develop into such an institution; and after his first visit to America he spoke of the Catholic universities of Washington and Notre Dame as working towards his ideal. The return of Catholics to the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge seemed to him to open out great possibilities. Believing as he did that, as Catholics assimilate the thought of the world around them, they will inevitably in turn become the interpreters of the world's religious thought, he looked forward to the time when these universities would become the centres of a vigorous Catholic revival, bringing together the old and the new in Catholic unity.

How consistently events have justified the hope in which Wilfrid Ward put on his armour as a Catholic apologist few people perhaps realise. We are still far from that synthesis of Catholic traditional teaching and modern scientific and critical thought which will, as Wilfrid Ward believed, reproduce the achievement of the great mediæval synthesis of the schoolmen of the thirteenth century. But, undoubtedly, forces are at work quietly and patiently which will eventually result in such an achievement. The modernist controversy for

Wilfrid Ward

a moment clouded the sky and seemed to some a putting back of the clock : in fact, it did but clear the air and reveal more distinctly, both to Catholics and non-Catholics, the issues at stake ; as did the early scholastic heresies and revolts.

Two processes have been and still are at work. Catholics are becoming more conscious of their mission to be the final arbitrators of the intellectual and social religious problems of the modern world ; and in consequence are facing these problems with an awakened interest and more open-eyed activity—an activity impossible whilst they stood aloof from the world beyond themselves or in an attitude of mere defence against innovation. History proves that, with the Catholic body, to be awake is to conquer.

The other process is the increasing respect, due to a better mutual understanding, with which the position of the Church is regarded by those who differ from her beliefs and claims. Much has yet to be done before Catholicism will again be in the position it held in the golden period of the Middle Ages as the synthesis of the unchanging Christian Faith and the achievements of the human spirit in philosophy and art, in social life and political ideals. But when that day comes Wilfrid Ward will be given no mean place amongst the prophets of the dawn.

FR. CUTHBERT, O.S.F.C.

Wilfrid Ward

II.

A PHRASE beginning *O si ipsum* is the first that comes to any of the friends of Wilfrid Ward when troubled with that need for a portrait which is part of the overpoweringly personal quality in death. The fact that he himself made these sketches of the dead so well paradoxically increases the impossibility of doing it for him. He was most certainly, among other things, a great biographer : and it is likely enough that few in the current fashion will understand how great a thing that is to be. The word is often used for a sort of man who is not so much a biographer as a graphographer : a mere writer about writings. Wilfrid Ward was a biographer in a sense as exact and more exalted than we apply to a biologist ; he really dealt with the life and the springs of life. Some are so senseless as to associate the function with merely indirect services to literature like those of the commentator and the bibliographer. They level the great portrait-painter of the soul with the people who put the ticket on the frame or the number in the catalogue. But in truth there is nothing so authentically creative as the divine act of making another man out of the very substance of oneself. Few of us have vitality enough to live the life of another. Few of us, therefore, can feel satisfied with our own competence in or for biography, however fertile we may be in autobiography. But he was so full of this disinterested imagination of the biographer that even his short journalistic sketches were model biographies. He made a death-mask in wax with the firmness of a sculptor's monument in marble. It seems but the other day that I was reading his brief yet admirably balanced study of George Wyndham under the immediate shadow of that other great loss : I had so often met them together ; and already both have passed : but what he did there is what he could do so well, and what I attempt here in vain.

Wilfrid Ward

Yet I think the very positive qualities of his personality can perhaps still be most easily handled and summarised as those which made him so fine a critic of others. In his interpretations of Newman or of William George Ward he was without a suspicion of self-display ; but he achieved something quite other and stronger than self-effacement. In truth a magician needs a high power of magic in order to disappear. But he did something very much more than disappearing. He was anything but merely receptive ; he could be decidedly combative ; but he could also, and above all, be strongly co-operative with another's mind. His intellectual virtues could be invisible because they were active, when they were the very virile virtues of a biographer, which are those of a friend. He had a sort of intellectual sociability hard to convey in words, which in his conversation gave the key to the success in his writings. I can only say that his logic was not merely abstract logic, but altruistic logic. He was something better than disinterested ; he was interested—interested even in his antagonist's case. In a philosophical conversation he was like the fanciful altruist in Mallock's romance, who enjoyed the other man's dinner.

He followed his own mental discoveries with the same heartiness ; for it is the essence of sociability not to be above enjoying oneself, however little one may assert oneself. He loved to make clear a point or correct a fallacy in conversation when it had arisen out of his own or someone else's writings. I remember the warmth with which he would urge the intellectual distinction, the neglect of which led to misunderstandings about what he had called "The Wish to Believe." The matter is of some importance in reference to a strain in him at once rationalist and dogmatic which was insufficiently allowed for. I have heard him falsely called a modernist ; he most certainly was not a pragmatist. Nothing is clearer and more effective than that part of his criticism on *The Foundations of Belief*, in which he demurred to an indiscriminate

Wilfrid Ward

depreciation of abstract reason. In the matter of the wish to believe he would point out that the faith desired must be real faith when possessed, and that mere submission to a comfortable fiction would not fulfil the definition. The wish to believe is not the wish to make-believe. It is quite inconsistent with it. The wish that a sick man may recover is a wish that he may really recover ; not a wish to hear false news of his recovery. To treat the study of the hope with a hasty Huxleyan impatience, as part of a mere attempt to escape from rational responsibility, is really to boggle over the grammar of the English language. It is to take a quite intelligible phrase, and then give its value to the substantive and refuse to give its value to the verb. By an accident, it is exactly typical of the infectious element in his taste for such things that I have myself, as I write, slid into defending the position in my own words. It was precisely so that Wilfrid Ward threw himself unconsciously body and soul into the theses of the great men about whom he wrote.

In most of the allusions I have seen to his philosophical relation to his father, William George Ward, the luminous and provocative logician of the Catholic Revival, I fancy that the comparison has run a little too much to contrast. It is, of course, true, though it is a matter which I have no claim to judge, that he represented a somewhat less simple and centralised school of religious discipline than did "Ideal" Ward. The difference, as he himself often stated in conversation and writing, really resolved itself into the question of whether the English minority of his communion should still regard itself chiefly as a sort of garrison in a fort, for whom the single duty was to fight and keep the flag flying, or whether it might regard itself rather as a school with a place in the open portico or market-place ; a school already touching modern society at so many points that it might "permeate" almost in the manner of the Fabian social reformers in the nineties. According to Wilfrid Ward himself, his father, on the whole, repre-

Wilfrid Ward

sented the former position, and he, on the whole, represented the latter. Something, though certainly not everything, of this difference might be traced to a change in the outer world itself; but I think that such a change is even more certainly the cause of our own impression of the contrast. W. G. Ward may have been an extremist in orthodoxy; but contemporary comment made him seem more extreme than he was, for the very reason that his orthodoxy was then an almost incredible heresy. It is quite clear from the literature and recorded talk of the Victorian time that until quite a late stage of it, a man of W. G. Ward's clear mind and conspicuous sincerity was regarded almost as a monster, not because he was a particular kind of Catholic, but simply because he was a Catholic. We are condemned to read history backwards, seeing all men's movements in the light of a future which they could not foresee; and for us such figures as Ward and Newman walk in a light of self-evident truth-seeking, which follows them from their first days. We are apt to forget, for instance, that it was only in his last days that Newman really turned to bay and smote down his adversary, unsheathing his naked soul like a sword. Even then, as Wilfrid Ward was often careful to insist, the just public verdict was nearly missed, and made possible by the instant testimony of a few honest neutrals. All this time W. G. Ward seems to have been regarded as the paradox of a philosophising Papist, whose simplicity was yet more puzzling than Newman's subtlety. Huxley's joke about being burnt at the stake was only a joke, of course; but no one who appreciates the amiable maliciousness which was a part of Huxley's mentality will doubt that he really had a far-off notion that he was touching his friend on a delicate point, or even alluding to a difficulty in his historical position. But the mid-Victorian tone of which I speak was quite as unmistakable in the compliments as in the satires. There is a touch of this strange innocence in Tennyson's expression, "Most generous of all Ultramontanes." It is really rather like saying "Most

Wilfrid Ward

hospitable of all Home Rulers ” ; there being no apparent reason, when one comes to think of it, why a Home Ruler should not be hospitable, or why an Ultramontane should not be generous.

It is an important clue to Wilfrid Ward's career that he has to deal with a new generation and a wholly changed state of affairs, when the debate was more open and the admissions on the other side more general. But in the fundamentality there was still, I think, a considerable family resemblance. There was certainly a survival of some of the strongest and most valuable elements of the older time and type. It was the paradox of Wilfrid Ward that while he was a man astonishingly young for his years, and the most natural and attractive of companions for men much younger than himself, he yet seemed somehow to be the contemporary of the great men whom he had known when he was a boy : Huxley or Tennyson or Manning. It was not in the least that his younger friends felt as if they were talking to an old man ; but it was as if they were talking to one of these great men in his prime. One admirable quality he had which is exceedingly difficult to describe, but which in a book like *William George Ward and the Catholic Revival* makes the son and father singularly at one. I know not whether to call it a curiosity without restlessness, or a gigantic intellectual appetite rather amplified than moderated by patience. It is common to say of a man so acute that he had a restless activity of mind ; for in the effort to evade the platitudes of praise a phrase like “restless” has almost become a compliment. But the mind of Wilfrid Ward had very notably a restful activity. Thinking was to him like breathing. He never left off doing it : and he never thought himself remarkable for doing it ; indeed, so massive was his modesty and unconsciousness that he very often thought (quite erroneously) that his friends and acquaintances were doing it more than he was. He had the same relish for reason that his father had ; but like the men of his father's generation he was somehow never touched

Wilfrid Ward

with that dehumanising rationality which can in our time turn the intellectually consistent into cranks. For him, unlike so many writers of to-day, mental gymnastics were, like bodily, meant to balance a man and not to break his neck. Logic was one of the manly sports; it is an idea that the ancient Greeks would have understood better than many of the modern English. I do not know at what exact period in Protestant England appeared the extraordinary notion that manliness has something to do with muddleheadedness. But it is in the rooted and instinctive sense of the contrary that I always felt the kinship between what I knew of him and what I have read of his father. But in each of them I feel also something native and simple which makes one think of an intellectual Englishman, but not of an English intellectual.

Something of which I have hinted above, his hearty and unconscious humility, leaves I think the most positive print on the memory. In so far as he was in any sense "modern," it was certainly because he over-rated other people, and never because he over-rated himself. I write with not a little humiliation, as one who always felt excruciatingly over-rated when talking with Wilfrid Ward; but this sense of being a great goose was probably felt fully as much by many much more elegant and authentic swans. To youth he was more than generous; he was almost embarrassingly respectful; and something of the unconscious comedy of it had the effect of keeping him young. There went along with it, as so often goes with humility, a considerable energy even of gesture and enjoyment. The fact that he went on playing lawn tennis long after the age usually given to the game is somewhat symbolic of him. Booklover and metaphysician as he was, he had, in an almost absent-minded manner, "drunk ale in the country of the young." Here again his personality can best be seen reflected from the portraits which he drew of others; as an unconscious face is sometimes caught and repeated in several mirrors.

Even these small things that are of all things the most

Wilfrid Ward

individual, and in the retrospect of a tragedy the most intense, fitted him especially to be a portrait-painter of the great Victorians. He had a most just and satisfying genius for intellectual gossip. He even added to it by a dramatic instinct for imitating an accent or a manner, which was so vivid that one believed absolutely in the mimicry even without knowing the original. I always feel as if I had seen and listened to Tennyson, merely from having seen and listened to Wilfrid Ward. He had an unjaded appetite for all that broad and spontaneous, yet very English and domestic type of fun which redeemed the mere comfort of the Victorian epoch ; and which was at its best in the best pages of *Punch*. He knew almost by heart the great cycle of Gilbert and Sullivan operas which will probably remain as the highest point of satire and self-criticism which that epoch reached. He had preserved and could restore to the memory many other forgotten but admirable songs and satires which belonged to an age when singing was less of a function of professionals or even of amateurs, and more one of the functions of human beings. Yet his excellent taste in such things was certainly no mere accident of antiquarianism ; for in one of the last conversations I had with him, he recited whole extracts from one of the most recent but one of the most wholly masterly of modern satires, Mr. Ronald Knox's fantasy on *Reunion all Round*. In nothing was he more of his nation and his epoch than in an instant appreciation of the sort of consistent nonsense that is founded on sense, as in the inversions of *Alice in Wonderland*, combined with a certain aloofness (too modest to be called indifference) from that super-rational sort of nonsense which is called poetry.

It is impossible to deal adequately here with his very valuable and suggestive contributions to almost every controversy or problem with which he was concerned. It was a part of that very enthusiastic impersonality for which I have tried to find words, that to discuss his opinions and suggestions about them would necessarily

Wilfrid Ward

be to plunge into the somewhat stormy oceans of the questions themselves. His study of Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* was as individual as it was valuable; yet if I were to speak of it I should find myself, in appearance, speaking not of him but of Mr. Balfour. Many of the things he wrote about Tennyson were both new and true; yet they were so true that to talk about them would be talking about Tennyson. Anyone wishing for a short sample of his direct self-expression could hardly find a better one than the essay called "Unchanging Dogma and Changeful Man," printed in his volume called *Problems and Persons*, in which he answers a very fashionable fallacy in a very characteristic fashion. In reply to an aggressive writer who urged that as science advances doctrine alters, he points out that in actual history it is exactly the doctrine that does not alter, and the science that does. When the progressive and advanced person says that the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, let us say, has been abandoned, it is truly answered that the only parts of it that have really been abandoned are those which seemed at the time to be progressive and advanced. The parts found most intangible and most imperishable are really the parts that belong to revelation and religious authority. But the article is even more representative because of a certain tone towards rather irritating fallacies, a tone that was not only moderate but even considerate. He had, in a degree that is rather unusual, a good nature of so whole-hearted a kind that it only received flippancy with pain, and found no answering pleasure in contempt.

In politics he was Conservative in a sense beyond the party label, which, nevertheless, he maintained with some seriousness. I cannot convey the particular tint of his traditionalism in this respect without employing the paradox that he was a Tory who seemed to be the more ancestral and historical for having many of the characteristics of the old radicalism. His admiration for Mill was something more than a taste in literature or even a scientific relish for lucidity. He was really at

Wilfrid Ward

home in the strong simplicities of Individualism. In this he was more like Lord Hugh Cecil, and quite unlike Wyndham, whose new Toryism was shot with a sort of adventurous Socialism. On the few occasions when I have known him touch on the industrial agony of to-day, I found that the word "contract" was the central pillar of his mind, exactly as it would have been for Mill or even for Cobden. I must be acquitted of any intention of disparagement here; for though I am no Cobdenite, I am very much of a *laudator temporis acti* touching the virility and logical virtue of Cobden's age. And if such social philosophy would seem to many of us inapplicable to the modern world, it is certainly the modern world that suffers by the comparison. It is the tragedy of all conservative systems that they perpetually change. The unwritten law of the British Constitution is one into which it is easy to read anything, precisely because it is not written. And recent English history is full of debates between different generations, who do not realise that they are really debating about different things. Wilfrid Ward would have meant by the House of Lords, or the Party System, or the *Times*, something entirely different and greatly superior to anything that the rising generation means by them. And as for the agencies and personalities that are really behind the great capitalist combinations of to-day, how should it be possible that an Englishman of his status and spiritual ancestry should have anything to do with them, or know anything about them? He could understand that a writer might hesitate for fear of causing scandal, or pre-judging a delicate diplomacy, or appearing inconsistent with himself; but caution in a coarser sense came in with another generation. I do not think he ever understood how defensive, in a moral sense how conservative, was much of what he felt as revolutionary. No one ever dared to ask *him*, any more than his heroes or their great opponents, to sell his pen to foreign financiers, or to follow the sensations and suppressions of a Newspaper Trust. He came of a school which would have regarded

Wilfrid Ward

the work now offered to, and even accepted by, men of letters as something not merely corrupt but frankly comic, like advertising a circus or acting as a sandwich-man. Had he died only a few years ago, our sorrow over so just a critic and so generous a friend might almost have had a touch of sombre thankfulness, that he had not lived to see what England and the old English institutions which he valued already threatened to become. It is harder to spare him now that the death-pang comes in the midst of birth-pangs so gigantic ; and we know, what he would never have doubted, that a Christian nation is not so despicably to die. He remains now like a bridge between a better England and an England that shall again be better ; and under that bridge between the two there flowed a foulness that he will never understand. Of so good a man it is almost needless to say that he was spiritually very simple ; and he lived to see, in however awful a form, simplicity return to the world.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE SPIRIT OF THE NATION

Ordeal by Battle. By F. S. Oliver. Abridged edition with new Preface. Macmillan & Co.

SELF-DEPRECIATION is a habit to which the British nation has been immemorially addicted. There have been many fits of it in recent years. Some of us cannot even now efface from our memories the election posters of some six years ago, representing a befurred and well-fed foreigner strutting over the perishing bodies of our starving countrymen and women through the ruined streets of an English manufacturing town. In those days the thing took the shape of saying that British trade—the basis of our present power to make freedom effective in the world—was slipping from us before the greater energy, the superior intelligence, the loftier spirit, and higher efficiency of the nations with whom we were in competition. It was significant that the type of foreigner portrayed in these humiliating cartoons was distinctly Teutonic. But it is specially characteristic that this habit should have outrun all bounds just when we are engaged upon a task incalculably heavier than we have ever undertaken before, and discharging it with an enthusiasm that has blasted the hopes of our enemies and a success that has outrun the highest expectations of our friends. The trade and wealth of England—that was represented as falling from our palsied hands in 1910—has yet proved equal to the burden of a new taxation that produces £6,000,000 a week. Our chief enemy, that had seemingly acquired what we had neither the strength to hold nor the courage to defend, cannot raise one-tenth of this. But the pessimists have learned nothing from prophecies so singularly falsified. A becoming modesty, a dignified reticence—these might have acquitted us of the arro-

The Spirit of the Nation

gance with which we have been so often charged, and left the foreign historian of the future to enter a tribute to our chastened character. But during the last year or more, modesty—if this is, indeed, the motive of the campaign—has outrun all moderation. The thing strikes the native philosopher Mr. Balfour as forcibly as the acute but friendly neutral Mr. Frederick Palmer. A stream of journalistic invective has, ever since February, 1915, held up our efforts to the derision of the world. Never in the history of any country can there have been so vast a mechanism of publicity directed with so persistent a fury to crying stinking fish.

The thoughtful observer can hardly dismiss this phenomenon with the comforting reflection that we can be called arrogant no longer. For the very fury of the campaign is in itself a demonstration of arrogance of the most staggering kind. It has, of course, availed itself of the innumerable criticisms which the Government's naval, military, and domestic acts have provoked. But it has nothing in common with the right expression of such criticism.

That countless occasions for such criticism would arise no sane person can have doubted when, in August, 1914, a task was put upon the nation that was beyond imagination in its novelty and magnitude. The British people were almost incurably peaceful. The Governments it had chosen, for a hundred years, reflected, one and all, this aspect of the national temper. We were neither prepared with the numbers, nor with the organisation, nor were our statesmen equipped with the mental habits, necessary for a great Continental war. Only gradually did anyone realise the scale of our necessary participation. Clearly our task would never be discharged without a tale of blunders, proportionate to the scale and diversity of the operation, which such a war would throw upon us. Everyone saw that these were inevitable, and when they came the general wish was to bear them with philosophy and to turn them to account, not for the condemnation of their authors,

The Spirit of the Nation

but for their education and encouragement to better things.

It is, as it seems to me, a simple historical fact that the vast majority of the nation was, from the beginning, content to maintain this attitude. It was reconciled to accepting something far short of perfection in the chief direction of its naval and military action, in the political leadership, and in the control of the nation. It was reconciled to this because it believed that its statesmen were men of character and sincerity, were probably the ablest men that could be selected for the purpose, and were actuated by the best of good will.

The attitude of the nation generally was not, therefore, affected by the revelation of defects in our arrangements and plans, as one by one they came to be exposed. The battle of Neuve Chapelle, for instance, revealed the fact that, in view of the totally unanticipated conditions of modern war, our shell supply was not only inadequate, but was not of the right kind. Even before this students of sea power had been amazed that the weapon of blockade was not employed against the enemy. The resuscitation of the Declaration of London seemed so contrary to the teachings of history, of law, and of military principle as to provoke most strenuous comment. Later came acute questions in regard to recruitment, the raising of revenue, the furtherance of public and private economy, the making good of our depleted shipping, and the like. These were all specific questions, the discussion of which by experts was invaluable, both for elucidating right principles of action and for preparing the public mind for greater sacrifices and restrictions. And such discussion undoubtedly brought the pressure of educated opinion to bear forcibly upon many departments of the Government, which, in the overwhelming strain upon their attention, had allowed important possibilities of action to escape them. All this, in the new rôle the nation was discharging, was part of the necessary education of the country, and, no less, of the Government.

The Spirit of the Nation

But it had nothing in common with a general decrying of the national effort. It was a process in which men of all parties and all shades of opinion took part ; it was, for the most, led by experts and carried through with the good humour that made it possible for statesmen to modify and extend their action without subjecting themselves to the reproach that they had yielded to clamour and menaces. So long as the Liberal Cabinet remained in power the Conservative Opposition, by the temperance of their criticism, their patience, and the loyal support that they afforded to the Government, faithfully reflected the country's frame of mind. And it is undoubtedly interesting that when the failure of the Gallipoli expedition led to internal quarrels within the Cabinet itself, and hence to the fall of the Liberal Government, it was to these quarrels, and not to any national expression of lost confidence, that the change from the Liberal to a Coalition Government was due.

But if the country has kept its confidence and its nerve, it is no thanks to the campaigners to whom I allude. The transition from a party to a national Government brought no relief from the depressing stream of pessimism and discouragement. It would be merely wearisome to illustrate the kind of thing that happened in the daily and periodical Press. But it is probably true to say that the question which provoked the bitterest outburst of this campaign was that of compulsory service. The effect on the willingness of the nation to accept compulsion I will touch on later. For the moment it is the character of the argument that I am concerned with ; for it illustrates a thing common to both the post-bellum and ante-bellum practice of detraction. The case, briefly, was that no nation not so degenerate as to be content to have poltroons for its politicians, no Government not hopelessly blind and cowardly, should have hesitated for a minute to do, in war, what a certain small party had so urged in time of peace. The most moderate, the most brilliant, and, one must add, the least convincing

The Spirit of the Nation

statement of this case is propounded in that singularly able and popular book, Mr. Frederick Oliver's *Ordeal by Battle*. No one can read it without seeing that the writer is haunted by the tragic reflection that there is something wrong with the national *moral*. Were this not so, we should have appreciated our responsibility earlier. We should have clamoured for compulsory service, because we should have realised its necessity. We should have insisted upon a more honest and more masterful Government, and one better composed for strong and right strategical decisions. To have failed to have done this was unpardonable, for our warning had been precise and categoric. Had not Lord Roberts long ago advised us that it was our duty to have an army of 600,000 strong, fully equipped, and ready to fight abroad? Had we but taken this advice, either the campaign would have been victoriously determined quite early in its progress, or, more probably, there would have been no war at all. It is a passing grave indictment that this very able writer brings against us and the political leaders we have been content to follow in the fateful years that preceded Armageddon. It is an indictment that includes the Conservative, no less than the Liberal leaders—though, no doubt, the responsibility of the latter was the greater.

The wide circulation of this book, its many reprints, and now its issue in a cheap and abridged edition seem to show that to a very large number of educated people this indictment seems unfortunately just. And it is convenient to take this book as a test of the whole agitation; for what the penny and halfpenny Press vociferated in every key of crude invective, Mr. Oliver repeats in sentence after sentence of polished satire. Is it true, then, that it is to the poor intelligence and poorer spirit of the British people, to their failure to realise the imminence of the German peril, to their sloth in preparing to meet it, that all the tragedy of this ghastly war is really due? For we must make no mistake on this point. If Germany's is the greater

The Spirit of the Nation

blame, because it was she who willed and planned the war, ours—though less—is only less if we should have foreseen that Germany contemplated the destruction of Western civilisation, that we alone stood between Germany and her will, and that had we manifested any resolution to dispute that will, our action would have been decisive in securing peace.

It is perhaps worth asking, before we open the case for the defence, whether if, in fact, we had taken Lord Roberts's advice Germany would certainly have been deterred from war. It is not a matter in which there can be any certainty at all. Had we decreed national service in 1912, it is not likely there would have been a national service army of very notable numbers before 1914. But large or small, would *any* army have made Germany realise the folly of her proposed course? It depends upon two things—the strength of the impulse that drove Germany to war, and the German judgment of the value of a considerable English army in the opening stages of that war. They are two quite separate things.

As to the first, the evidence is overwhelming that to the governing military and aristocratic class of Germany the crushing of both her eastern and western neighbours was essential to the realisation of the Teutonic idea. Unless France were rendered finally harmless no headway could ever be made against England in the wider world that sea-power controls. Unless Russia were dealt a staggering blow of some sort the German dream of an Oriental Empire must remain a dream only. For the increasing numbers of the Muscovite Empire would soon present an overwhelming bar to Germany's advance, and the only safety lay, first, in crippling that Empire for a generation, so that she should not be able to hamper the Central Powers in the Balkan plans; next, in creating a buffer State of a Germanised Poland that would hold Russia permanently back in her barbaric swamps, woods, and plains.

Nor was it mere megalomania that the attainment

The Spirit of the Nation

of these things seem a flat necessity to the masters of the German State. In one generation Germany had sprung from a people mainly poor and chiefly agricultural to be one of the most highly organised industrial communities in the world with a huge potentiality of becoming vastly rich. But the extension of Germany's trade and production—merchanting, shipbuilding, and finance—had far outrun her true economic resources. The highly scientific character of her commercial and manufacturing organisation, the excellence of her productive methods, the intelligent eclecticism of her industrialism, gave to the economic whole an appearance of calculated and ordered strength which was, in fact, entirely deceptive. Viewed as a whole Germany's industrial developments—especially those of the last ten years—were little better than a colossal speculation. The capital invested in the innumerable factories was not the accumulation of past savings, but the product of borrowing and inter-borrowing on an incredible scale. The deposits of the German banks, no less than their capital, was deeply pledged in industry, and the same money did duty not twice, but many times over. Behind the whole of the Empire's finance there was the spectre that the assets were both less than the imposing totals involved and, such as they were, neither liquid nor realisable.

Nor if these amazing undertakings were viewed as "going concerns" was the case much better. As the last competitor in the field of international trade, Germany stood out conspicuously as the country that had made her market by cheapness. In certain commodities, notably chemical products and dyes, Germany had indeed created industries at once solid, truly profitable, and entirely her own. But though her production of iron and steel was second only to that of America, though the tonnage of her steam shipping was second only to that of England, and carried—in the ordinary course—a very large quantity of non-German merchandise, the bulk of her foreign trade was on highly competitive lines, in which she could only obtain volume at the expense of

The Spirit of the Nation

profit. A fairly high tariff and a rigid system of trust agreements in various industries maintained prices at home ; but they did not suffice to assure a steady growth of national wealth that corresponded either to the national effort or the national commitments.

Yet without a very marked increase in national wealth it would be impossible to maintain a growth of German industry that would keep pace with the increase of the population. What was of more pressing moment was this, it was doubtful if something like a crash and a panic, resulting from all this over trading, could long be averted. Serious as such a crash would have been to the bankers and the industrialists, it must have meant blue ruin to the militarists and the aristocrats. The whole fabric of Imperial Government was conditioned by the Socialist tendencies of the proletarians being pacified or at least held in check by good trade and good wages. Unemployment on any very large scale would have made the menace of democracy intolerable. For that matter it was serious enough already. The absurdity of the unrepresentation of Berlin, indeed the almost total disenfranchisement of the German working men, was a political danger of the most real kind. It was a danger that would materialise the moment hardship was added to a sense of political grievance.

Thus the continuance of the militaristic machine was bound up with Germany's new and not too wholesome capitalism and industrialism, and both of these were in the gravest danger unless some means were found of easing the indebtedness of Germany abroad. To the militaristic mind France had been specially designed by Providence to afford both the occasion for German victories and a source for the indemnities which would balance German finance. A military triumph would save at once the economic, and with it the dynastic position. External political ambitions, then, marched with internal necessities not only to compel a war as the only solution of both, but to compel a war at a certain date. So much for the urgency of war to Germany. How does the case

The Spirit of the Nation

stand as to her possible fear of an England fully armed ?

If England had had the 600,000 men that Mr. Oliver speaks about would this force have been a deterrent ? For the invasion of France alone Germany could mobilise 2,000,000 of the most perfectly trained and the most perfectly equipped men in the world. Her plans, which seemed to be strictly reasonable, provided that the bulk of these forces should be across Belgium in at most ten days. Clearly no British force of any numerical value could reach France and be deployed in time to help. The numbers that England could throw into the scale, then, would not have entered into German calculations for the simple reason that, whether our total available force was four corps or sixteen, not a single one of them could be lined up for the advance before the German assault had crushed France altogether. To the Germans Great Britain's army was not a problem of numbers ; it was one of time. The French campaign would be over before our thousands could reach the field. The most obvious comment, then, upon the underlying argument of Mr. Oliver's thesis is that in the German military judgment our army, whatever its size, would be a negligible quantity.

But perhaps a second comment is not less obvious. Had Germany feared a Franco-British alliance in arms, so pressing was the necessity of war for the reasons that I have given that she could hardly have waited until the increase in our army could become effective. Mr. Oliver reproaches us with neglecting Lord Roberts's warning. Had all parties agreed to act immediately on the speech of October, 1912, would Germany have waited until these forces were ready ? It seems extremely unlikely.

It is not to the purpose, however, to argue this point at length. The issue is this : was the nation to blame in turning a blind eye to Lord Roberts's warnings ? The terms that distinguished soldier used in October, 1912, were these :—"The Germans in their heart of hearts know, every man of them, that—just as in 1866

The Spirit of the Nation

and just as in 1870—war will take place the instant that *German forces by land and by sea are, by their superiority at every point*, as certain of victory as anything in human calculation can be made certain. Germany strikes when Germany's hour has struck." This was a warning addressed not to France, not to Russia, not to Europe, but to the people of Great Britain. It told us that the German threat was a threat against the British Empire. And it was because this was the threat that Lord Roberts added these words: "Such, gentlemen, is the origin, and such the considerations, that have fostered in me the growth of this conviction, the conviction that some form of national service is the only salvation of the nation and this Empire."

Now it is surely the essence of the matter to note that Lord Roberts did not say: "Germany will strike at us through France." He did not say that Austria and Germany together were so powerful that France and Russia would not be able to resist them successfully. He did not say that an English army of 600,000 men was necessary to defeat Germany *in Europe*, and so prevent her acquiring the Channel ports of Holland, Belgium, and France, and perhaps adding the French fleet to her own. If Lord Robert foresaw this menace, he certainly did not warn his countrymen of it. The danger he saw was Germany's jealousy of England, her apparent determination to try conclusions with this Empire; he thought she would do so when her hour had struck. And when was that hour to be? The instant that *Germany's forces by land AND SEA* were, from their *superiority at every point*, as certain of victory as anything in human calculation could be! The material fact in this statement is that German forces were to be *superior at sea at every point*. Only then could her armies have any terrors for us. And the reason England did not rise like one Englishman to support a larger army and compulsory service was precisely because the public realised that so long as the English fleet was supreme the German assault upon the Empire could neither succeed, nor ever even be made.

The Spirit of the Nation

In declining national service, then, the country was not yielding ignobly to its comfort-loving and slothful instincts, as our critics would have it, but relying upon the navy to discharge its traditionally defensive rôle. Neither Parliament nor the country had ever refused a farthing of expenditure that the Admiralty had asked for. The people watched the growth of the German navy with a natural anxiety, but, despite much confusion of talk and counsel, it was right in its broad judgment that, so long as our expenditure was double that of Germany, it was unlikely that the relative strength of the two navies would not correspond to the financial sacrifices that each made. If, then, Lord Roberts left us cold in 1912, it was because the considerations on which he based his demands for a larger army expressly stated that it could not be wanted till our navy was inferior. That he did, in fact, ask for it, in spite of his admission that I have quoted from the text, was not unnaturally taken to mean that he doubted a superior navy's ability to protect us from invasion and conquest. And here, of course, he ran counter to every received naval and military opinion. It seemed so obvious a retort to say that if the navy was not strong enough to save us from invasion, it surely would be better and cheaper to increase the navy and so make a larger army unnecessary.

The whole of Mr. Oliver's book, then, seems to be a supreme—though doubtless a quite unconscious—example of wisdom created by the event. It is obviously unconscious because he selects for quotation the one passage from Lord Roberts that disposes of his own case. And with this passage there falls to the ground the whole theory that it is our poor-spirited inaction that is ultimately responsible for the ruin of Europe. This responsibility cannot be fastened upon us until it is shown that, while there was yet time to remedy such deficiencies, either France or Russia foresaw the imminence and scale of the German attack, warned us of their incapacity to avert or defeat it, and challenged us to prepare those additions to the French military strength that were vital

The Spirit of the Nation

if Christendom was to be preserved. Had our political leaders had these warnings and kept them to themselves, or had they communicated them to the nation and the nation had failed to rise to the greatness of the occasion, then no doubt we should—the Government and all the rest of us—stand convicted at the bar of history. But it appears to be a simple matter of fact that no such warning was ever given.

If we were not responsible for Germany getting the great start it did in the war, it was not our want of moral fibre that explains our guilt. Has there been any evidence of degeneracy since the war began? Mr. Oliver evidently thinks the fact that we did not adopt conscription in the spring of 1915 is final evidence on this point. We have, of course, adopted it a year later. But this is no conclusive ground for damning the Government and people. Every nation is guided by the ideas it has inherited. And this nation is historically the creature of sea-power. Lord Roberts made little or no impression because he placed himself in the dilemma: either a great army was unnecessary because the fleet was strong enough to defend us, or, if the fleet is not strong enough, a greater naval effort would be a better defence than a larger army. So even when war had been proceeding for nearly a year, the nation as a whole still reckoned its service to the allied cause as principally naval. It was quite unconvinced that a contribution of a volunteer force of over three million men, when added both to the control of the sea—which we held—and to the services which our shipping and finance had afforded to the Allies, was not an adequate contribution to the war.

When the depreciatory Press insulted Lord Kitchener, abused the Government, and shamed the nation by saying we had done nothing, it did much worse than fail to convince the nation that it ought to do more. It, in fact, aroused a very stiff opposition to compulsion, just because it was so utterly blind and unjust in failing to recognise the colossal character of what we had already

The Spirit of the Nation

done. And it created a very bitter opposition to compulsion for another reason as well. The journalistic organs that were loudest in asking for it were those who, before the war, had been identified with every cause to which organised labour was opposed. They had advocated conscription before the war, and organised labour, rightly or wrongly, had identified this demand with the general cause of aristocratic and plutocratic ascendancy for which these papers stood. It should, one would think, have taken very little intelligence to see that if conscription ever became really necessary the kind of Press campaign that was begun would inevitably delay it by creating a correspondingly violent opposition. If the task of any British Government that wished to impose compulsory service must, in any event, be a difficult one, surely these gentlemen were doing all that in them lay to make it impossible.

But had this very mischievous movement never taken place it must be admitted that the opposition to compulsion would still have been very strong. And if this opposition is a sign of moral weakness, then undoubtedly the moral weakness existed. But I cannot think that a prejudice against conscription is, in itself, a proof of degeneracy. England is anti-militarist for two historical reasons. The Mutiny Act—which has to be renewed every year and without which there would be no army at all—is a legacy of the Great Rebellion. It expresses the nation's fixed resolve that England shall be governed by the will of the people and not by the orders an established Government can enforce by an army. The anti-militarist bias of the country, then, rests primarily on its historical association with the cause of civil liberty. And this is surely not a cause of which we need be ashamed.

Next, the country has never been shaken in this belief before, because it has been educated by its history to believe a navy adequate for defence. It has associated armies with the desire to conquer; and the English, as a community, have not for a century desired to conquer anybody. And it was a profound miscalculation that

The Spirit of the Nation

led the stinking-fish party to suppose that bluster and insult would turn us from such old traditions as these. Necessity, vouched for by the only authority that could assure us that the necessity existed, could—and did—convert us. But if we held back it was not from political poltroonery.

No impartial observer, looking at the England of July, 1914, and the England of to-day, could possibly accept the theory that our achievements in this period are the products of a degenerate people, and of an impotent, corrupt, and futile Government. When a nation doubles its navy; multiplies its army by ten; reduces its merchant fleet by a half, and nevertheless manages to feed and supply itself and its Allies; when it can carry on war in ten different theatres; suppress three revolts; sweep the seas clear of every enemy craft; raise without difficulty twelve hundred millions a year by loans and nearly half as much again by taxation; when it puts into the field a volunteer army exceeding three millions in numbers—the difficulty is not to explain away its degeneracy, but to account for so heroic a spirit in a people that had for so many years so few inducements to nurture the heroic temper.

Part of the explanation of the consistent self-control and quiet determined sacrifice of the people is, I am sure, to be found in the conscious and unconscious acceptance by the nation of the standards of duty and military virtue so long since held up to it by the British Navy. In the last hundred years the navy has not fought once, while the army has distinguished itself in a score of wars, great and small. Yet it can hardly be questioned that the navy has, all the time, held the first place not only in the country's affection, but in its admiration and respect. There has been a feeling that superb as the British army has been in war, it has, for the most part, been something less than severely professional in time of peace. To the navy all the world knows that the transition from peace to war makes but little difference. For at sea all service is always active service. And the dangers to ship and

The Spirit of the Nation

life that war brings are only other dangers added to a catalogue that is already long. In a special manner, then, the navy was not only the country's "sure shield" against its enemies, but the great exemplar of the disciplined and skilful courage required to defeat them. By a curious and, I am sure, not unfruitful chance, the tragic fate that overtook the first Englishmen to reach the South Pole told the rising generation in a most singular and arresting manner how a sailor could face death with perfect willingness and assurance, not for his country's safety, but only for her honour. How many of the three millions who volunteered, within a year of war breaking out, owed the deciding impulse to that glorious example of Robert Scott and his companions? In a special manner, then, the Navy had seemed to the country to embody the romance of patriotism and the chivalry of war.

The Navy, as it seems to me, had done more than this to mould our moral judgment on the conduct of hostilities. Years before war on land was made the subject of international convention, or influenced by any agreed ordinances of humanity, war at sea, as carried on by the British fleet, had been most strictly reviewed both by the civil and by the naval courts. No foreign merchant ship could be captured by a British captain without the aggrieved foreigner having an indefeasible right to ask a British court to pronounce upon the legality of his captor's proceedings. This is a fact that has not only coloured the whole course of national thought about naval war, but was the beginning of the humanising of all war. And with the growth of rules and understandings, which it was supposed would govern war on land, there undoubtedly grew up in England, where there was no popular tradition to the contrary, a belief that war was a far less terrible thing than in fact it is. It seems to be no exaggeration to say that almost no one in England could believe that Germany would attempt an unprovoked invasion of Belgium, and when she did, few could believe that the stories of German conduct in that afflicted

The Spirit of the Nation

country could be true. All these things tended to keep the British nation as a whole from realising that it might be necessary to force all Englishmen into the army's ranks. We believed the navy to be adequate for our defence. We supposed the French and Russian armies to equal the German and Austrian. We did not suppose Germany capable of such a horrible want of scruple. We were slow to believe the facts when at last they reached us. To the military calling as a thing of free choice there was no objection at all. The rapidity and the scale of the voluntary enlistment is final proof of this. But to the possibility of a Government possessing the power of forcing the subjects into becoming soldiers and then using that army for any purpose it liked, our whole history stood in protest. No thinking person, I take it, ever doubted that if compulsion became necessary people would accept it calmly. It was, after all, in its actual effect not so very great a sacrifice, when all the others that the nation had voluntarily and willingly made are taken into account. The misfortune is that those who from the first advocated this final sacrifice gave no credit to the people for what they had done already, no credit to the Government for the stupefying scale of their obvious achievement, and spoke as if until compulsion was decreed nothing had been done at all, as if when compulsion was decreed everything was made secure.

I cannot help thinking that a larger view, both of the necessities of the case and of the not discreditable prejudices of the English people, would have saved us from a form of controversy and a form of national self-depreciation which have done some harm at home and almost infinite harm abroad. The popular instinct on national strategy that a navy, even if it stood almost alone, was an adequate Imperial defence against aggression was an absolutely sound view. The thing that has made the arming of the whole nation necessary is not the danger to the British Empire, but the unsuspected fact that the war preparations of the Central Powers exceeded by many times those of their opponents.

The Spirit of the Nation

Man, we learn from Aristotle, is a political animal. It seems as if we must add that the Englishman is pledged by nature not only to politics, but to party politics. The attempt to deal with the necessities of war without reference to the controversies of peace has proved greatly beyond the strength, not of our statesmen, but of the majority of our journalists. This has not arisen from any conscious desire to improve the electoral prospects of the party which such journalists habitually support. It arises naturally, spontaneously, and inevitably from inveterate mental habit. But it is exactly such habits which make political upheavals a test of character. Edmund Burke, the protagonist of sane Liberalism, was driven by the threat that the revolution in France held over all stability in Government into the apparent negation of a lifelong creed. The world we have all known till now is gone from us, and when its anarchy is over we must be prepared to meet the new conditions with new measures. Who can say now how the political creeds of the generation that is past will then stand? If we all realise that the world is almost unrecognisably changed, we should also realise that the old party cries, the old tags and shibboleths are gone with the conditions that created them. It may turn out that we cannot, for years perhaps, go back to the old voluntary system of military service. It may be necessary to alter, and in a most radical fashion, the fiscal regulations under which this country has developed an economic strength equal to the present unprecedented demands upon its wealth. But one thing is certain: if these and other changes are bound to come there is a lesson to be learned from our recent experience of conscription and the newspaper controversies that preceded it. No great transition from the predominance of one political doctrine to that of another can be easy, natural, or even safe unless those who advocate it make allowance for right feeling, public spirit, or patriotism in those who differ.

In a democratic community it is not always the best and wisest thing that can be done. Statesmen have to

The Spirit of the Nation

be content with the best that the social forces of the day will allow them to do. It is neither just nor wise to ignore the simple fact that the prejudices of people are strong because of their historical origin. I know simple-minded folk to whom the fact that the attitude of Ireland towards the war differs from that of England is almost a mystery, a thing that can only be explained, if it can be explained at all, by the congenital depravity of that old and Christian nation. To others that Sweden and Norway should take a different view of the high purpose of Russia than we do is inexplicable. To others the attitude of de Wet and the Dutch dupes of German intrigue means nothing except that these men are incurably depraved. The dubious and obstructive attitude of some Labour groups on the Tyne and Clyde similarly appear flat instances of selfish treachery and nothing else. These people should remember that to know everything is to pardon everything. We may condemn the act and still be conscious that the condemnation will not be convincing to the offender if he is the victim of historical grievances. The treatment by Russia of Finland and Sweden, the treatment of Ireland and South Africa by England, the treatment of labour by the employers of two generations ago, these are things easily forgotten by all—except by those who were their victims.

If, then, we have, as seems certain, to prepare new political creeds for the new conditions, can we not agree to stop the eternal cavil at the nation's moral spirit? And, whatever view we take of this or that question as it arises, can we not remember that those who differ from us are in all likelihood actuated by motives no less worthy and patriotic than our own?

ARTHUR H. POLLEN.

Since finishing the above article the tremendous events of May 31st have been announced. The reception of the Admiralty statement is a curious index to the quality of the confidence which certain organs of the Press had in

The Spirit of the Nation

our sailors. The facts conveyed in the first *communiqué* were not, indeed, very skilfully grouped to convey a true impression of the event ; but the character of the event was clear enough to those who knew the essential characteristics of naval war. When a fleet for long practically confined to its harbours by blockade breaks out, it is to achieve some purpose. If it meets the blockading fleet and is driven back to its harbours, it has been thwarted in its purpose, and made to yield the command of the sea ; it has, in other words, been defeated. This was the purport of the Admiralty announcement of Friday, June 2nd. But because the losses of ships on the British side were certain and heavy, and the certain losses on the German side less heavy, the disgusting spectacle was witnessed of paper after paper crying out that we had been defeated, that our strategy had been dictated by civilian panic at the Admiralty, that our Admirals had blundered. The writers apparently had so little faith in Jellicoe and Beatty as to think them capable of doing the wrong thing at civilian dictation ! They had so little faith in the Navy as to make it more natural to assume that it had been beaten than that it had won. It was the supreme development of the hysteria which self-disparagement must breed. Indeed, it made one wonder if a want of virile faith in the British and Irish breed is not the origin as well as the result of the humiliating campaign we have been discussing.

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

“**I**N every apartment of a Russian house,” said George Borrow to the Rector of the English College in Lisbon, “there is a small picture of the Virgin stuck up in a corner just below the ceiling.”

“Beneath the ceiling in every apartment? I think I understand you so,” replied the Rector. “How delightful—how truly interesting; a picture of the Blessed Virgin beneath the ceiling in every apartment of a Russian house! Truly, this intelligence is as unexpected as it is delightful. I shall from this moment entertain a much higher opinion of the Russians than hitherto—most truly an example worthy of imitation. I wish sincerely that it was our practice to place an image of the Blessed Virgin beneath the ceiling in every corner of our houses.”

The scruples of an agent of the Bible Society may have yielded to a writer's desire for effect, and Borrow has possibly deepened the old-fashioned unction of the Rector's phrases. However that may be, the little speech expresses to perfection the feeling which must inevitably fill the heart of a Catholic, who is brought face to face with the outward manifestations of the religion of the Russian people. At the threshold of the Russian Empire he may be surprised to see a picture of the Mother of God and Her Divine Child in a custom-house, to find a sheaf of waxen tapers burning before a shrine in the booking office of a railway station, and to lie down to sleep beneath the gaze of the bishop or martyr whose icon illuminates the desolate chamber of an hotel; but his surprise is not bewilderment, and he is not mystified by the pious practices he remarks. His interest is aroused by the evidence around him that the faith of the people, in whose land he finds himself, is similar to his own. He has the delight of discovering a spiritual kinship between them and himself, a delight that is tinged with sadness by the conviction that even

The Russian Church

the peasants in sheepskin frocks, who are not ashamed to cross themselves in public, would understand the religious ideas which dominate his life better than the majority of his fellow-countrymen. Russia is a less mysterious land to him than to his Protestant compatriots. He is less likely to blunder in an attempt to estimate at their just value the practices of piety he remarks than are those whose religion does not sanction them. He is in no danger of thinking that the old woman, whom he saw setting up a candle before the shrine of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker in the railway station, is a slave of superstition and a victim of priestcraft ; for he himself has burnt candles before images, and it does not occur to him that she has done anything more than perform a commonplace and beautiful act of piety. He may, like the Rector of the English College of Lisbon, feel that the innkeeper who embellished his bedroom with a holy picture has set an example worthy of the imitation of Catholics ; but the icon does not suggest to him that its owner is a special and peculiar product of Oriental Christianity with a soul that differs subtly from the soul of an Irish innkeeper or of a Spanish innkeeper. The icon may be taken as evidence that the innkeeper understands the doctrine of the communion of saints ; but it does not suggest to the Catholic that his host is walking in the way of Mary, in preference to that of Martha, any more than the copy of the authorised version of the Scriptures in the bedroom of an English inn suggests to a Protestant that the proprietor has missed his vocation and ought to be a local-preacher or itinerant evangelist.

The first impressions of the Catholic traveller in Russia are deepened when he visits the churches and mingles with the people. He may be astonished at the length and elaboration of the services and contrast them with the brevity and simplicity of the worship to which he is accustomed ; but when a priest comes through the Royal Gates of the Sanctuary, bearing the Host in a golden chalice, and the people prostrate themselves in

The Russian Church

the sacred presence, he realises that the Byzantine Liturgy is in essence the same as the Roman Mass. If he is an educated man, he knows that thousands of Catholics in Poland, in the United States, in Southern Italy and Sicily, use the same rite as the Russians in their churches, with the sanction and encouragement of the Holy See. He may himself have worshipped with Catholics of the Greek rite in Rome itself or, on one memorable occasion, in Westminster.

At every turn he discovers new points of resemblance between the religion of the Russians and his own. He learns that an acquaintance is going to confession and is told that it is his duty to congratulate him after the reception of Holy Communion. He finds that pious persons fast rigorously in Lent and at other seasons. He is invited to attend a dirge or a requiem Mass on the anniversary of a death. He learns that all Russian monks follow the rule of St. Basil, and remembers that that rule is observed in a monastery within sight of Rome, which has enjoyed the special favour of a long succession of Popes. He is impressed by the solemnities with which the great mysteries of the Christian religion are commemorated, the rejoicings of Easter, the fluttering branches of greenery in streets and houses on Trinity Sunday, recalling the heavenly visitants who came to Abraham. And even the sad and touching beauty of Byzantine pictures of the Mother of God, set up in houses and churches and public buildings and in the streets, is not strange to him ; for he has knelt before pictures of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour in English churches. Indeed, the religious atmosphere in which he finds himself appears to be that of Catholicism. He is, it is true, in a country where, to use the apt phrase of an Italian, *la religione dominante è il Cristianesimo moderato dallo schisma de' Greci* ; but, as he comes from a country where the dominant religion is Christianity modified by the heresies of the Germans, it is not surprising that he should not immediately perceive the subtle effect of schism on the religion of Russia. And

The Russian Church

it is only gradually, in the chance remarks of acquaintances, that he will discover that he is among people who regard the Catholic Church with the greatest suspicion, feeding their prejudice on monstrous accounts of her doctrines, tales of the iniquities of Rome, and the fables about a Pope Joan. The writer may, perhaps, be allowed to draw on his own experience to illustrate this point.

One evening in Petrograd I went to what the Russians call a spiritual concert. It was given by the choristers of the Imperial Chapels, men and boys in red cassocks and yellow gowns with hanging sleeves, conducted by a choir-master in the uniform of an officer of the Guards, booted and spurred. The singing was more beautiful than any I have ever heard. Among the pieces performed was an *Ave Verum* by Mozart, set to words from the Russian Liturgy.

"It is a pity that we cannot sing that music of Mozart in the churches," said the choirmaster of St. Isaac's cathedral.

"Why not?" I asked.

"We are forbidden to sing any music used by the Catholics," he answered.

The remembrance of that answer should, perhaps, have restrained me from raising the question of reunion with Rome in conversation with an eminent and exceedingly pious Russian architect.

"We could not possibly unite with the Catholics," he said, "because they believe such ridiculous doctrines. Why, they hold that the Pope is impeccable."

"You are mistaken," I said; "I can assure you that they do not believe anything so foolish."

"Oh, yes, they do," he said.

"I am a Catholic myself," I answered, "so I ought to know. I certainly don't believe that the Pope is impeccable."

"Oh, yes, you do," he said. "I know you do."

How deeply rooted is this aversion to Catholicism may be judged from the account, given me by a Russian

The Russian Church

friend, of the disgusting game played in the dormitories of the school in which he had been educated. When the masters were out of the way, the boys would pretend that they were Cardinals, holding a conclave to elect a Pope ; and one of their number was solemnly enthroned with ceremonies which it is not possible to describe.

The Russian attitude to the Catholic Church has been induced by a schism which has endured for more than eight hundred years. The Russians have, in that long period, come to regard their spiritual isolation as an advantage and a privilege. They are proud to feel that they, together with a few million Greeks and Slavs of the Balkan Peninsula, are right, and all the rest of Christendom is wrong. They consider, if the phrase be permitted, that they have made a corner in Orthodoxy and attach little importance to Catholicity. They have no desire to be included in a cosmopolitan church. They prefer to be members of a special church of their own, and they display no desire to include foreigners within it. In all the six years I lived in Russia nobody, layman or ecclesiastic, ever suggested that it would be well for me to enter the Orthodox Church. Their opinion about religion at home and abroad was so admirably summarised for me by a peasant-boy, that I may perhaps be pardoned for repeating a tale I have told elsewhere.

"The people in the next village are wicked," he said.

"Why ?" I asked.

"Because they are not Orthodox," he answered.

"But I am not Orthodox," I said. "Am I wicked ?"

"Certainly not," he replied ; "you are English ; an Englishman ought to belong to the English religion, a Russian ought to be Orthodox, and a Pole ought to be a Catholic."

That is not the attitude of mind produced by heresy ; it is the fruit of schism.

We must not allow ourselves to forget that the Russians were once Catholics. The missionaries who

The Russian Church

baptised the subjects of St. Vladimir, Grand Prince of Kiev, in the waters of the Dnieper, when Russia became Christian, were under the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople, who was in communion with the see of Peter and the centre of Christian Unity. Vladimir himself is a saint whose cultus is approved by the Catholic Church. In Galicia and in America the Catholics of the Greek rite celebrate his festival on July 15th with a special office. To show the veneration in which he is held by the Church, it will be well to submit a specimen of the praises Catholics sing in his honour. Here is a part of the fourth ode of the vespers of his feast, translated into Latin from the Slavonic text of the liturgy by a Basilian monk and published, with ecclesiastical approval, at Rome in 1734 :

Splendide ornati venite, et suaviter exclamate, O filii Russiæ, ad vestrum patrem Vladimirim, dum ejus memoriam fideliter omnes celebratis.

And the memory of the sons of St. Vladimir, the glorious martyrs St. Boris and St. Gleb, sometimes called in the liturgy by those names and sometimes by the names they received when they became Christians—Romanus and David—is also cherished by the Catholic Church. We have a right to invoke them and might implore their powerful prayers for the success of the arms of our Russian allies, using words of which the Church approves :

Torrentibus sanguinis effusi, lavistis stolas vestras, O sancti martyres, Romane ac David, unde cum exultatione cordium vestrum festum (vestram memoriam) celebramus, orantes incessanter, ut intercedatis pro nobis.

It would be beautiful to see an icon of St. Vladimir and St. Boris and St. Gleb set up near the icon of Blessed Joan of Arc in Westminster Cathedral. It would serve to remind us that Russia was once in the communion of the Catholic Church, and form a link between ourselves

The Russian Church

and a nation which was swept into schism by the crimes of foreigners, before the principles of Christianity had been firmly established in its midst. The Greeks must be blamed for that schism. The Russians themselves appear to have been guiltless in the matter. They slipped away from us so gradually that it is not even possible to say in what year, or even in what decade, Kiev ceased to be in communion with Rome.

A popular Russian festival, the Translation of the Relics of St. Nicholas the Wonderworker, celebrated on the ninth day of May, is an annual reminder of the reluctance with which the Russians drifted from us. It was in 1087, thirty-four years after Michael Cerularius had plunged the church of Constantinople into schism, that the body of the Wonderworker was brought from Myra to Bari in Apulia. The following year Urban II. became Pope, and he instituted an annual feast, still observed at Bari, to commemorate the translation of the relics. In 1091 Ephraem, Metropolitan of Kiev, who seems to have been unconscious of the gulf that was opening between Russia and Rome, inserted this feast, *ortu romana*, in the Russian calendar; and since his day it has always been celebrated with great splendour in Russia. The Greeks, who were in no doubt as to their position in regard to Rome, disdained to adopt a feast of papal origin, and it has never been celebrated by them. The separation of the Russians from the Catholic Church was, then, made almost imperceptibly; as Father Pierling has observed: "*elle s'est faite implicite-ment, sans secousse, sans motif apparent, en vertu de la soumission hiérarchique au patriarche de Constantinople.*"

It is, I think, not going too far to say that the Russians were more sinned against than sinning when they separated from the communion of the Vicar of Christ. Guiltless as they themselves may have been, they have had to suffer, both spiritually and temporally, for the sin into which the Greek bishops, who were their pastors, deliberately led them. These creatures of the Patriarchs of Constantinople set to work to poison their minds and

The Russian Church

to fill them with hatred and fear of the Christians of Western Europe. And so successfully was this work performed that the Russians were finally persuaded that it was dangerous to have any dealings with Catholics. They were told that, while charity compelled them to give food and drink to a Catholic who asked for them, they must smash the platter and the cup he had used, lest they themselves should be contaminated. And they came to believe, in the words of an ecclesiastical canon, that anyone knowingly eating with the Latins must be purified with prayers of purification. As late as the middle of the seventeenth century there were many citizens of Moscow who held it to be sinful to learn Latin; and it was proposed to impeach a nobleman for high treason, because he had been heard to advance the daring opinion that it would be agreeable to travel in foreign parts.

After the schism had endured more than three centuries there dawned a day—September 8th, 1437—bright with hope of the return of Russia to the unity of the Catholic Church. It was on that day that Isidore, Metropolitan of Kiev and the last Greek who presided over the Russian Church, set out from Moscow with the Bishop of Suzdal and a hundred ecclesiastics and laymen, on the forgotten way into Italy, in order to take part in a General Council, summoned by the Pope. He played a great part in the deliberations at Ferrara and at Florence, espoused the cause of reunion with enthusiasm, signed the act which restored communion between the Christians of East and West, and, in the spring of 1441, arrived in Moscow, a Cardinal of the Roman Church and Papal Legate to the North. He celebrated the Liturgy in the Cathedral of the Assumption, and once more, as in the times of St. Vladimir, the name of the Pope was recited in the prayers. From the ambon of the cathedral a deacon read the Florentine Act of Union. But the Metropolitan had been too sanguine and the poison of schism could not be eradicated so swiftly. Isidore was thrown into prison. Cut off from the West, perpetually harassed by civil war and by the incursions of foreign

The Russian Church

enemies, learning had almost vanished from the Russian land and the clergy were ignorant men. In the circumstances it is not surprising that, when they assembled in synod to consider the action of the Metropolitan, they condemned the Florentine Act as contrary to the teaching of Orthodoxy. The hope of a restoration of the Russian Church to Catholic unity was gone. Isidore fled, and ended his days in Rome, where he was known as the *Cardinalis Ruthenus*.

The catastrophe of 1441 left the Russian Church in complete isolation; for Constantinople had accepted the decisions of the Council of Florence. When that city had fallen into the hands of the Turks, and the Greeks, under the influence of the conquerors, had lapsed again into schism, the Russians found themselves in communion with a Byzantine Patriarch who was the slave of a Mohammedan Sultan. The bishops, recognising the change in the position of the venerable See, whose pride had been the cause of the fall of the church of St. Vladimir, saw their opportunity of ridding themselves of the jurisdiction of a foreign prelate. The difficulty of communicating with Constantinople had already made the Russian Metropolitans practically independent. They ceased to look to Constantinople for guidance and they began to give themselves the airs of Patriarchs. When Joachim, Patriarch of Antioch, came to Moscow in 1586, the Metropolitan of Kiev, Dionysius, refused to go to the door of the Cathedral of the Assumption to meet him, but stood in the centre of the nave and offended the old man by giving him his benediction instead of waiting meekly to be blessed. Three years later Constantinople renounced her jurisdiction over the Russian Church. The Patriarch, Jeremiah II, came to Moscow and, at the desire of the Tsar Feodor, installed Job, the Metropolitan, as Patriarch of Moscow, emphasising the dignity of his new rank by conferring upon him afresh episcopal consecration.

And now there stood face to face in the holy Russian land a Russian Tsar and a Russian Patriarch, proud that

The Russian Church

he was neither under the yoke of Constantinople nor under that of Rome. There came a time when the secular power of the Tsar and the spiritual power of the Patriarch clashed, and the Patriarch stood in the loneliness that schism and ambition had created. The protracted and unequal struggle ended, as was inevitable, in the triumph of the Crown. Peter the Great gave the *coup de grâce* to a victim already exhausted in combat with too powerful an adversary, when he abolished the Patriarchate and erected in its place the Holy Synod.

Adrian, the last Patriarch of Moscow, died in the year 1700, and Peter the Great did not appoint a successor. He invented the novel office of Guardian of the Patriarchal Throne and nominated to it Stephen Yavorski. This prelate had been greatly influenced by the study of Catholic theology. His celebrated treatise, the *Rock of Faith*, is largely based on the writings of Bellarmine. This has been made clear in an elaborate treatise on the subject by a modern Russian theologian, the Archpriest Morev, who has even been at the pains to print in parallel columns Yavorski's text and the extracts from the works of the great Cardinal which the Russian prelate either copied or adapted to his purpose. Stephen Yavorski fought manfully against insuperable odds to maintain the prestige of his office and to defend the rights of the Church. It was to his disadvantage that the disciples of a different school of thought to that in which he had been trained were beginning to make their voices heard. Their chief spokesman was Feofan Prokopovitch, an ecclesiastic who had come under the influence of Protestant theologians, such as Quenstedt and Gerhard. Prokopovitch was a man after Peter the Great's heart, and he made him Archbishop of Pskov, in spite of Yavorski's protest, made on the ground that the Emperor's nominee was tainted with Calvinism. Thus, in the bosom of the Russian Church, a bishop with Catholic tendencies found himself confronted by a bishop with Protestant tendencies. It was the Protestant who won the day, and his victory was so complete that a German divine, in the

The Russian Church

course of a dissertation on religion in Russia, published in 1745, felt justified in making the following statement : "The religion of the Russians, reformed and purged by most glorious Peter, is exceedingly like our Evangelical-Lutheran religion."

What warrant had Dr. Wilhelm Friedrich Lutjens for advancing so remarkable an opinion ? The ceremonies of the Russian Church were as magnificent in 1745 as they were in the time of the Patriarch Adrian or the Patriarch Job. Popular devotion to the sacred icons was as vigorous as it had ever been. How, then, could a scholar persuade himself that the Orthodox Church of Russia closely resembled the Lutheran Church of Germany ? He based his statement on the fact that a Lutheran form of government had been adopted by the Russian Church and that a Consistory, under the name of the Most Holy Governing Synod, had been substituted for the patriarchal authority. It was Feofan Prokopovitch who was the chief instrument employed by Peter to effect this radical change in the constitution of the Russian Church. He it was who drew up the Spiritual Regulation, published by the Tsar in 1721 and inserted in the code of laws of the Russian Empire, a document which remains the chief source of information as to the Russian system of church-government. The form of this enactment is curious. It contains an elaborate defence of the consistorial form of church-government, which it imposed, and directions, couched in the raciest language, for the reformation of abuses. The section on preaching is a good example of the liveliness of the Archbishop of Pskov's style, and it may be useful to quote it :

A preacher has no occasion to shove and heave about, as though he were tugging at an oar in a boat. He has no need to clap his hands, to set his arms akimbo, nor to bounce or spring, nor to giggle and laugh, nor has he any reason for howlings and hideous lamentations. For though he should be never so much grieved in spirit, yet ought he to suppress his tears all he can, because these emotions are all superfluous and indecent and disturb an audience.

The Russian Church

Prokopovitch's opinion of his brother bishops was not high, for in the section of the Spiritual Regulation on episcopal visitations he says : " And because not every bishop is learned enough to compose a set discourse, the Spiritual College will therefore frame such a charge for the bishops to repeat in the churches they shall visit." In the circumstances it is astonishing that the Russian bishops were persuaded to sign the document. Sign, however, they did, and in doing so signed away their birthright.

The Holy Synod, at first called the Spiritual College, which the Spiritual Regulation created, was a small committee of bishops and priests, appointed by the Emperor to govern the church. Its composition has varied. In the time of Peter the Great the Synod was composed of three bishops and nine priests. Catharine II ordered that three bishops, two abbots, and one secular priest should sit in it. At the present time all the members of the Synod are bishops, with the exception of the imperial confessor and the chief almoner of the army and navy.

Two views have been held in Russia as to the nature of this body. Archbishop Philaret, in his history of the Russian Church, says : " the Most Holy Synod is, in its composition, the same as a lawful church-council." The other view is ably presented by Katkoff, an eminent layman : " the Holy Synod cannot take the place of a council because all the bishops do not take part in its deliberations. . . . There is the same difference between a Council of the Russian Church and the Synod as there is between the English House of Lords and a commission of half a dozen lords, chosen by the Queen." Those who share the opinion of Philaret desire the present system of church-government to be maintained. Those who agree with Katkoff are endeavouring to give back to their church her lost autonomy by the restoration of the Patriarchate.

The home of the Holy Synod in Petrograd is an enormous building, housing an army of clerks and officials. I have seen an Archbishop sweep through its

The Russian Church

halls and remarked the reverence with which the persons he has passed have bowed to kiss his hand. Such acts of homage can, however, be no compensation for the loss of authority which the Spiritual Regulation has caused the Russian hierarchy. They can take no action without the consent of the Procurator of the Holy Synod, who is the lay representative of the Crown.

Peter the Great's directions to the Senate, when the first Procurator had to be chosen, are contained in the Full Collection of Russian Laws and were as follows: "Choose a good man from among the officers, who should have a fearless character and be able to understand the management of the business of the Synod." This official is the intermediary between the Synod and the sovereign. No doubt he usually defers to the opinions of the members of the Synod, but they are aware that he has the whip-hand of them. Many members of the Russian Church dislike this interference of a layman in ecclesiastical affairs. A Princess Galitzin complained to Mr. Palmer, when he was studying the religion of Russia, of the scandal arising from the government of the church by a layman, who was famed for the dash with which he danced the mazurka. I myself have been disagreeably impressed when I have heard the gallant intrigue of a Procurator of the Synod discussed in Petrograd drawing-rooms.

The Spiritual Regulation defines the position of the Synod in regard to the Crown. It provides that every member shall swear allegiance to the sovereign in a formula which contains the following crucial passage: "I confess on oath that the Supreme Judge of this Spiritual College is the Monarch of all the Russias himself, our Most Gracious Lord." Thus the Synod is the creature of the Crown. This is made still clearer in paragraph 65 of the Collection of Fundamental Laws, published by order of the reigning Emperor in 1905. The text of the law is as follows: "In the administration of the Church the Autocratic Power acts through the Most Holy Governing Synod established by it."

Peter the Great did not venture to call himself Head

The Russian Church

of the Church, although he acted in that capacity. He even went so far as to de-canonize a saint on political grounds, and enforced his point of view by ordering masses to be said for the repose of her soul in the church where her relics had hitherto been venerated. Catharine II spoke of herself as Head of the Church in the course of her witty correspondence with Voltaire, but she did not use the title officially. It was formally assumed by the Emperor Paul, who employed it in the act of succession to the throne, promulgated in 1797. In this act it is stated that the Russian sovereign must profess the Orthodox religion "because the Russian Sovereigns are the Head of the Church" (glava Tzerkvi). One instinctively compares this statement with the words of an anthem sung by the Russians on the feast of Pope St. Leo the Great: "How shall we call you, O man inspired of God? Head of the Orthodox Church of Christ, or eye of piety?" That anthem is an echo of the ancient faith of Russia and a memorial of the glorious days when the Russian Church was in communion with the successors of Peter, First Bishop of Rome, Foundation of the Faith, Immovable Foundation of Dogma, Foundation of the Church, to use titles still given to the Prince of the Apostles in the Russian liturgy.

When the Emperor Paul assumed the title of Head of the Church, it became necessary to change the coronation ceremonies. It was no longer considered suitable that the Sovereign should go to the prelate presiding at the ceremony "to receive grace." It was arranged that he should sit on a *deïs* in the midst of the church, exactly like a bishop in his cathedral, and summon the Metropolitan to his presence. Formerly the bishop crowned the Emperor; now he crowns himself. Formerly he received Holy Communion outside the iconostasis, now he enters the sanctuary with the bishops to communicate. And Paul, after his coronation, read aloud in the church the act of succession in which he proclaimed himself the Head of the Church. The document was afterwards placed on the altar and conserved in the sanctuary, where,

The Russian Church

I believe, it still remains as evidence of the high prerogatives of the Russian Emperors.

A Russian writer, Dmitri Philosophoff, has described the ecclesiastical position of the Tsar in a passage which may be usefully quoted : " Like every autocrat Louis XIV could say, *l'état c'est moi* ; but he could not say, as the Tsar can, *l'église c'est moi*. . . . The French king only dreamt of being the head of the Church and of liberating himself from the papal power, while the Russian Tsar has actually become the head of the Church ; he is not only absolute lay monarch, but also supreme pontiff of the Orthodox Russian Church. He unites in his hands the authority of Louis XIV and that of Pius X."

This enslavement of the Church by the State has had melancholy consequences for the spiritual life of Russia. Orthodoxy and Autocracy have become identified in the minds of the people. The clergy are regarded as officials of the State and the Church as part of the machinery of government. And that this view rests on a solid foundation may be judged from the fact that the late Procurator of the Holy Synod, Mr. Sabler, was intrusted with the task of " making the elections " to the present Imperial Duma in order to secure a majority favourable to the Government. Thus numbers of people now regard the Church as the enemy of freedom and consider that a blow against Orthodoxy is also one against Autocracy.

Alone, isolated from the rest of Christendom, the Russian Church has not of herself been able to discover the new forms of appeal and of spiritual activity, which are so conspicuous a feature of the life of the Catholic Church. We must, however, gladly recognise that there are some signs of an awakening. Preaching in the churches is more frequent than formerly. A Grand Duchess has founded a sisterhood, of which she herself is the Superior, in which the rule of life and the activities of the Sisters, and even the habits they wear, are similar to those of Catholic Sisters of Mercy. And the Russians are beginning to love our sweet St. Francis. Isolation, moreover, has been partly the cause of the inability of the

The Russian Church

Russian clergy to reconcile their flock to the moral yoke of the gospels. In this regard I may be allowed to associate myself with words employed by Father Pierling, in commenting on the combination of vice and intense piety in the life of the unhappy Tsarevitch Alexis. "*Cet alliage de dévotion rituelle,*" he writes, "*avec une conduite licencieuse, hérité de Byzance, se pratiquait à Moscou, et n'est pas encore complètement démodé dans la Russie moderne.*" As Soloviev said, the pearl of the gospels was already tarnished with the dust of Byzantium when it was brought to Russia.

The story unfolded has been a melancholy one. It is clear that the Catholic who visits Russia and at first fancies that he is in a Catholic atmosphere is mistaken. And yet his instinct is not entirely wrong. The altars of the churches of Russia have never been hewn down. The worship of Almighty God has never been shorn of its magnificence. The images of the saints have not been mutilated or cast down from their places. The relics that a Pope sent to holy Kiev have not been thrown to the four winds of heaven. The Russians still recite the ancient creeds. They have conserved the ideals of worship and the sacramental system of the Catholic Church. They pray for the dead and offer masses for the repose of their souls. They venerate the saints. They love the Mother of God and surpass us in the eloquence of the words in which they call her blessed. The Catholic, who lives among them, may admire the boldness with which they placard their faith before the eyes of all the world. He may see in some of their pious practices, as did the Rector of the English College of Lisbon, an example worthy of imitation. He may find inspiration in the fervour of unlettered peasants. But he will praise, with deeper understanding than he possessed before his sojourn in their land, the Divine Wisdom that gave to the Church a centre of Unity; and he will look for the day when St. Vladimir shall lead back the Russians to the communion of the See of Peter.

ROTHAY REYNOLDS.

A PLEA FOR WAR *

TO the philosophical student of history, and I suppose all real students of history now aim at being philosophical—often with indifferent success—there are few more interesting facts than the waves of sentiment, if I may so speak, which, from time to time, pass over the nations. The humanitarian optimism of the eighteenth century is a notable example. The literature of that age, in all European countries, is saturated with it. I cannot call to mind any very considerable exceptions save Swift in England and Voltaire in France. Swift saw the nudity and crudity of human nature, as perhaps no one had ever seen before or has ever seen since: I do not except even Schopenhauer. Voltaire, always ready, as an accomplished man of the world, to “crook the pregnant hinges of the knee” before any popular idol, while secretly overwhelming it with *persiflage*, honoured the accepted creed, occasionally, with his lips: but his heart was far from it. His real faith comes out in many places in his writings and notably in *Candide*, perhaps the high-water mark of his genius. But the general tone of thought was little affected by these mighty dissentients. Nay, the greatest philosophic intellect of the eighteenth century was deeply influenced by it. Kant, notwithstanding his piercing eye for facts, his rigidly scientific analysis of human nature, his entire aversion from sentimentality, yet dreamed of universal peace, and in his well-known essay set himself to the task of demonstrating its possibility. The French Revolution, when it broke out, was hailed by many as the beginning of this Saturnian time. It was, in fact, the beginning of a time of almost universal war. It was the death blow to the humanitarian optimism of which it was, in some sort, the outcome.

* This Discourse, delivered at the Royal Institution on Friday, April 7th, from a few notes, is printed from the shorthand writer's report, with corrections and slight additions.

A Plea for War

In the last century, another sort of optimism infected the European mind, a utilitarian optimism, we may call it. The dream of a philanthropic millennium was replaced by the dream of an economic millennium—a calico millennium it has been contemptuously designated. The essential principle of the utilitarian philosophy is that men are to be guided by a prudent calculation of their own interests: and such calculation, it was urged, would show our race the absurdity of quarrelling and would lead people to give it up: further, the individual interest and the general interest were by many supposed to coincide: and the ever-deepening apprehension of these truths, it was insisted, would, among other happy results, bring about a universal fraternity of mankind. I suppose the culminating period of this belief was the time immediately preceding the Great Exhibition of 1851—an event which, I am sorry to say, I am old enough to remember. And doubtless we all remember how the author of that Great Exhibition—for so, I suppose, we may consider the Prince Consort—was described in his quasi-canonisation by Tennyson as

Far-sighted summoner of war and waste
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace.

The economic doctrines then prevalent, the vast discoveries and inventions in the physical sciences, and a sort of universal *laissez-faire* had led even the hard-headed to believe that men were about to

work in noble brotherhood
Breaking their mailed fleets and armed towers

and beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks. It is curious to reflect how soon the "baseless fabric of this vision" faded, leaving not a wrack behind. After the first Franco-German war the aspect of Europe was transformed. The military spirit, supposed to be dormant and well nigh extinct,

A Plea for War

awaked like as one out of sleep and like a giant refreshed with wine. The world groaned under the cost of standing armies. The frontiers of every country were embattled. The physical sciences were ransacked—too successfully—for instruments of carnage. Europe became an immense parade ground, and now, as the outcome of these preparations, continued year after year, and decade after decade, it has become a vast battlefield, desolated by the greatest war the world has ever seen. The Utilitarian prophets of universal peace in the last century proved to be as ill founded as the Humanitarian prophets in the eighteenth. Why?

The reason, I venture to say, is because their anticipations had no foundation in the nature of things. Life—all life to which our experience extends—is essentially war. Every man's existence is, as Schopenhauer puts it, "a war against death with the certainty of being conquered." Our physical organism, we are told—the doctrine would have sounded passing strange in the days of my youth—is the seat of a constant war between microbes. And this is a figure of what goes on everywhere. There is a fine saying of Emerson, "Man is born into the state of war." The phrase "the battle of life" is absolutely correct. Nay, more, war, as the old Greeks saw—what did they not see which is worth seeing?—war is the creative principle of everything: Πόλεμος πατήρ πάντων. Let us glance at the chief spheres of existence—we may perhaps reckon just seven—and we shall realise that this is so.

First consider the sphere of animate life. I suppose we have all accepted, more or less and with whatever reservations, the doctrine associated specially with the illustrious name of Charles Darwin: Darwinism, let us call it, as is the fashion. Now what is the primary fact upon which Darwinism is built? It is the biological law of competition, or, as he terms it, the struggle for existence. To the eye of science the world is the scene of incessant war, of individual against individual, of species against species. The more vigorous, the more

A Plea for War

fortunate, triumph and survive. The weaker, the unlucky, succumb and perish. It is so in the vegetable world as in the animal. Even the humblest flower which blows derives its every character and quality from the strife of countless ages. As for us men, our hands are red with the blood of other animals which we call lower. Our throats are open sepulchres wherein they are entombed. Our life is often their death. Our joy is often their suffering. Nay, we prey not only on other species, but upon our own. It ever has been so among men, from the rudest societies of "cannibals who one another eat," to the most refined communities of civilisation, where the process by which man devours man, though thickly veiled, is not the less real. "It's no fish ye're buying, Monkbarns," says Luckie Mucklebackit to the Antiquary in Scott's novel, "it's no fish ye're buying, it's men's lives." Yes, it ever has been so among men, and is there any ground for supposing that it will ever be otherwise?

Pass we to a higher sphere; the sphere of intellectual life, of ideas, of scientific research. Here, too, it is true that life is essentially war. What is the intellectual progress of our race but its successful battle against ignorance? Its capture, after hard fighting, of ever fresh territory from the great Unknown? Every new intellectual movement begins by attacking the ideas which it finds in possession of the human mind. Its triumph is their defeat. And remember this intellectual warfare is not seldom accompanied by material warfare. Tennyson has touched on that fact in some majestic lines:

Oh yet if Nature's evil star
Drive man in manhood, as in youth,
To follow flying steps of truth
Across the brazen bridge of war,
If Old and New—disastrous feud—
Must ever shock like armed foes,
And this be true till Time doth close
That principles are rained in blood.

A Plea for War

Yes : I fear it will be true till time doth close that principles are rained in blood.

In the field of æsthetics the strife does not assume this sanguinary form. But there, too, strife is. Those masterpieces of painting, of sculpture, of architecture at which we peaceably gaze, are victories gained, after strenuous fight, in the domain of the ideal. And in the physical sciences our inventions and discoveries are so many hardly earned conquests. It has been said, "We war with Nature by means of our resistless engines and come off victorious." I remember asking a distinguished physicist upon one occasion what had become of a theory which he had rather confidently hoped to establish. "I am not getting on with it," he said. "How is that?" I inquired, rather curiously. "Well," he replied, "for some time I have come upon no facts which are not favourable to it. Hostile facts are the really helpful facts. The triumph over them is the victory of science."

Let us go on to the sphere of the affections, of love, of the sexual relations of life. Here too—strange as it may seem—we find battle. The oldest form of marriage known to us—it seems to have prevailed almost universally—was *per captionem*: the bridegroom forcibly carried off his bride. Well, advancing civilisation has pretty generally put an end to that rough mode of wooing. But love making, even in its most refined form, is closely allied to war. Conquest—a most significant word—is of perpetual recurrence in the literature of what is called the tender passion. Cupid's bow and arrows are true emblems.

Vixi puellis nuper idoneum,
Et militavi non sine gloria.

sings Horace :

Till late I gave to girls my life
And won much glory in the strife.

Yes : the lady killer is a warrior. And the gentler sex too are warriors : nay, are very Amazons in the erotic

A Plea for War

combat. I know not who has brought out this truth with greater force than a philosophic novelist of our own. "If women have beauty," writes George Meredith, "they turn it into a weapon, and make as many captives as they can." Perhaps I may be permitted to remark on the utter unscrupulousness with which, in too many cases, they use this weapon. I doubt if the world, full of cruelty as it is, has anything more cruel to show than the way in which young girls, not out of their teens, will sometimes deliberately, and remorselessly, cause the extremest suffering in order to achieve a victory for their vanity. I need not enlarge further upon this topic.

We will now glance at social life. Human society has been described by Goethe as a tumult of inimical interests and reckless self-seeking. And so it is. Socialism, as you are aware, puts before us an ideal of universal peace with a modicum of comfort—pig wash, Carlyle contemptuously calls it—for all. We may, however, note that the road to this Utopia of social peace is through the reality of social war. It is not my intention to discuss so vast and wandering a subject as Socialism. I may, however, be permitted to express my sympathy with it from one point of view—viz., as a protest on behalf of the organic nature of society against the dissolvent individualism of the old Political Economy called orthodox. On the other hand, it appears to me to ignore essential inequalities, physical and still more, psychical, among men, which must result in inequalities of social condition. Yes: throughout the generations of mortal men the law of inequality reigns, marking them off into conquerors and conquered; leaders and led; rulers and ruled. Its perennial sources lie in the differences of their psychical constitution and in the difference of the intensity of their desires. "Ever to excel and have the pre-eminence"—*Αἰέν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ὑπέρροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλων*—is an aspiration deeply implanted in some natures. And, if united with faculties adequate for its realisation, it has a right to be realised in fact. One great principle vindicated by the French Revolution—which for good

A Plea for War

and for evil has exercised, and is exercising, so momentous an influence upon modern civilisation—was, as the First Napoleon phrased it, “an open career for talents.” A most true and valuable principle it is. And in virtue of it we may now see every day the spectacle of the son of the peasant or mechanic—

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And battles with his evil star.

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne.

Well, you see, the career thus pictured for us is essentially war. Birth's invidious bar is broken: the blows of circumstance are breasted: the evil star is grappled with: merit is made known by force. Yes: social life is a struggle for existence, is war. And this is as true of society in the small and technical sense of the world of fashion. Assuredly there also is war: a petty, ignoble and contemptible war: but war to the knife. I do not know who has better described it than Thackeray, especially in his *Book of Snobs*. Let me here recall that inimitable scene in *Vanity Fair* where Lord Steyne moralises to Becky, who has just scored a victory in the social struggle by obtaining the calls of the Marchioness of Steyne and the Countess of Gaunt. I have transcribed it, for I must give Thackeray in his own words:—

“Well,” said the old gentleman, twiddling his wife's card, “you are bent upon becoming a fine lady. You pester my poor old life out to get you into the world. You won't be able to hold your own there, you silly little fool. You've got no money; and you want to compete with those who have. You, poor little earthenware pipkin, you want to swim down the stream with the great copper kettles. All women are alike. Everyone is striving for

A Plea for War

what is not worth the having. You'll be asked to dinner next week. And *gare aux femmes*. Look out and hold your own. How the women will bully you !"—And so they did.

Thus does war rage in the world of fashion. It rages not less fiercely in the world of commerce and industry. Adam Smith, the father of the old Orthodox Political Economy—we must not impute to that hard-headed man all the vagaries of his economic offspring—saw in human nature two great determining impulses : “ the tendency of every man to follow his own interest ” and “ the constant uniform and uninterrupted effort of every man to better his condition.” The outcome of this tendency and effort is competition—which indeed is the main-spring of our commercial and industrial system. And what is competition but a manifestation of the militant instinct ? What is it but war ? And industrial war may be as deadly to a nation as war waged with machine guns and bombs. The other day I came upon a German document giving a description of the methods adopted, with such conspicuous success, by the great Teutonic combine of steel manufacturers. The effect of those methods is stated as being—I translate literally—“ to enable the steel industry to carry its trade, like war, into other countries ; to drive other manufacturers to the wall ; to crush them ; to dump them out of existence.” Thus—this is one instance out of many—does Germany wage industrial war against us. I observe that a few days ago the Australian Prime Minister, in a most illuminating address, said : “ You must decide, whatever comes or goes, to destroy German control of British trade : so you will strike a blow at Germany equal to a decisive land battle.” Wise words indeed ! But as regards industrial war, do we not carry it on in this country against one another ? What of picketing ? What of lock-outs ? “ Is it peace, is it war ? civil war, as I think, and that of a kind, the baser as underhand, not openly bearing the sword.”

Let me now speak for a moment of our spiritual life—

A Plea for War

our religious and moral life. Religion, from whatever point of view you look at it, involves the idea of war. The Divine Founder of Christianity expressly declared that He came not to bring peace on earth but a sword. And it is matter of history how that prophecy has been fulfilled. I suppose more blood has been shed in religious quarrels than in any other. There is at present a lull in this respect. But he would be a bold man who would prophesy that the *odium theologicum* will never again find expression in wars and persecution.

But let us look at the matter from the individual point of view. The comparison of Christians to soldiers—and the comparison holds good of earnest religionists of other creeds—is a very old one. St. Paul, you will remember, enumerates “the whole armour” wherewith the spiritual battle is to be waged. Kant somewhere describes religion—a worse description is conceivable—as “the representation to ourselves of the moral law as the will of God.” But this moral law, as that philosopher goes on to observe, “is in direct conflict with the sensuous tendencies of our own nature.” The whole of our moral life is a battle between the higher self, the self of the reason, and the lower self, the self of the passions: between the law of virtue speaking through conscience, and the law that is in our members. It is a battle that lasts till death. Our interior life, like our exterior, is a state of war. The militant spirit is of the essence of Christianity as of all religion.

Finally, national life is, and always must be, strife. The struggle for existence—call it, if you like, the biological law of competition—applies to nations of men, as to individuals. Nations, like those of whom nations are composed, follow their own interest and seek to better their condition, as Adam Smith has it. Hence rivalries, emulation, contests. Cicero tells us that the Latin word for foreigner—*peregrinus*—anciently denoted enemy. No wonder. For foreigners are always, to a certain extent, enemies. Their interests are hostile to ours, more or less. And in the last resort those interests

A Plea for War

will be maintained by armed force. Now, as in the time of Brennus, the sword is the ultimate arbiter. That man must indeed have shut the eyes of his understanding who in any age could see signs of a pacific millennium. "Ah," said a worthy person to Sydney Smith, "Ah, Mr. Smith, the day will surely dawn when the lion shall lie down with the lamb." "Yes," replied Sydney Smith, "with the lamb in his stomach."

So much in the scantiest outline, and as if by a few strokes of a pencil, in support of my contention that human existence, like all animate existence, tends everywhere to be a state of war. It is, as old Hobbes said, "Bellum omnium contra omnes": a war of all against all. Abolish war? You might almost as well seek to abolish death. The militant instinct is a primary fact of human as of all existence. Is that instinct, then, in itself evil? No: but not in itself: and it may become the source of highest good. "Instinct," Kant says, finely and truly, "is the very voice of God." The militant instinct, which we share in common with the whole creation, groaning and travailing in pain together with us, was implanted by a Divine hand, in them, as in us, and primarily for self-protection. But there is a radical difference between us and them. Man, as Aristotle puts it, is the only animal having consciousness of right and wrong, justice and injustice and the like; he is an ethical animal; as Butler expresses it, he is "born under the law of virtue," the moral law.

And here I must pause.

The Clown—that delightful Clown—in *Twelfth Night* complains, "Words are grown so false I am loth to prove reason with them." It is probably true, more or less, of every age. I remember in Thucydides a similar complaint. It is certainly true of this age of ours. And we may well follow the counsel of Cicero, "Every rational discussion should begin with a definition." Now what do we mean when we speak of the moral law? We may mean a variety of things. Some there are who explain the moral law as a rule of action deduced from

A Plea for War

considerations of agreeable feeling: others by the prompting of fear, sympathy, or some other passion, enforcing a social rule combined out of the accumulated reckonings of mankind: and I was reading the other day a French author who avers that it is the result of "a long atavism of adaptations"—whatever that may mean. But I need not go on to enumerate utterances which seem to me "vain wisdom all and false philosophy." I am merely concerned to state at present what I mean when I speak of the moral law. It is necessary for my argument that I should do so. For me the moral law* is a natural and permanent revelation of the reason, indicating what is suitable or unsuitable for man as a rational creature: the rule of what ought to be as distinct from what is: and conscience is the faculty by which we recognise that law, and consent unto it that it is good, and absolutely binding upon us: that its dictates are categorical. I conceive of the moral law not—let me emphasise this—not as "an appendix to a set of theological mysteries," but as an ideal order of right, ruling throughout all worlds, which has existed from everlasting and will exist to everlasting apart from all religions and all theologies. So much, not by way of controversy, for which this is not the occasion, but by way of explanation. I am most desirous to make clear what I mean when I say that the militant instinct in man, like all other instincts, is under the moral law; and this because man is not only an animal but an *ethical* animal. The moral law embraces every segment of his being, every field of his activity. It is the sun of righteousness and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

As regards the militant instinct, then, and as regards every other instinct, man must act as an ethical animal. There is an old saying—and a most false—that all things

* Suarez describes it as "the sum of those dictates of natural reason which are intrinsically necessary and independent of all volition, even the Divine" (*De Legibus*, c. 6, n. 1).

A Plea for War

are fair in love and in war. All things fair in love ? Ah, no ! And in war ? Well, that is the doctrine which our German foes maintain and practise. And the moral sense of mankind rises up in execration of it. The whole subject of the morality of war has been considered in the light of first philosophical principles by the two greatest masters of ethics in the Christian era, St. Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, whose conclusions concerning it are virtually identical. But as it is the latter of these philosophers who has discussed it most fully, and who is some centuries nearer to our times, let us turn to him for guidance and see briefly what his doctrine is.* He begins in scholastic fashion with considering the question whether war is in itself wrong, and concludes that it is not : “ *Bellum simpliciter nec est malum, nec Christianis prohibitum.*” The reasoning by which he reaches this judgment is, in effect, that States, like individual men, have the natural right to protect themselves by force, because national life, like individual, is based upon the instinct of self-preservation ; and that war is sometimes the only means by which this can be done. But war may be either offensive or defensive. As to *defensive* war, there can be no question that it may be legitimately made to withstand force. But *offensive* war is lawful on one condition only—viz., that it is necessary for the repelling of injuries, for the coercion of enemies, when the State can in no other way be maintained in peace. The next point which he considers is, Who may declare war ? And the obvious answer is, only the ruling power in a State. Then comes the important inquiry : What are the conditions of a just war ? And the reply is, There can be no just war except for a legitimate and necessary cause. He notes as an error the view of the Gentiles, that war might be waged to obtain glory or riches. The only just cause of war, he insists, is a grave injury

* It is presented in his *Disputatio De Bello*, which will be found in Vol. XII. of his works (Ed. Paris, 1858).

A Plea for War

which can no otherwise be redressed ; an injury proportionate to the grave evils of war. He adds that before commencing hostilities a ruler is bound to communicate to the State to be attacked his grievance, and to ask for reasonable satisfaction, and that, if such be offered, he must accept it, or his war will be unjust. He does not fail to consider the question how far a subject is bound to be satisfied of the justice of a cause before fighting for it. He holds that if a man is clearly convinced of the injustice of a quarrel, he may not bear arms to support it ; but adds that in the vast majority of instances a private soldier will not be in a position to arrive at such a conviction ; and that, without it, his duty is to obey the orders of the Government and to serve in the war. As to the mode of carrying on war, he lays it down that nothing unjust must be resorted to—except, indeed, the slaying of combatants who are in themselves innocent, a misfortune which is inevitable. He teaches that it is not lawful to inflict on a belligerent any losses save those which are necessary to the end and objects of the war—*damna ordinaria necessaria ad finem belli*—thus condemning gratuitous barbarities, wanton insults, the slaughter or mutilation of non-combatants, brigandage, the destruction of public buildings of an unwarlike character, and, in short, all the enormities practised by Teutonic “frightfulness.”

War, then, waged in accordance with the requirements of ethics, is perfectly legitimate. Nay, it is something more than that. I said just now that you can no more abolish war than you can abolish death. I add that, human nature being what it is, the abolishment whether of death or of war would be no blessing to our race. There is a profound truth in the words of Tennyson, “happy men that have the power to die.” Hegel has rightly called war “a high necessity in the world’s order” : a terrible necessity indeed : evil in itself, doubtless, but a necessary evil bringing home to the minds of men essential truths which they too often forget, ignore, or deny when enjoying the blessing of peace : truths

A Plea for War

which Utilitarianism is ever rubbing out of us. Such truths are these: that life is not the greatest good: that death is not the supreme evil: that there are things much more precious than life and much more terrible than death: that honour, for example, is more excellent than earthly existence and dishonour more dreadful than the loss of it. "Why, slaves," says Juliette, in Beaumont and Fletcher's fine play, "Why, slaves, 'tis in our power to hang ye": and the ship-master replies, "Very likely; 'tis in our power to be hanged and scorn ye."

That line is a noble expression of a tone and temper of mind absolutely incompatible with Utilitarian Materialism. The horrors of war—this surely is not the moment in which to minimise them: they have come home too closely to many of us. But war delivers from far worse horrors: it delivers from that lust of lucre, that cult of comfort which is the spiritual death of a people: it delivers from that spurious humanitarianism, "an indiscriminate mashing together of right and wrong," Carlyle has called it—which atrophies the moral sense: it delivers from egoistic individualism fatal to national solidarity and incompatible with the supreme claims of the common country. Wordsworth is unquestionably right in telling us that "ennobling thoughts depart when men change swords for ledgers." "Ennobling thoughts." Yes: empty man of the militant instinct, and his nobility is gone: he is but a contemptible emasculate something for which a name must be found. And there seems to me overwhelming evidence that many among us have for years been approaching that condition—nay, that multitudes have attained it and have installed the most contemptible of vices, cowardice, in the place of our highest faculty, conscience. For years our politicians, intent on the party game—now, thank God, well nigh played out—have altogether forgotten that the first duty of the rulers of a country is to provide sufficient military forces for its security: that the first duty of a citizen is to fight for it. For

A Plea for War

years peace—not peace with honour, but peace at any price—has seemed to them the *summum bonum*, while they have babbled of impotent Hague tribunals and fallacious arbitration. They have forgotten the old—most true proverb, “*Si vis pacem, para bellum*”: if you want peace, be ready for war. It seems to me that the call to arms which aroused Britain from its torpor came just in time. A quarter of a century later we should have been largely demoralised—devirilised if I may coin a word—and if the virility of a people is gone, that people is finished. For the essential attribute of men is what the old Roman called “*virtus*,” valour, manliness, in the highest sense. I came upon a statement the other day, by a well-known pacifist, that the Roman Empire was ruined by militarism. A more ignorant and foolish statement is inconceivable. The Roman Empire did not fall by militarism but by lack of militarism. It fell because its degenerate citizens had lost the militant quality—the *virtus* which enabled their forefathers to build up the mighty imperial fabric—while the barbarian hordes, who overthrew them, were richly endowed with it. “Useful in war”—*utilem bello*—is the account which Horace gives of one of the national heroes. Yes: heroism is useful, supremely useful in war, and war is sometimes supremely necessary to a nation, nay, to the world. Sir Oliver Lodge quaintly and truly told us the other day that the explosion of projectiles in a sufficient number, in a right direction, may save civilisation.

There are several more things which I should like to urge in support of my plea for war, but I must leave them unsaid, for the present. There is, however, just one observation which I will make in conclusion. The perfect soldier—so well described in Wordsworth’s “Happy Warrior”—seems to me one of the very highest types of man. Our national patron, St. George, is a figure of him. But what is it that renders him so admirable? It is, I think, this, that the soldier, though the organ through which the militant instinct supremely

A Plea for War

acts, is largely detached from the personal considerations which prompt its exercise in others. He obeys the call of duty without calculation. His not to reason why: his but to do and die. If reward of any kind, except a glorious death, comes to him, it is, so to speak, accidental: it is not the object which inspires him. Again, it is not his readiness to take the lives of others which wins the admiration of his fellow men: no: if it were so, we should admire equally, or far more, the Thug. Ruskin has well observed, "The soldier's trade, verily and essentially, is not slaying but being slain. That, without well knowing its own meaning, the world honours it for." This is unquestionably true. It is the old truth expressed in the familiar and beautiful lines of Horace, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." War is a great exhibition and a great factor of sacrifice. And sacrifice, not agreeable feeling, is the motive principle of the world. It is the safeguard of human solidarity. It is also the explanation of the greatest things in human history. Consider Codrus not fearing to die for his country. Consider Paulus, prodigal of his great soul when the Punic enemy was conquering. Consider Regulus warning the wavering Senate against an ignoble peace, and returning to captivity, there to undergo the tortures which, as he well knew, the barbarian tormentor had in store for him. Nay, consider that greatest sacrifice of all; the sacrifice of Him who was offered up because Himself willed it—*oblatus est quia ipse voluit*—a sacrifice which won for Him "a name which is above every name." It is by sacrifice, as the Hebrew poet discerned, that men make a covenant with the Infinite and Eternal. Surely our dear dead, whose bones lie scattered on the blood-stained fields of France, are within that covenant—and it will be kept. They have counted not their lives dear for England: and England shall live.

W. S. LILLY.

SOME THOUGHTS ON MEDIÆVAL WAR POETRY

LOVE in its widest sense and appreciation of courageous action told in story were the mainsprings of the poetry of the Middle Ages. One found its expression in the lyric, the other in the epic.

After the Norman Conquest epic became almost entirely submerged in the cycles of romance in which the lyric element was not unrepresented. But there still lasted some narratives of the deeds of brave men which owed their origin to the same admiration for courage and the same wish to stimulate it in others as had prompted the Anglo-Saxon gleeman to recount at the feast the deeds of his favourite heroes. But in the Middle Ages the people themselves moulded their songs of bravery. They took a song made by a minstrel * and sang it again and again for sheer love of the deeds it told, and they taught it to their children and their children's children, until by degrees every element in it that did not belong to the human story fell out. Political incident, computation of time, details of change of the scene of action, even the reasons for the fight, were dropped out as tiresome, or hard to remember or unnecessary. For with these songs, as with the epics of old, everyone knew beforehand the story on which the song was based. These were genuine ballads; songs made by the people for themselves and compounded only of such elements as were of vital human interest. The ballad which dealt with a fight may be looked upon as

* All the great German mediæval scholars have discussed this communal origin of ballads. Some, like Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm, held that the people broke into song spontaneously without being given any lead in the matter of wording and metre by any individual. (See *Kleinere Schriften*, I. 155 and IV. 4, 10, 75, and in the *Discourse on Schiller*.)

Mediaeval War Poetry

one of the representative war songs of the Middle Ages. Such is the ballad of "The Hunting of the Cheviot," which stirred Sir Philip Sidney "like a trumpet,"* which Ben Jonson would "rather have written than all his works," and "even Mr. Addison admired."† Both this and the better known "Otterbourn" are worth quoting not only for their literary interest but for their sentiments, which are characteristic of all war ballads of the Middle Ages.

The Persȝ owt off Northumbarlonde
and awoe to God mayd he
That he wold hunt in the mowntayns
Off Chyviat within days thre
in the magger of doughtȝ Dogles
and all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
he sayd he wold kyll and cary them away :
"Be my feth," sayd the dougheti Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may."

Then the Persȝ owt off Banborowe cam
with him a myghtee meany,
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone ;
the wear chosen owt of shyars thre.

Percy invades the territory of Douglas and slays all the fattest deer. At last "the Douglas," to Percy's satisfaction, comes out to meet him with a great retinue :—

The dougheti Douglas on a stede
he rode alle his men beforne ;
His armor glytterde as dyd a glede
a boldar barne was never born.

* *Defense of Poesy* (ed. Cook), p. 29.

† *Spectator*, 70, 75. The phrase "even Mr. Addison" is quoted from Philip's introduction to his *Collection of Old Ballads*, 1723. It is probable that it was the older ballad, "The Hunting of the Cheviot," that "stirred" Sidney and that it was the rather more formal Otterbourne which Addison admired.

Some Thoughts on

"Tell me whos men ye ar," says he,
"or whos men that ye be :
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat Chays
In the spyt of myn and me."

The first mane that ever him an answeare mayd
Yt was the good lord Persē :
"We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar," he says,
"nor whos men that we be ;
but we wyll hounte hear in this chays,
in the spyt of thyne and of the."

.

Then sayd the doughtē Doglas
unto the lord Persē :
"To kyll alle thes giltles men,
Alas, it wear great pittē !

"But Persē, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrē ;
Let all our men uppon a parti stande,
and do the battell off the and me."

But the followers of Percy and Douglas will not see them
fight alone :—

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Richard Wytharynton was his nam ;
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
"to Kyng Herry the Fourth for sham.

"I wat youe byn great lordēs twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande ;
I wylle never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stand myselffe and loocke on,
But whylle I may my weppone welde,
I wylle not fayle both hart and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day !
the first fit here I fynde* ;
And youe wyll here any mor a the hountyng a the Chyviat
Yet ys ther mor behynde.

* Gummere thinks that *fynde* here means conclude.

Mediaeval War Poetry

The second "fit" describes in vivid terms the fight now become general. The fine archery of the Englishmen and the "brightness and freedom" of the warriors laid low are the points most insisted upon:—

At last the Duglas and the Persë met,
lyk to captayns of myght and of mayne ;
The swapte together tylle the both swat,
With swordes that wear of fyn myllan.

Thes worthë freckys for to fyght
ther-to the wear fulle fayne,
Tylle the bloode owte off thear basnetes sprente
as ever dyd heal or rayn.

"Yelde the, Persë," sayde the Doglas,
"and i feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
of Tamy our Skottish Kynge.

"Thou shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge ;
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe
That ever I conqueryd in filde fight tynges."

"Nay," sayd the lord Persë,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
to no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe hastily
forthe off a myghttë wane ;
Hit hath strekene the yerle Duglas
in at the brest-bane.

Thorowe lyvar and longës bathe
the sharpe arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days
he spayke mo wordës but ane :
That was "Fyghte ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye may,
for my lyff-days ben gan."

Some Thoughts on

The Persë leanyde on his brande
and saw the Duglas di ;
He tooke the dede man by the hande,
and sayd " Wo ys me for the !

" To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have partyde with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande
was not in all the north contrē."

But Sir Hugh of Montgomery, one of Douglas's men,
saw that his chief was killed and made his way to Percy
through the crowds of archers and ran his spear through
Percy's body. Then an archer of Percy's, to avenge
Percy, put an arrow a cloth-yard long through Sir Hugh,
and on both sides the fight grew fiercer :—

This battell begane in Chyviat
an owar befor the none,
And when even-songe bell was rang
the battell was not half done.

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
went away but seventi and thre ;
of twenti hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde
but even five and fifti.

Then follows a list of the great men slain on both sides.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
off birch and hasell so gray ;
many widous, with wepyng tears
cam to fache ther makys away.

Twydale may carpe off care
Northombarland may mayk great mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear
On the March-parti shall never be non.

Mediaeval War Poetry

Ther was never a tym on the March-partës
sen the Doglas and the Persë met,
But yt ys mervle and the rede blude ronne not
as the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesu Crist our balys bete
and to the blys us brynge !
Thus was the hountynge of the Chivyat
God send us alle good endyng !

The light-hearted determination of the English raiders to provoke the Scots to a fight, the personal esteem of the chiefs for each other, the sorrow of the victor when his opponent is dead, all this is too obvious to need comment. The pity of it all which is so poignantly brought out in the ballad seems in no way to derogate from the sense of delight in the fine deeds that were done. This is a striking combination in all fighting ballads. Neither the tears nor the zest for battle is mitigated, but the fighting and the sadness of the loss of life are never treated as cause and effect. They stand side by side, both inevitable, both real and of the very stuff of human experience, but war is never condemned because of the sorrow it causes.

Man had not, through years lived in peace and in an elaborate civilisation, learned to dissociate personal courage and skill in fighting with his own safety and prosperity and with the safety of his wife and family. But in ballads such as this there is something more than a sanction of fighting on the score of its necessity, its excitement and its opportunities of gaining honour are deliberately sought.

But dissection of motive, such as this, would be utterly foreign to a ballad. The people sang the ballad, and they stated simply that the Percy vowed to God he would trespass into the domain of Douglas and so provoke him to a fight.

The facts in "Otterbourn" are slightly different from those in the "Hunting of the Cheviot," though it is clear that they are both versions of the same fight. In "Otter-

Some Thoughts on

bourne" Percy kills Douglas with his sword, he is not, as in the "Hunting of the Cheviot," slain by a wandering arrow.

These verses are significant in "Otterbourne" as an illustration of the rival claims of filial duty and military necessity. Percy gets out of his difficulty by a lie:—

But when the battell byganne to joyne
In hast ther cam a knyght,
The letters fayre forth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght :

"My lord your father he gretes you well
With many a noble knyght,
He desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

"The Baron of Grastoke is com out of the west,
With hym a noble companye ;
All they loge at your father's thys nyght,
And the batell fayne wolde they see."

"For Jhesus love," sayd Syr Harye Perssy,
"That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne
And saye thow sawe me not with yee.

"My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottish knyght,
It needs me not to layne
That I should ebyde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne.

"And if that I weynde of thys growende
Forsothe, onfowghten awaye
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

"Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente
By Mary, that mikkel maye
Then ever my manhood schulde be reprovyd
With a Skotte another daye.

Mediaeval War Poetry

"Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake
And let scharpe arowes flee ;
Mynstrells, playe up for your waryson
And well quyt it shall be.

"Every man thynke on his trewe-love
And mark hym to the Trenite ;
For to God I make myne avow
Thys day wyll I not flee."

Saint George the bryght, our ladyes knyght
To name they were full fayne ;
Our Ynglyssh men they cryde on hyght
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that scharpe arowes bygan to flee
I tell yow in sertayne ;
Men of armes byganne to joyne
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

Such are the ballads of definite battles, but the action in all ballads is fighting. Love and fighting are their themes, not songs inspired by love and taking a lyrical form, not reflections on the beauty of the "leman," but songs where love is stated as a fact and is treated as the motive of action. In ballads where women solely are concerned love leads not to fighting but to adventure, murder and suicide. In the ballads whose theme is love the method of transmission among the people has led to an elimination of unnecessary elements which has heightened the passion in them. The passion is nearly always grief. Nothing could exceed the utter tragedy of such ballads as "Mary Hamilton," where the method of elimination seems to have laid bare her very heart.

But this is a digression, though it tends to prove that what the people kept in their ballads was what they felt, and that if chivalry and keenness for war is to be found in a ballad it can have been no spurious sentiment.

There is more ardour in the ballads which deal with national antipathies which the people understood than in songs of the King's foreign wars. These rarely touched

Some Thoughts on

the people's sympathies, though in course of time considerable feeling was aroused against the Frenchman. But when an English King first went to fight in France to assert a claim that the people hardly understood there was no popular enthusiasm for his success. His victory might mean a holiday, and speakers at feasts might arouse in them some desire for the feats of English armies to be attended with glory, but this would not be till the wars of the fourteenth century. In the days of the Normans and the earlier Plantagenets the Saxon people, the country people, who made the ballads could not feel that the King belonged to them or that they were vitally concerned in the King's interests. But the raider who came over the border, was a foe they understood, especially if, as in the case of a Scot, he were of a different nation. But though there is great keenness for success in the stories of the fights on the Scottish border there is, as is evident in the ballads of Chevy Chase, no real hatred of the enemy. There is as much lament for the slain on the Scottish as on the English side and as much pity for their women.

A hero who never failed to win the devotion of the people was the outlaw. The enemies of the outlaw were always the people's enemies, though even in this case they are fair. Robin Hood is sought for by Guy of Gisburn and Guy of Gisburn is slain. It was in summer in the greenwood,

When shawes beene sheene, and shradds full fayre
And leeves both large and longe,
Itt is merry, walking in the fayre fforest
To heare the small birds songe.

Guy and Robin meet and fight fiercely.

He that had neither beene a kithe nor kin
Might have seene a full fayre sight
To see how together these yeomen went
With blades both browne and bright.

Mediæval War Poetry

Robin was reacheless on a roote
And stumbled at that tyde,
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all
And hitt him ore the left side.

"Ah, deere Lady," sayd Robin Hoode,
"Thou art both Mother and may!
I thinke it was never man's destynye
To dye before his day."

Robin thought on Our Lady deere,
And soone leapt up againe,
And thus he came with an awkwarde stroke,
Good Sir Guy hee has slayne.

But in "Johnny Armstrong," who was trapped by the Scottish King by a mean trick, there is no excuse for the King in the ballad, and Johnny dies a hero's death. As he lay mortally wounded, to encourage his men he said:—

"Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little hurt, but I am not slain.
I will lay me down for to bleed a while,
Then I'll rise and fight with you again."

Newes then was brought to young Tonē Armstrong
As he stood by his nurse's knee,
Who vowed if ere he lived for to be a man
O the treacherous Scots revenged hee'd be.

In the mediæval battle poems written by individuals, and which have not been moulded by oral transmission, the characteristics, roughly speaking, are those of the poet and not those of the people. He would be in sympathy with the people in so far as he was one of them, but being a man of more education his outlook would be wider, the form of his poetry less simple, and there would be more thought in it. But what was gained in the poems by individual writers in artistic merit and in breadth of understanding was lost in intensity of passion. Perhaps it would be permissible to say that what was gained in

Some Thoughts on

art was lost in sheer poetic quality. Also, in the ballads it is strikingly vindicated that the voice of the people is the voice of God. The most terrible situations are described with reserve and delicacy, whilst the individual writer is sometimes coarse.

It is only with poems written by individuals that comparison with present-day war poetry is possible. The main differences between them are the differences in the two ages. But it must be borne in mind that the modern poet has complete mastery over his art and can introduce his knowledge of the beautiful and his love for nature to heighten the pathos of his song or to lighten its burden. The mediæval poet loved nature as much as the modern, if not more, and in his nature poems and love poems it pours into his verse, but in describing a battle he is intent with his whole mind on the deeds of battle. His mind is too full to be distracted by nature's beauty. Again, the modern poet is trained to express his deepest and most intimate thoughts. The mediæval poet expressed what he felt, not what he thought. Thus it is that, except in mere description of deeds of courage, the mediæval was no match for the modern poet. Love poems, religious poems and nature poems he could write because they were the overflow of his feeling, but reflective poems on great issues were not within his power. No mediæval could have written as our poets wrote in the first six months of the war. But in comparing the whole beauty of the modern output with the whole beauty of what was written or sung of war in the Middle Ages the ballads must not be left out of account. But ballads and modern poetry cannot be compared. They do not belong to the same order of things. One can no more compare them than one can compare summer with the mind of Wagner.

Laurence Minot was the great war poet of the Middle Ages. He lived in the middle of the fourteenth century and wrote of the battles of Halidon Hill, Bannockburn, and of many smaller episodes. His poems are all narrative. Bannockburn he evidently had not seen, for it is

Mediæval War Poetry

one of his shortest poems. The metre is not without interest :—

Skottes out of Berwik and of Abirdene
At the Bannok burn war ye to kene ;
Thare slogh ye many sakles, als it was sene,
And now has King Edward wroken it, I wene.
It is wrokin I wene, wele wurth the while ;
War yit with the Skottes, for thai er ful of gile.

All Minot's narratives are spirited, those in short lines, perhaps, being the best. An instance is this, the last line from his "Neville's Cross" :—

The Scottes with thaire falshede
Thus went thai about
For to win England
Whils Edward was out.
For Cuthbert of Dorem
Haved thai no dout ;
Tharfore at Nevel Cros
Law gan thai lout.
Thare louted thai law,
And leved allane.
Thus was David the Bruse
Into the toure tane.

But, though Minot's songs are spirited and were probably very popular when he wrote them, there is something in all of them of the professional minstrel who writes to order. They cannot rank with the ballads in poetic merit.

It must be borne in mind that the monks were the chief perpetuators of literature in the Middle Ages, that few of the laity occupied themselves with putting into writing the traditional literature of the day. Thus it is probable that many soldiers' songs, neither ballads nor narratives of battles by an individual writer, but songs sung by the men as they marched, have been forgotten in the times of long peace and have not been recoverable because they were never written down. The

Some Thoughts on

monks of the time would hardly think them worth transcribing. Indeed, in monastic MSS., love-songs and nature songs are generally to be found scribbled in margins or in the fly-leaves of bound MSS.

There is a song of the Battle of Agincourt of which both the music and the words remain; there are also two songs on Simon de Montfort, but as these are in Latin they can hardly have been known to the generality of the soldiers. The songs on Simon de Montfort are supposed to have been written by the Friars of Evesham, in whose church he was buried. They are neither of them wanting in literary merit :—

Comes Simon de Muntford, vir potens et fortis,
Pugna nunc pro patria eioque dux cohortis :
Non te miriae terreant neque timor mortis
Rem defende publicam resque tuae sortis.

Honor vobis maximus erit laus et digna
Si respiret Anglia, vestra gerens signa ;
Quam ut cito liberet a peste maligna
Adjuvet nunc Domini pietas benigna.

This song was written at a moment when the barons were wavering, to confirm them in their adherence to Simon de Montfort.

The other song, also probably written for his adherents, is on his death :—

Salve, Symon Montis-Fortis
totius flos militiae
Duras paenas passus mortis
Protector gentis Angliae.

Sis pro nobis intercessor
Apud Deum, qui defensor
In terris exterritas.*

* *Rishanger's Chronicle* (ed. Camden Society), pp. 109, 110.

Mediaeval War Poetry

Even so superficial a survey of mediaeval war poetry as this cannot be brought to a close without mention of the mediaeval epics. Strictly speaking such epics as Barbour's and Layamon's are the representatives in the Middle Ages of the great pagan epics, but there is less of the spirit of the great epics in them than in the mediaeval war ballads. Perhaps this is because the great epics underwent something of the same intensifying process in oral transmission as the ballads. Perhaps, too, because the writers of the chief mediaeval epics were "Pope's Knights" and men of education. Barbour was Archdeacon of Aberdeen and Layamon was a parish priest in Gloucestershire. They were both patriots, and both show something of the outlook of the historian. There is something of a gentler spirit in these epics, but from their warmth and vigour it is clear that the passages that really interested the writers were those that dealt with the actual clash of battle. In both the chivalrous note is uppermost. But it is not surprising that it should have characterised these epics. It is far more certain evidence that chivalrous ideals belonged not only to a few choice spirits, but to the people as a whole, that they should be found in the ballads, that they should be of the very stuff of which the people made their songs, the elements in the story which they loved and kept.

Barbour in his *Bruce* is at his best in his account of the Battle of Methven, in his story of the siege of Perth, of the taking of Edinburgh Castle and the siege of the town of Berwick by the English. The Battle of Bannockburn he spins out to a length of 1,800 lines.

The Scots, his heroes, are always outnumbered and always do splendidly against tremendous odds. On one occasion they are only 50 against 10,000.*

Barbour does not give this battle in detail, but he supports its likelihood with two other instances. "Young women still sing of it in ballads," he says.†

* Barbour's *Bruce* (ed. Scottish Text Society), bk. 16, l. 496.

† Bk. 16, l. 521.

Some Thoughts on

Schir James of Dowglass on this viss
Throu his vorship and gret empriss
Defendit worthily the land.
This poynt of weir, I tak on hand
Was undirtane so apertly
And eschevit richt hardily ;
For he stonayit, withouten weir,
The folk that weill ten thousand weir
With fifty armyt men, but ma.

Though Bruce warns his men that "he who trusts his foe will rue it," there is discrimination shown in the praise and blame awarded to the enemy.

Bruce lost the Battle of Methven and the English commander-in-chief, Sir Aymer St. John, notified the King of England of his success. The King sent word that the prisoners were to be regarded as rebels and slain ; "but," says Bruce,

Schyr Amery did nocht sua ;
To sum both land and lyff gaiff he
To leve the Bruyss's fewte
And serve the King of England.*

Barbour's dislike for King Edward is certainly unpromising ; his hero Bruce is always right and King Edward always wrong. But a Scottish patriot of the fourteenth century had some excuse for centering his hatred of foreign domination on his enemy's king. King Edward was to him the symbol of all that he hated. But, though he stood for tyranny and foreign oppression, there is nothing coarse or outrageous in Barbour's expression of dislike. And when it is a question of personal courage there is the same scrupulous justice as there is in the ballads.

At one moment in the Battle of Bannockburn the camp followers banded themselves together and raised sheets

* Bk. 2, l. 457.

Mediaeval War Poetry

on poles as banners.* When the English saw them they thought they were a new army come to attack them and they fled, King and all. "And yet," says Barbour,

As I herd sum men say,
That of Wallauch Schir Amer
Quhen he the feld saw vencust ner
By the renze led away the King
Against his will, fra the fighting.†

Bruce did not hesitate in his speeches before battle to express sentiments which a less warlike generation has called in question. "Ye are ilkan wycht and worthy," he says.‡

And [fulfild] of gret chewalry
And wate richt weill quhat honour is.
Wyrk yhe then upon swylk wyss
That your honour be savyt ay.
And a thing will I to you say,
That he that [deis] for his cuntre
Sall herbryit in-till hevyn be.

Then the foe comes upon them in the same dispositions as their own :—

Quhen this wes said, thai saw cumand
Thar fayis ridand, ner at the hand
Arayit rycht awisely
Willful to do chevalry.

Bruce outdoes the Englishman Sir Aymer in courtesy to his prisoners. A young English knight had escaped the perils of Bannockburn :—

In a busk he hid his armying §

* The camp followers were 15,000 in number ! (Bk. 13, l. 243).

† L. 294 *et seq.*

‡ Bk. 2, l. 334-45.

§ Book 13, l. 517.

Some Thoughts on

And waytid, quhill he saw the King
In the mornynge cum forth airy
Till him that is he went in by.
Schir Mermadak : Betwug he hecht
He rakit till the Kyng all richt
And halsit him apon his kne.

" Welcame, schir Mermadak," said he,

" Till what man art thou presoner ? "

" To nane," says he, " bot till you her
I yield me at your will to be."

" And I resaiff the, schir," saide he ;

Then gert he trete him curtasly.

He duelt lang in his cumpany,

And syne in Yngland him sent he

Arayit weill, but ransoune fre.

In Layamon's " Brut," a much greater epic, the same enthusiasm for the fighting qualities of his heroes is noticeable, and the same vigour in the passages which are descriptive of battles. But the " Brut " can hardly be called a war poem, for it gives, as well as King Arthur's deeds, his descent from Æneas of Troy, through Brutus. It is mainly the story of the adventures of Brutus, from whom the Britons derive their name. Layamon's work lies midway between an epic and a romance. Barbour's, though he claimed for it the name of Romance, is an epic. One man and his fortunes in war are its sole theme.

There are no reflective poems on war, the glories of war and its sorrows, on courage and on grief, on patriotism and national aspiration. It was not in the genius of the Middle Ages to write them. There are practically no lyrics, no real songs, sung to quicken the pace of the marchers and heighten their courage. This is probably attributable to accident. There are ballads, there are narrative poems, and there are glowing passages in the epics, and in all of these the same characteristics—courtesy to an enemy, high courage, scorn of death where honour is concerned, piety, and a cheerful accept-

Mediaeval War Poetry

ance of the fact of war. Wordsworth's Ruth, amid the
alien corn, sings of

Old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago,

but there is nothing of this note in the mediæval people's
account of their own battles. Singing they rode into
battle and gladly fought. Then they mourned and
prayed, but they rose again from their prayer to fight
again. Theirs was a vivid Faith.

MARY SEGAR.

IN HONOREM SANCTI BONI LATRONIS

Peto quod petivit latro poenitens.

I.

LOOK, where the legionaries' hands, unused
To pity or question, nail a felon pair,
Birds of the man-hawk feather, born to roost
At last on the barren trunk that stands foursquare
In post and beam, of branch and foliage stript.
But here's a third that halts at this last stage
Before the journey end in the charnel fosse,
Who, though enfellowshipt
In even such flesh, had wrought for no such wage—
Ischyros, Agios, Athanatos.

II.

He also praises God whose pen presumes not
To attempt God's praise. In jewel-paned clerestories
There burns no gem that one great sun illumines not,
Tempering to human sight the excess of glories.
O Nameless Thief, with whose dishonest calling
Faith bids the strange addition *Good* agree,
The rays of grace come warm and richly painted
Through thee to usward falling.
Thy legend shall announce *Remember me*
For His remembrance sake who saved and
sainted.

Boni Latronis

III.

The accomplished hand who plays some parlous game
Will oft, with cunning all but overnice,
Wait till the ripest moment strike to claim
His now-or-never of supreme device.
Durst thou defer till thy poor life should be
—O desperate gambler, staking Heaven or Hell!—
Drawn to the lees? And half disincorporate
Cry *Lord, remember me?*
Ah well for thee, as for the world 'twas well,
That thou hadst more than man for gallows-
mate!

IV.

“Even on the cross a man will make a prayer.”
Ay, but when eyes grow faint with instant death
And the voice fails, to have beside you there
In range of darkening eye and thickening breath,
Grace superabundant, grace that more outstrips
Desire than even desire outruns our due,—
To meet the pitiful half-ironic plea
Just uttered ere the lips
Relax to silence—giving rendezvous
This very day in Paradise with Me!

V.

Did ever paladin adventuring out
To face the great uncharted enterprise,
Choose for companion in the crucial bout
A sorrier squire with whom to agonize?
Yet in that earthquake-darkened afternoon
Of dereliction, when the seventh sword
So pierced the Dolorous Mother's heart that she
Was fallen dumb in swoon,
Thou midst the railers didst salute thy Lord,
Thou hadst the heart to cry *Remember me.*

In Honorem Sancti

VI.

Greater release thou gottest, signed and sealed
By other hand, than that which Pilate gave,
When for their Paschal sport the Jews bade yield
Barabbas out of gaol, thy fellow-knave.
By that magnificence of mercy shewn
Thy destitution by thy destitute
(Yet not discrownèd) King, when straight from
tree
To tree, his only throne,
No ceremonies ushering, thy sad suit
Flew home to audience, O remember me.

VII.

Pray thou for us. The hammer swung to cleave
Thy larcenous palm likewise enforced the nails
Through hands whose act at supper yestereve
Prevailed, suiting the word, and so prevails
That, hour by hour, in Mass the Word's made Flesh.
Thou, seeing man, didst guess him God ; but we
See no man : sight belying, faith is loth
To slip the sensual mesh.
Therefore remembering thy *Remember me*,
Help us believe Him and confess Him both.

VIII.

Before Saint Stephen rising flaunts in Heaven
The first red blazonries of martyrdom,
While yet the Virgin-crown, the seven-for-seven
Of stars for dolours, waits till Mary come,
Thou art long since of the Holy City free :
Henceforth to play the thief of souls in pawn
And shew them hope among the emparadised.
For thy *Remember me*
Rang on the peak of time, before the dawn,
'Twixt the Forerunner and the death of Christ.

Boni Latronis

IX.

In lands of happier faith a heart devout
Puts posy and candle at shrines along the roads ;
But flow'rets soon let all their sweetness out,
And fire full soon in smoke his life unloads.
Though rose be blood-red, lily as white as curd,
A rhyme shall live when rose and lily die.
I light this candle of thought whose subtler
flame
Glowing enshrined in word
And wasting not as wax, shall magnify
Amongst all saints the Saint without a name.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

SOME MEMORIES OF O'CONNELL

THE rapid passage of the years must soon make it inevitable that it will no longer be possible to find any still able to answer, "I knew him well," when questioned about the Liberator. The thought made the temptation irresistible to spend a little while in O'Connell's country—that remote but entrancingly beautiful corner of Kerry where he had his home—and to glean what can yet be gleaned, after more than sixty years, of personal reminiscences from his descendants and neighbours.

O'Connell was twenty-five years old when, in 1800, the Act of Union was passed: an Act which such men as that fervent and enlightened lover of his country, the Archbishop Troy, supported because it was accompanied by the promise of emancipation—though the King's conscience forbade him to ratify the promise. From that day forth O'Connell set himself the double task of extorting the ratification of the broken pledge giving freedom of conscience, and the repeal of the legislative union. After twenty-five years of supremest effort he obtained the first: the second remains unachieved; but it is interesting to find from his own letters and speeches that towards the end of his career he began to contemplate the possibility of federation, a scheme nebulous and tentative of federated parliaments framing itself in his mind, which the remnant of life and energy left in him did not suffice to realise, or put into shape.

Much has been said of O'Connell's virulence, bad language and exaggeration, but as Sir William Gregory remarks in his letters of July, 1887, to George Shaw-Lefevre, afterwards Lord Eversley, who had recently published his book on Peel and O'Connell:—

There never was a man so grossly abused. Coward, rogue,

Some Memories of O'Connell

beggarman, liar, were the ordinary expressions applied to him. . . . In England he was a kind of social and political leper, and no wonder the *sæva indignatio* broke forth. I don't excuse him, but I should like to know how many of us, if similarly treated, would turn our cheeks to the smiter.

Thus was Daniel O'Connell hated by his opponents : with equal fervour and passion was he beloved by his friends and adherents. If he did not, in the words of a German student on an examination paper, "discover Ireland," he rendered her articulate, he lifted up her sons from the prostration and apathy of despair and taught them the power that lies in organisation and the combination of forces, however feeble and untried ; he raised from the dust the proscribed altars of the most pious people in the world, wringing emancipation from hostile and unwilling power. What wonder, then, that here, in his native Kerry, the pride and honour in which his name is held throughout Ireland glow with intense fervour, and find expression in the one word by which he is always designated—the *Liberator*. From his own grandson, the present holder of Darrynane, down to the meanest hind, none would dream of calling him by any other name, and the stranger admitted to their intercourse soon learns that it would be a breach of courtesy to allude to him otherwise. Those who remember him, and who tell how he spoke "the most beautiful Irish in the world," how it was he who built the little church of Cahirdaniel, first-fruits of the Emancipation he had won, and still, with an added transept, sufficing for the needs of the parish, are all agreed in bearing witness to three salient characteristics—the marvellous power and beauty of his voice, the extraordinary expressiveness of the blue eyes which appeared to darken in moments of excitement or wrath, and his universal all-pervading humanity and kindheartedness.

These old people, whose eyes fill with tears as they speak, were young people or children when O'Connell died, and hardly one of them, man or woman, but makes

Some Memories of O'Connell

the gesture of being patted on the head or shoulder when relating how the great Liberator would stop to speak to them, would cut his jokes, or promise a shilling to the boy who would bring the first tidings of having seen a hare on a hunting morning, who settled the quarrels of their elders and prevented them from going to law, his decisions ever accepted without cavil or question, and for whom the women and girls were always on the look-out, ready with wooden cups—there were no glasses among the peasants in those days—of new milk, his favourite beverage when coursing or travelling, and for which the generous scale of his payment raises a smile of happy recollection after an interval of more than sixty years.

The power and sonorous beauty of the voice with which the Liberator played upon the heart-strings of his hearers, sounding, according to one, "as if it came through honey," and to all as the most perfect human organ they had ever heard, ranged from the thunders of the fiercest indignation to tones so melting and mellifluous that none could resist them. Consummate master of the gifts of oratory, he could change from one mood to the other in the twinkling of an eye, could make his voice carry, when speaking from his balcony in Merrion Square to the dense crowds below him, so distinctly and clearly, that every word was heard in his doctor's house on the opposite side of the Square—one of the largest in Europe—or again would utter whispers or asides of inimitable humour or tenderest pathos.

His grandson remembers that at the age of five, he received the first indelible impression of his grandsire's voice, first in tender congratulatory tones on being asked to hear his little grandson read his first lesson of words in one syllable, and then a voice of thunder addressed to the child's father—"Maurice, what do you mean by having *that baby* taught to read?" the Liberator holding the strongest opinion that no child's education should begin before the age of seven. The blame was thrown upon the governess, and when that terror-stricken lady

Some Memories of O'Connell

was summoned to his presence, she, in her turn, laid the blame upon her pupil, who had given her no peace until she taught him to read. The lesson-book was confiscated and the ardent little scholar sent out to play. The scene took place in the great dining-room, built by O'Connell so that he could entertain on as large a scale as he desired—the number of guests who could sit at table averaging thirty, while side-tables had often to be called into use for extra guests. He began the day with a dish of potatoes, washed down with milk, eaten at a little corner table near the fire-place, before joining his family at breakfast.

And we are told of a young man who unexpectedly hearing him speak at an open air meeting, was so moved and impressed that he walked thirty miles the following day to hear him again. Not only his own countrymen were thus enthralled, but Englishmen as well; and the late distinguished Professor Scott, of Owen's College, used to say that O'Connell's voice was one of the three most beautiful voices he had ever heard, the other two being Mrs. Elizabeth Fry's and that of a sister of Irving, founder of the Irvingites: the latter lady's great gift never came into public notice.

It is a tradition in the O'Connell family that the Liberator never prepared his speeches: his fervent eloquence, in all the humour and passion which carried away and fascinated his audience, poured forth from the deep wells of his convictions and beliefs in spontaneous and untrammelled streams, appealing, it would seem, more forcibly and irresistibly to popular gatherings, whether in Ireland or in England, than to his colder and more critical hearers when he had won his way to Westminster. It was not until the first Reformed Parliament of 1833, when he was being assailed by both Whigs and Tories, and by the London press in terms so violent and ferocious that on perusal to-day they appear almost incredible, that he rose to the height of power and towered above all his adversaries. It was said that the very turbulence and noise, the jostling of provincial politicians in the

Some Memories of O'Connell

House of Commons made him feel himself in his native element of agitation, and that none who had ever seen and heard him in Committee fighting against the Irish Coercion Bill could ever forget the huge, massive figure staggering with rage—the face darkened with all the feelings of scorn and rancour—or doubt that his passion was as real and true as it was great.

O'Connell ever gratefully acknowledged that he inherited his gifts of eloquence and imagination from his grandmother, *Maur-ni-Dhuiv*, "dark Mary," wife of another Daniel O'Connell, to whom she bore twenty-two children, ten of whom lived to be over ninety years of age. The memory of this remarkable little lady still lives as vividly in the traditions of Darrynane and its neighbourhood as does that of her illustrious grandson; and if the name of the latter is apt to provoke a tear, that of his grandmother never seems to fail to raise a smile of amused affection; and it is wonderful to think how great must have been the personal influence of a woman, born in the fourth year of Queen Anne, whose genius lived on in her grandson until Victoria had been eleven years on the throne, who died at the age of ninety in 1795—so that even the oldest inhabitant can never have seen her—and whose memory is as green and fresh as if she had but yesterday ceased to rule her household and dependents so kindly and inflexibly. She was styled "dark Mary," according to the Kerry custom of giving cant names to prominent people, not because of her complexion, which was fair with bright hazel eyes, but because she was *Mary of the dark folk*—i.e., the O'Donaghues. Her twenty-two children troubled her but little; as they were born they were sent to tenants' wives to be nursed, and they appear to have lived with their foster families, reared healthily and hardily until they were a few years old.

The hum of the spinning-wheel, the click of the shuttle may still be heard in the farm houses and cottages; in *dark Mary's* time they were heard in the hall as well as in the cabin. The habits were patriarchal; the flax and

Some Memories of O'Connell

the wool were treated, the corn was ground at home ; the last two querns used at Darrynane now lie against the trunk of a fine oak-tree in front of the house beside a dismounted gun taken from a wrecked French privateer in days gone by, and claimed by the O'Connell as lord of the manor. Wages, and almost all things else, were paid in kind, money being rarely seen, and it was one of Mrs. O'Connell's habits to give her orders in Irish verse, or with some such adjuration as " May God prosper, or make away your wages, as you earned them." She was an improvisatrice, and a very clever rhymed dialogue between her and a complaining tenant is still remembered. She would set her spinners to work with a song of which we find the first verse translated into English in Mrs. Morgan O'Connell's life of Count O'Connell, " The Last Colonel of the Irish Brigade " :—

Now hasten, ye women,
You want not for bread,
The good wheels are steady ;
Go spin the fine thread.

Mrs. O'Connell survived her husband twenty years, ruling over her son Maurice and her childless daughter-in-law as she had ruled in her husband's lifetime. She is buried in the romantic and beautiful spot, where the ruins of the small twelfth century Benedictine Abbey stand out on a spur of the hill above the little bay. On her tomb she is described as a pattern to wives and mothers.

Maurice O'Connell, commonly called " Hunting Cap," and in his later days, for he lived to the age of ninety-five, " Old Hunting Cap," having adopted that head-gear when a tax was laid upon beaver hats, made a large fortune by smuggling : a fortune which his nephew Daniel would have inherited almost entirely, had he consented to marry a lady with a long purse and a very long nose, of his uncle's choosing. He emphasised his refusal by contracting a clandestine marriage with a young, pretty and

Some Memories of O'Connell

penniless second cousin, and not all his subsequent success and renown ever quite absolved him in his uncle's eyes for that insubordinate proceeding.

Young Daniel, in his earlier days, would take an eager part with the rest of his family and their relatives, the numerous O'Sullivans and Goulds, in the smuggling, which was carried on almost without disguise and with no scruples of conscience. It was looked upon as honest trading, made illegal by the unjust law which forbade all commerce between Ireland and foreign countries, except through England. All the gentry of the neighbourhood, even if they took no share in the ventures, were ready purchasers of the contraband goods, and until a comparatively recent date there was no officer of the Revenue or Preventive service anywhere near. In the beautiful old garden of Darrynane, at the distance of a stone's throw from the house, may still be found the low concealed entrance of the underground passage leading to the shore, through which the cargoes of tea, brandy, sugar, tobacco or claret came up, and the butter, salt fish, salt hides and other exports were carried away.

In the house are still preserved the correspondence, the invoices, and bills of lading referring to the "company's" proceedings between 1745 and 1780. The paper is as faded and yellow as autumn leaves; the ink has grown faint, and the rats and mice have nibbled the edges into lace, but the old documents have a strange fascination of breezy adventure and enterprise about them. The whole south coast of Ireland was well-adapted for smuggling, but no more admirably suited spot could anywhere be found than the exquisite little bay of Darrynane. The harbour is a "blind one," to use a sea-phrase, in which the craft, generally of forty or fifty tons burden, could lie concealed for weeks at a time; and the possibility of sending return cargoes to Nantes, to Spain, or to Guernsey greatly enhanced the profits of the company. English smugglers were said to make 50 per cent. if they ran two cargoes out of three of imported goods only; *Hunting-Cap* and his

Some Memories of O'Connell'

partners, with their return cargoes and higher average of successful runs, must have made very large profits. At first, hired vessels of various nationalities were used, and we find the *San Juan Battista*, the *San Antonio*, on the bills of lading; then a craft of their own, the sloop *Prince Ferdinand*, was purchased, and ran a couple of cargoes annually for many years—at a cost of from £200 to £300. If an underling of the Revenue did venture to interfere he was not proof against a bribe; we see in an account of expenses in landing a cargo, "To—the boatman,"—Revenue boatman or coast-guard—"who came here seeking a prey, 5s. 5d.," equivalent to 5s. English. *Dark Mary* had her share in the ventures, the wool and linen generally appearing as private speculations of the ladies. Maurice O'Connell, in a letter of September 22, 1754, announcing the departure of the *Alexander* the previous day "with a favourable wind, and the strongest appearance of a continuance of it," mentions 160 "bundles" of flannel of his mother's, who desired 60 *livres* of the proceeds to be expended on four *aunes* of velvet. Two mirrors in gilt-frames—still hanging on the drawing-room walls—are to be paid for "from the proceeds of the last-mentioned butter," and Mrs. Morgan O'Connell, the Liberator's mother, is congratulated by one of the partners in a letter of September, 1771, on the success of her first smuggling adventure. Women of all classes took their share, and even their trips abroad; a relative of the present Mrs. O'Connell remembers her grandmother telling her how the women from the neighbourhood used to borrow one another's cloaks to go to Spain with "slaucan" for sale—sloke or laver, an edible seaweed of which the Spaniards were extremely fond.

Most contraband of all the goods shipped in the smuggling vessels were the "Wild Geese" of tradition, song, and glory, the younger sons who escaped from their own country to serve in the Irish Brigade of France or Spain. *Dark Mary* composed a lament on the departure of her youngest and favourite son Daniel, the future

Some Memories of O'Connell

Count O'Connell, and last Colonel of the Irish Brigade, who was to hold the curious position of a French General and an English Colonel, when the Revolution swept him back to England in 1791, and the offer of his services, well-known to fame, was accepted by George III. When he sailed from Darrynane harbour, his kinsmen in foreign service numbered seventeen, and his mother, in her figurative Irish verse, pictures them as all sailing away together, though by that time some of them were elderly colonels. She calls them "Twice nine noble scions of the Soldier of Spain"—the mythical Milesius from whom many of the southern families of Ireland claimed descent. The lament was translated into English by the late Rev. Charles O'Connor Kerry, and published in the *Life of Count O'Connell*. It begins :

To your bark, brave boys, hasten !
In our haven's deep strait is a sail !
On through the shallows and o'er the watery waste
For France, with my blessing on the gale !
To the land of the Lily bear the Shamrock of our Isle,
May they bloom above the blood-stained Rose !

Let me weep ; for we meet not again.
Never ship bore a goodlier freight.

After giving her benedictions and prayers to her sons and nephews, the mantle of prophecy seems to fall upon the writer :

Ye go your ways. A greater chief from me shall yet be born ;
To triumph over Ocean's haughty lord.
Remember in your heart of hearts the Sassenach's foul scorn,
In his breast find a sheath for your swords.

Dark Mary did not live to see that the great man, who was to descend from her, would emancipate his country by lawful methods of peace, instead of through the triumph of the sword for which she prayed.

Some Memories of O'Connell

Tradition, in the rest of Ireland, is slowly weaving a cocoon of myth round O'Connell's name and fame, but among his own people he is yet too familiar a figure, and if ever such tales become current in his birth-place they will have come from without : all that Celtic imagination has woven round his name in his own county consists in minor exaggerations of authentic facts. No one had heard of his miraculous birth in reward for a good deed wrought by his parents, or that favours may yet be gained by his intercession.

A charming old lady of eighty-eight, the mother of one of the lodge-keepers at Darrynane, describes how the great man was wont to call her "woolly-head" as he patted it, because her hair was very thick and curly ; how she had often hunted with him, and given him drinks of milk in her wooden cup, and how he wore a fine red cloak. She expatiated greatly on his magnificent height and appearance and looks. When it was suggested that according to the portraits of the rugged powerful face, he was not handsome ; as she indignantly protested, her old face began to pucker up, and the tears rose to her eyes.

Our first visit had been announced, and the old lady wore neat shoes and stockings. Going a second time with a little gift of tobacco for her short clay pipe, we found her trotting about with her legs and feet, still white and shapely, bare, and doing the honours of her dwelling with a gentle dignity and courtesy a duchess might have envied. In another cottage, referring to the Liberator's imprisonment, an old widow woman, after a few moment's reflection, began to recite the lament which had been composed at the time. We could understand no word of the soft Irish verse that flowed smoothly and sadly from her lips, but the expression and gestures were of themselves full of pathetic and apparently hopeless woe, as she ended with bowed head and slightly parted hands.

The ballads and laments were many. We were told by an old man of Cahirciveen, who could remember

Some Memories of O'Connell

that when a boy, the annual arrival of O'Connell was kept as a holiday, and he with his school-fellows carrying green boughs, and with a band of music—"It was a very good band"—used to walk in procession to Kells to meet and escort him. "He it was who established markets at Cahirciveen, and stopped the faction fights, where there used to be murders. Between one market day and another there would be fresh ballads, both Irish and English, about him. He was a grand man."

In a little farm on the slope of a hill above Cahir-daniel, we visited the Liberator's old fisherman, who is nearing ninety, whose mother lived to be 105, and his grandmother 108. Tall and spare, with the faded eyes of one who has lived much upon the waters, a tiny sprig of blessed palm in his hat—for it is Holy Week—James White tells how, during his forty-four years' toil, he helped to furnish the Liberator's table with the ten different kinds of fish, which tradition still records as having figured there. He led us to the very spot where, as a child, he had stood in October, 1829, with the "boys" to watch the Liberator pass on his famous ride to Cork to save the Doneraile conspirators—"Who were innocent," he remarks emphatically.

Wearied out with the tremendous excitement in London and Dublin incident on the passing of Emancipation, O'Connell had returned the brief for the defence and was resting at Derrynane, when the trial of the 150 accused men began before a Special Commission under Baron Pennefather and Mr. Justice Torrens. A spy and informer, Patrick Daly, was the chief witness, and the first four men arraigned, including a most respectable farmer named O'Leary, were sentenced to death, and to be hanged within a week. This was on Saturday, October 24, and a young farmer, William Burke, was sent in haste to Darrynane with the news, arriving the following day. The appeal was not to be resisted, and O'Connell rode and drove the ninety miles at such a pace that his horse fell dead on arriving in Cork market-place. Without waiting for food he

Some Memories of O'Connell

entered the Court where the second batch of prisoners was being tried, as the Counsel for the prosecution was speaking. With a young lawyer at each ear, telling him the particulars of the case, O'Connell took a few mouthfuls of potatoes and milk before he rose in his wrath to demolish the perjured evidence of the approvers, one of the chief of whom, Nowlan, was made to contradict himself at every turn until he called out, "Wisha thin, God knows 'tis little I thought I'd meet you here to-day, Counsellor O'Connell. May the Lord save me from you!" The jury disagreed; the third batch were returned not guilty, and the Crown decided to proceed no further with the Commission. All the unconvicted prisoners were released, and O'Leary and his companions were reprieved and transported. But for O'Connell dozens would have been executed, and scores sent to penal servitude across the seas. This was perhaps O'Connell's greatest triumph as an advocate, and the only point on which Lynch's account varied from the historical one was a detail, which may or may not be true, and which seems to have been floating in the air, for we find it attributed to Denis Browne, High Sheriff of Mayo, in the time of '98, in the *Kiltartan History Book*. To show up the informers, O'Connell, on arriving at Cork, ordered his groom *to shoot his horse*, and then offered a large reward for information as to who had killed it. A couple of men were soon accused, and witnesses were being heard when O'Connell called his groom: "Who killed that horse?" "I did, sorr, by your honour's orders."

It is a moment to be remembered, as the tall, courteous old man stands with outstretched hand pointing out where the old bridle-path lay, down which the Liberator rode on his errand of mercy eighty-five years ago, and the scene before us is of incomparable beauty. A gentle breeze is fringing with foam the blue waters of the little bay as they touch the silvery sand, and waves the scented golden branches of the gorse hedges and patches all around; the islands lie dark

Some Memories of O'Connell

against the sky, and range beyond range of hills, each embracing its own creek or bay, shine in the sunlight, and tender, tremulous haze, with as many and as varied hues as are imprisoned in an opal. Nothing in the Campagna or the Bay of Naples could be more lovely.

Before we leave him, our old host has a burst of wrath. Speaking of O'Connell's death: "It was Smith O'Brien killed him," he exclaimed, with a gesture of passion; "he betrayed him and disobeyed him, and took all his money. He would have lived years longer but for that. He was all for peace and law, and Smith O'Brien raised rebellion, and it broke his heart." Here, again, only one fact varied from authentic history—the taking of the money.

The next reminiscences were in a lighter vein; a tenant-farmer good-naturedly came down in the pouring rain, which had blotted out all the magic beauty of the previous day, to tell some anecdotes of the great man. We sat in the great dining-room, he and I, with O'Connell's half-length portrait by Haverty looking down upon us; at our elbows stands a chair bearing an inscribed brass plate stating that it was the chair of the Catholic Association of Ireland, presented to their president, Daniel O'Connell, on the 14th April, 1829, on the atchievement (*sic*) of Catholic Emancipation—"We were Bondsmen; we are Free. Glory to God." The masses of presentation plate on the sideboard catch the red glow of the peat fire, chief amongst them the massive dinner-service from the Catholics of Ireland in 1813, and the four-branch candelabra from the "Working Classes living in London, natives of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the European and American Continents," given in 1833. A long descriptive in indifferent verse, ending:

Glory of Erin, still thy mighty mind
Devote to Ireland, England, all mankind,

is engraved on the base; and it appears that Tom

Some Memories of O'Connell

Moore offered to write the verses, but the Committee preferred their own.

Leaning forward in his home-spun suit, in a pleasant easy voice, and with appropriate gestures, the farmer begins :

"I will tell you how the Liberator made a gentleman of a policeman. It was this way ; a boy from beyond Cahirciveen went to Dublin to be a policeman.* He was a tall handsome fellow, and a young lady, a real lady, fell in love with him. All her friends were mad with her, but nothing would content her but she must marry him. They were happy at first, but her friends laughed and made scorn, and love grew cold, and the blue blood in her rose against him, and she began to scorn him, too. So he made up his mind to run away, but first he thought to take the Liberator's advice. He went to his house in Merrion Square, and told his tale as I've told you, and the Liberator asked, 'What can I do?' 'If you cannot do something, I shall have to run away,' answered the policeman. The Liberator rubbed his head and thought a bit. 'Where do you live?' he asked. 'No. 7 — Street, sorr.' 'Very well; to-morrow afternoon you be at your door, and when you see me passing you come out and shake hands with me.' Next day the policeman stood at his door, and he saw the Liberator walk up the street, with the Lord Mayor on one side of him, and other gentlemen on the other side, and a big following behind; for there was a crowd after him always, but he did not make so bold as to speak. The Liberator looked at him from the tail of his eye, and passed on. Presently he came down the street again, and stopped and said, 'Why, this is my friend, Mr. Mahony!' and shook him by the hand, and made him known to the Lord Mayor and the other gentry. 'And where's Mrs. Mahony? Bring her down,' he said. And from that day forward nobody laughed at them any more, and they

* The police force of Dublin was remodelled by Mr. Secretary Drummond in 1837.

Some Memories of O'Connell

lived happily, and he was always known as 'O'Connell's friend.'

"Then there was Shamus Shea, one of his own people beyond Cahirdaniel. There was an old parson at Cahirciveen, who was very having for his tithes. Times were bad, and the people were poor, but he would have his tithes. Some of the boys said, 'We're bothered entirely with that old parson, and we'll give him a beating.' They asked Shea would he go with them. 'I will,' says he. So one night they went; the others had changed their faces, but he went plain, thinking no one would know him so far away. They carried the parson out of bed into the road, and gave him a big beating, and Shea was recognised and sent to the lock-up. The Liberator bailed him out—being one of his own people—and then he said to him 'Tis the rope is round your neck, Shea. I am going away, and when I come back you must be dead; 'tis the only thing that can save you. You must be dead.' Before the Tralee Assizes the Liberator came to Darrynane, and the Judge came to pass two, three days with him. They went for a walk, and there was a crowd of boys in the road by the gate. 'What are you waiting for, boys?' 'For Shamus Shea's funeral, your honour.' 'Ah, poor Shea, he has gone before a more merciful Judge.' And he asked the judge, 'Out of respect for the dead shall we go in for a minute or two?' So they went into the house and said a prayer. Then the funeral went to the graveyard at the old Abbey"—then came a quick gesture—"but Shamus Shea was out of it, and away over the hills.

"He kept close to his house for more than a year, till one day he broke his spade digging potatoes, and he thought, 'No one will know me now; I'll go to Cahirciveen and get it mended.' So he turned up the collar of his coat, and pulled his hat over his eyes, and as he got near the town he met the old parson on his pony. He stopped, and the parson stopped, and then turned his pony and rode for his life, Shea after him for a bit,

Some Memories of O'Connell

seeing he was frightened. The parson said: 'I have seen Shamus Shea. How often does a dead man come back?' 'Three times, your Reverence,' said they; so he gave up his living and went to Cork for the rest of his days."

A wet afternoon passes quickly among the many and varied objects of interest indoors at Darrynane. The chapel was built as a thank offering for the Liberator's release from imprisonment in 1844, the woodwork made of oak from a ship wrecked on the shore.* Those few months' imprisonment, though rendered as light as could be, and softened by every indulgence, laid the seeds of death in O'Connell. The confinement, to one accustomed to a strenuous open-air life, would almost have sufficed to bring about the change which all began to notice soon after his release, independently of the anxiety and anguish which weighed upon him owing to the nascent schism in the National Party, and the more personal trouble of a thwarted affection for a young and charming Protestant lady from Belfast. "During the whole term of his imprisonment," wrote Gavan Duffy, his fellow captive, "O'Connell was an unsuccessful wooer." Miss Rose McDonnell, a charming conversationalist, moving in political circles, had accepted the great tribune's attentions with pleasure, never dreaming that a man old enough to be her grandfather had matrimonial intentions; and she received his offer with amazement. She survived her old lover fifty-five years, and died unmarried.

O'Connell's last letter to Pierce Mahony before returning to Dublin to take his trial, is dated December 17, 1843:

"What a tasteless fellow that Attorney-General was not to allow me another fortnight in these mountains! I forgive him everything but *that*. Why,

* When the judgment was reversed by the House of Lords, Lord Denman declared that if such practices continued as those which marked the prosecution of O'Connell, trial by jury would become a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

Some Memories of O'Connell

yesterday I had a most delightful day's hunting. . . . The dogs ran without intermission five and a quarter hours. In three minutes after each hare was killed we had another on foot, and the cry was incessant. They were never at more than a momentary check, and the cry, with the echoes, was splendid. . . . You will laugh at me when I tell you the fact that I was much less wearied than several of the young men."

In a letter to P. V. FitzPatrick the previous year he had vaunted the prowess of his pack :

"They kill with ease full six and seven hours in a day, and this amidst the finest scenery, the most majestic in the world. How I wish you saw this place and saw my hounds hunt."

From the windows we can see, on a little promontory in the garden—where in sheltered corners the fuchsia hedges are beginning to hang out their red tassels—the stone bench where the Liberator used to sit in the last year of his life, watching his pack at work on the opposite hill of Coomakistha, when he was too feeble to hunt them himself.

The late Mr. Thomas Fitzgerald often dined with O'Connell in prison, when he sat at table wearing the green velvet cap in the shape of the old Milesian crown which had been placed on his brow in the presence of 400,000 people at the famous Mullaghmast meeting on October 1, 1843, which ultimately led to his arrest and prosecution. It is among the relics at Darrynane and gives a good idea of the great size of O'Connell's head; round the border is a double row of shamrocks worked in gold thread, the two rows bound at intervals with tiny love-knots, a circumstance which lends colour to the vague rumour that the beautiful work was done by a lady who, unlike Miss Rose McDonnell, had given her heart unasked into the Liberator's keeping.

Another relic, of a grimmer nature, is the case of duelling pistols, used in his duel with Mr. d'Esterre in 1815; and as their ancient muzzle-loading mechanism

Some Memories of O'Connell

is explained, we learn from his grandson how they had come into O'Connell's possession. An English officer quartered in Dublin having contracted a debt of honour which he could not repay, called upon O'Connell, then rising into fame and wealth at the bar, but personally unknown to him, to borrow the money, explaining that unless paid within a certain time—too short to allow of his getting it from his friends at home—he must send in his papers and suffer the ruin of his career. O'Connell made enquiries, and lent the money, which was duly repaid. The following year, before leaving Ireland with his regiment, the officer came to bid farewell to O'Connell, and said to him: "The line you have taken up in politics will inevitably entail your being called out; you will not be able to avoid it." [O'Connell's objection to duelling was well known.] "I am a poor man, and these pistols are the only things of value I possess. I beg you to accept them as a small return for the great service you rendered me. They are good pistols, they have killed nine men."

The china bowl in which O'Connell was christened reposes in a case made from the wood of the outer coffin which brought his body from Genoa to Glasnevin in 1847. And among the numerous gifts of silver, medals, carved chairs, tables, etc., offered to him on various occasions, we find a counterpane in which the following inscription forms part of the woven pattern:

Presented by the friends of Ireland in Bolton, Lancashire, to Daniel O'Connell, M.P. for Kerry, on account of his exertions in the cause of civil and religious liberty.

As the "echo-harbours" shells on their shore, to use the words of an Irish poet, give back the murmur of the sea, so, in these quiet places, do the sensitive and imaginative minds of the people retain and give back the echoes of the past—of days very long gone by or of less ancient time, but always dramatic—sometimes tragic and with a deep lesson of their own. When the

Some Memories of O'Connell

murderers of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were being prepared for death, one of them said he could not and he would not forgive Carey, the informer. He turned a deaf ear to all exhortations and entreaties, until he learned that the Sister of Mercy who was most kind to him and most insistent on the sublime duty of forgiving all his enemies, was the sister of Mr. Burke —“ then he gave in.”

MARTIN HAILE.

RACE AND SUPER-RACE

The Renaissance. By Arthur, Count Gobineau. Translated by Paul V. Cohn, B.A. London: Heinemann. 1913.

The Inequality of Human Races. By Arthur de Gobineau. Translated by Adrian Collins, M.A. London: Heinemann. 1915.

THE man whom Nietzsche described as "the only European spirit with whom he would care to converse" surely deserves a larger share of the attention which has been given to his rather strident imitator. Though a Frenchman, Joseph-Arthur de Gobineau (1816-1882), diplomat and ethnologist, owes most of his fame to German admirers. The Wagnerians have devoted special attention to his writings, and in 1894 they actually founded a Gobineau-Vereinigung. Not only have his works been translated into German but his dramas have also been acted in the theatre of Leipzig. The impetus to all this cult seems to have come from Richard Wagner, who met the Count in Italy in 1876 and may be regarded as his discoverer. He was greatly influenced by Gobineau and shared his view of the present decadence of mankind.

In spite of this devotion of an intellectual coterie, it is chiefly through his unacknowledged inspiration and impetus that Gobineau has been most influential even in Germany. For instance, the work of Houston Stewart Chamberlain on *The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century*, which, though unscientific and rhapsodical, has had a great vogue, is saturated with Gobinist ethnology. And though it has been strenuously denied that Nietzsche has any obligations to Gobineau, even his most enthusiastic partisans now admit grudgingly that Nietzsche was not altogether a philosophical Melchisedech without literary parentage. Just as he borrowed largely from Jacob Burckhardt's study of the Athenian democracy, so for his most characteristic ideas he was deeply indebted to Gobineau's racial theory and Renaissance sketches. Some time between 1875 and 1878 his sister read aloud

Race and Super-Race

to him Gobineau's "Essay on the Inequality of Human Races," which had appeared in 1853-55. Nietzsche must also have heard of the Count's views from his friend Wagner, and after his break with the latter (in 1880) he still kept in touch with the Wagnerian cult of Gobineau by reading the *Bayreuther Blätter*, which had been started in 1878. There is also some evidence that he was even personally acquainted with Gobineau. It is certain at least that he read and admired not only the *Essai* (1853-55) but also *Les Pléiades* (1874) and *La Renaissance* (1877). After 1883 the influence of Gobineau on Nietzsche becomes very marked, especially in the fourth book of *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, in *Beyond Good and Evil*, and in the *Genealogy of Morals*.

The real interest of Gobineau's views, however, lies in the fact that they were not only incorporated into the new philosophy of the superman, but were in unison with the eugenic preoccupations of post-Darwinian sociology, and were compacted into the politico-racial consciousness of at least one great European Power. Just now there is a poignant relevancy too in his attempts to descry the deeper causes of the development and conflict of races. For him "the racial question overshadows all other problems of history, it holds the key to them all." The fall of civilisations appeared to Gobineau to be the most striking and also the most obscure phenomenon of history. The spectres of dead empires—Assyria, Egypt, Greece, Rome—haunted his imagination, and awoke in his mind the horrible suspicion that the present world-fabric, which seems (or seemed) so stable and secure, was destined to dissolve and leave not a wrack behind.

When the mind returns to our modern States, reflects on their extreme youth, and confesses that they are a growth of yesterday and that some of them are already toppling to their fall: then at last we recognise, not without a certain philosophic shudder, that the words of the prophets on the instability of mortal things apply with the same rigour to civilisations as to peoples, to peoples as to States, to States as to individuals.

Race and Super-Race

"Every assemblage of men," he adds in words prophetic of Nietzsche's Eternal Recurrence, "every assemblage of men, together with the kind of culture it produces, is doomed to perish." No doubt, the various historic types of culture have disappeared amid widely different circumstances. But, if we pierce below the surface, we soon find that

this very necessity of coming to an end, that weighs imperiously on all societies without exception, presupposes a general cause, which, though hidden, cannot be explained away.

Such is the rather pessimistic conclusion of the Count's historical researches; and to some it has seemed that his gloomy foreboding is finding its fulfilment. "The catastrophe," writes Dr. Oscar Levy, "which Gobineau prophesied to an Aristocracy which had forgotten its tradition, to a Democracy which had no root in reality, to a Christianity which he thought entirely inefficient, is now upon us." But before coming to this conclusion it is necessary to examine carefully Gobineau's own analysis of racial degenerescence, and to realise how there could be built on it not only the mystical redemption of Wagner (which is intelligible enough), but also the somewhat forced and boisterous optimism of Nietzsche and his congeners. What then, in Gobineau's opinion, is the general cause so fatally provocative of the progress and decay of peoples?

He scornfully rejects the theory of the milieu, introduced into historical science by Montesquieu and destined within a few years to be ably vindicated by Buckle. He refuses to have recourse to "the blessed phrase: the influence of environment." "The brutish fellah," he urges, "is tanned by the same sun as scorched the powerful priest of Memphis; the learned professor of Berlin lectures under the same inclement sky that once beheld the wretched existence of the Finnish savage." And if the physical or geographical factor cannot be accepted as the primary moulding force of a race, the

Race and Super-Race

social environment is equally incapable of creating its creator. Social institutions preserve and promote the special genius and innate qualities of a nation, but "they fail miserably whenever they attempt to alter these or to extend them beyond their natural limits."

Gobineau is equally emphatic in denying the action of moral forces. He has a chapter to prove that "fanaticism, luxury, corruption of morals, and irreligion do not necessarily lead to the fall of societies," and in another he maintains that "Christianity neither creates nor changes the capacity for civilisation." "The curious idea," he remarks, "that the early Romans had all the virtues has now been rightly given up by most people." The idea that Imperial Rome had no virtue and no religion is much more persistent, but this too Gobineau rejects. "I believe," he says,

that there has never been a real breach of continuity in the religious beliefs of any nation on earth. . . . The theories of the men of culture mattered nothing; the mass of the people neither would nor could give up one belief before they had been provided with another.

We cannot, then, admit either that corruption and unbelief shattered the pagan civilisation of Rome or that Christianity is the source whence modern nations and cultures have taken their rise. This rather surprising conclusion from the pen of a Catholic * deserves to be given in the author's own words :

Christianity is a civilising force in so far as it makes a man better minded and better mannered; yet it is only indirectly

* *Pace* Dr. Levy and in spite of his exclusion from the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Gobineau was a believing Catholic and shows his faith in innumerable passages of his works. In 1869 his only sister Caroline entered the Benedictine Abbey of St. Cecilia at Solesmes, and maintained a long and intimate correspondence with her brother. At the same time it must be confessed that, owing to his exclusive attention to racial valuation, he did not sufficiently appreciate the civilising function of religion. Chamberlain says with justice, "catholique par la croyance, il reste païen par la pensée" — *Revue des deux mondes*, 136 (1896), 440.

Race and Super-Race

so, for it has no idea of applying this improvement in morals and intelligence to the perishable things of this world, and it is always content with the social conditions in which it finds its neophytes, however imperfect the conditions may be. . . . It leaves all men as it finds them—the Chinese in his robes, the Eskimo in his furs, the first eating rice, and the second eating whale-blubber. . . . It uses all civilisations and is above all. . . . I have never understood the ultra-modern doctrine which identifies the law of Christ and the interests of this world in such a way that it creates from their union a fictitious social order which it calls “Christian civilisation.”

There is exaggeration in this up-to-date version of the fact that in Christ's Church there is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither freeman nor slave. But it is a healthy exaggeration in an age of widespread Erastianism when the Church is regarded and justified merely as an institution for social reform, and at a moment when the economic and political structure of Christian Europe has been rent asunder. The Church as an institution does not depend on its civic or cultural utility ; it owes its existence to an act of God. “She would rather save the soul of one single wild bandit of Calabria or whining beggar of Palermo,” writes Cardinal Newman,* “than draw a hundred lines of railroad through the length and breadth of Italy, or carry out a sanitary reform in its fullest details in every city of Sicily, except so far as these great national works tended to some spiritual good beyond them.”

If, then, the destiny of a people is to be explained neither by its environment nor by its ideals, where are we to look for the key to its history ? Gobineau's answer can be put in a single sentence : “The inequality of the races from whose fusion a people is formed is enough to explain the whole course of its destiny.” This view implies, firstly, that any historic people is derived from genetically different stocks ; secondly, that these stocks contribute different characters ; thirdly, that

* *The Social State of Catholic Countries no Prejudice to the Sanctity of the Church.*

Race and Super-Race

these characters are permanent. In other words, Gobinism is simply eugenics writ large, or rather—if we also adopt the author's pessimistic conclusions—it is racial dysgenics. "The word *degenerate*," he says,

when applied to a people means that the people has no longer the same intrinsic value as it had before, because it has no longer the same blood in its veins. . . . In fact, the man of a decadent time is a different being, from the racial point of view, from the heroes of the great ages. . . . He, and his civilisation with him, will certainly die on the day when the primordial race-unit is so broken up and swamped by the influx of foreign elements that its effective qualities have no longer a sufficient freedom of action.

Degeneration is thus the result of miscegenation ; a people dies only if it loses its aggregate of racial elements. If the empire of Darius had, at the battle of Arbela, been able to fill its ranks with Persians—that is to say, with real Aryans ; if the Romans of the later Empire had had a Senate and an army of the same stock as that which existed at the time of the Fabii, their dominion would never have come to an end. As a State indeed they might have succumbed to the fortunes of war, but not as a civilisation or as a social organism ; for the State is based on force, while culture is determined by breed. In Gobineau's view, society, like a multicellular animal, has its youth, maturity, old age and death ; while simple organisms, such as a pure race or a protozoan, are eternal.

This, then, is what he terms his main thesis—namely, that "peoples degenerate only in consequence of the various admixtures of blood which they undergo." And he undertakes to prove this by showing that every great civilisation owed its origin and continuance to the white race, and furthermore that among these civilisations the specifically European is dependent on Aryan blood and decays when its Aryan or Germanic stock becomes enfeebled. No spontaneous civilisation is to be found among the black or yellow races ; when their share of Aryan blood is exhausted, stagnation supervenes. Simi-

Race and Super-Race

larly almost the whole of Europe is at present inhabited by groups whose basis, though white, is non-Aryan ; but "there is no true civilisation among the European peoples where the Aryan branch is not predominant." In fact, "where the Germanic element has never penetrated, our special kind of civilisation does not exist" ; it was "the Germanic races which in the fifth century transformed the Western mind." If we confine ourselves to Europe, we may therefore express Gobineau's theory as Aristocracy plus Aryanism. He holds that all progress of European nations in art, literature and politics is due to a "race of princes," and that this aristocratic race is of Germanic blood. It is necessary to distinguish these two theses, because, while Nietzsche adopted only the first, publicists and popular ethnologists have advocated the second.

The blood-stock theory of culture naturally appealed to an aristocratic imperialist such as Gobineau and to a megalomaniac would-be-aristocrat like Nietzsche. To both of them democracy was the culminating crime of humanity, it was the sin against the race-spirit ; salvation could be had only by preserving the power and purity of the ruling caste. According to Gobineau

the rudest possible shock to the vitality of a civilisation is given when the ruling elements in a society and those developed by racial change have become so numerous that they are clearly moving away from the homogeneity necessary to their life, and it therefore becomes impossible for them to be brought into harmony and so acquire the common instincts and interests, the common logic of existence, which is the sole justification for any social bond whatever.

A society, in other words, decays simply because the inferior stock comes to outweigh the cultured Aryans—the supermen Nietzsche would say. Why did Greek and Roman civilisation decay ? Because racial heterogeneity set in with the influx of foreign blood, and "thus below what we might call the social classes lived innumerable multitudes who had a different civilisation from that of

Race and Super-Race

the official world or were not civilised at all." This leads the Count to a further question: "Do the lower strata of our populations think and act in accordance with what we call European civilisation?" His answer is a decided negative. For instance, in his own country of France the lower classes "form an abyss over which civilisation is suspended; and the deep stagnant waters sleeping at the bottom of the gulf will one day show their power of dissolving all that comes in their way." They are welcome to religion, their virtue and intelligence are not denied; but, as they have not pedigree, it profits them nothing. One begins to realise that the inequality of races is the apologetic basis of social and economic inequality; it is the refutation of democracy by an appeal, not to the Bible, but to the stud-book.

In his subsequent works Gobineau becomes still more explicit and more Nietzschean. "I cannot take any interest in the mass of what are called men," says a character in *Les Pléiades*. "Since I see them here, I suppose that these creatures have some utility in the plan of creation. But I can discern nothing beautiful or good except apart from them." The mighty figures of Cesare Borgia and Julius II. powerfully appealed to one who must have felt himself a Renaissance aristocrat flung by destiny into an age of low bourgeois ideals. In Gobineau's *Renaissance* we find several vivid dramatic portraits in which the lineaments of the Superman are unmistakable.

"For those whom destiny calls to rule over others," says Alexander VI. to Lucrezia Borgia, "the ordinary rules of life are reversed and duty becomes quite different. Good and evil are transported into another and a higher medium. What would in an ordinary woman merit approval becomes a vice in you, simply because it would be the cause of failure and ruin. Now the great law of the world is not to do this or that, to avoid this point and perform that; it is to live, to increase and develop what has most energy and greatness in one. . . . Do only what pleases you in so far as this is of service. Leave languors and scruples to small minds, to the mob of underlings."

Race and Super-Race

In this outburst—and there are many such in Gobineau—we cannot fail to recognise the doctrine of the strong man beyond good and evil. We must allow that it occurs in a dramatic dialogue, and hence it would be unfair to regard a Borgia as literally the mouthpiece of the author. It would not be difficult indeed to find parallel passages elsewhere. Take, for example, the Prior's words in George Eliot's *Spanish Gypsy* :

The fence of rules is for the purblind crowd ;
They walk by averaged precepts : sovereign men,
Seeing by God's light, see the general
By seeing all the special—own no rule
But their full vision of the moment's worth.

On the strength of such a passage we cannot attribute aristocratic immoralism to George Eliot, though it is probably true that here, as elsewhere, she is arguing against a half-conscious remorse for her own infraction of the "averaged precepts." But in the case of Gobineau it is certain that his sympathetic portraiture of the Renaissance giants was inspired by his belief that only the saving grace of aristocracy could prevent the democratic flood from sweeping away all that was noble and grand in art and life. The Aryan stoicism of Gobineau was the herald of that cult of the strong, which, originating in a reaction against pessimism and socialism, has greatly coloured contemporary European literature. According to Nietzsche, society exists "only as a basis and a scaffolding on which a selected race of beings may be able to elevate themselves to their higher mission." "Pity," he says, as if arguing against his own sympathies, "pity thwarts the law of development ; it preserves what is ripe for death ; it is the principal agent in promoting decadence." In this opposition to pity, in this parade of virility, Nietzsche was merely acting the dramas of Gobineau.*

* Cf. the anecdote reported by Seillière, *Le comte de Gobineau*, 1903, p. 359.

Race and Super-Race

Until he came under Gobineau's influence, Nietzsche upheld the mystical ideal of Schopenhauer and Wagner ; his superman was the romantic genius. But after 1883 his ideal is aristocratic and racial, the superman is "the beast of prey, the blond beast, which lurks deep in the nature of all these noble races." The reference to the tall, blond, blue-eyed Aryan is obvious. Both Gobineau and Nietzsche believed in a race of Aristocrats ; both also believed that they belonged to this race. Gobineau made strenuous efforts to trace his descent from a Norwegian pirate called Ottar-Jarl, but the decisive proof was really that he *felt* his Aryanism. When standing one day on the rocky coast near Stockholm he turned to his companion and said, "Here was the castle of Ottar-Jarl. It is from here I have sprung—I feel it." * Thus it would seem, after all, that the superman is not so much he who has the Aryan blood as he who has the Aryan soul. Anyway Gobineau was an Aryan and Gobineau was a brunet ; so we at times find a description of himself interpolated as a variant of the blond, blue-eyed Aryan. Nietzsche, too, believed himself an Aryan superman, but as he was not of German descent he could not agree to Gobineau's equation of Aryan with German. So he fancied himself descended from a Polish noble family called Nietsky, and proclaimed the Slavs superior to the Germans. These details may seem trivial, but it is of such stuff that world-wide theories are made.

There is no doubt that Gobineau's Germanism has had enormous influence. It has helped to swell that obsession of race and its prerogatives which has not only distorted historical studies but evoked world-shaking passions. "We are marching out to Hermann's battle," says the song written by Arndt in 1813, and still enthusiastically sung by German soldiers. Arminius is evidently a far greater emotional stimulus to a German than Boadicea or Caractacus would be to an Englishman. This slight example is enough to show that these

* Dreyfus, *La vie et les prophéties du comte de Gobineau*, 1905, p. 313.

Race and Super-Race

race-theories are fraught with consequences in fields other than those of pure science. This is especially true in Germany. Fustel de Coulanges wrote in a famous article *:

If you seek the principle which gives unity and life to German scholarship you will notice that it is love of Germany. . . . The Germans all have the cult of country; they understand the word country in its true sense; it is the *Vaterland*, the *terra patrum*, the land of their ancestors, it is the country such as their ancestors had and made it. They love their past, they respect it, they speak of it as one speaks of something holy.

It was Fustel de Coulanges who initiated the reaction against historic Teutonism—the attempt to prove that the title-deeds to all Western civilisation were German. It was he who proved that the early Teutons no less than the Celts had succumbed to the yoke of Roman institutions, and that the modern village descended, not from a hypothetical mark, but from the great Roman estates. But in 1854 Gobineau could still write: "The Germanic peoples, so long misunderstood, appear to us now as great and majestic as they were thought barbarian by the writers of the Later Empire." And again: "Our civilisation has been created by the mingling of the Germanic tribes with the races of the ancient world." This was quite natural sixty years ago; what is surprising is to meet it at the present day. *Die Germanen in Frankreich* (Jena, 1907), by L. Woltmann, will serve as a typical specimen of the vagaries which pass for science once race prejudice is invoked. Herr Woltmann is a Gobinist; he believes that the Germans were the great purifiers of Latin corruption, and he accounts for the decadence of France, Italy, and Spain by the progressive elimination of the Germanic element. Like the Goths, Burgundians and Normans, the Franks certainly kept up the proportion of long-headed blonds in France.

* "La manière d'écrire l'histoire en France et en Allemagne," *Revue des deux mondes*, 101 (1872), 245.

Race and Super-Race

But how from this ethnic infiltration can we deduce a political or intellectual influence? The Germanic origin of French mediæval civilisation is not at all so obvious if we recollect that mediæval German literature is merely a collection of translations or adaptations of the French, and that it is in the Cathedrals of the Ile-de-France that Germany found the model of its Gothic churches. Again, the arguments which Herr Woltmann uses to prove that all French talent is Germanic are quite ridiculous. He invokes geographical distribution—the fact that Paris is more literary than Lyons. He seeks to prove the Germanic etymology of such names as Bonaparte, Manet, Royer-Collard, Zola. He examines the portraits of Frenchmen of genius, unfortunately forgetting the wig and powder. In this way he seeks to appropriate practically all French ability. There is really no scientific value in the elastic conception of a Germanic race which can thus claim even a dark little Corsican like Napoleon, and which, in the hands of H. S. Chamberlain, includes King David because he was blond and Goliath because he was tall. Such a race is merely the ethnic disguise of the Kantian ideal; an Aryan or German is simply man as he ought to be, *homo sapiens*.

In these lucubrations the results of craniometric anthropology are usually ignored with magnificent disdain. Yet it was as far back as 1871, immediately after the Franco-Prussian War, that De Quatrefages essayed to impugn the Germanic race theory on anthropological grounds. He propounded the view that the dominant people in Germany, the Prussians, were not Teutons at all, but were directly descended from the Finns, and hence to be classed with the Lapps and other peoples of western Russia. "From all points of view," he concluded,

Prussia is ethnologically distinct from the peoples whom she commands to-day under pretext of a supposed community of race; her instincts are not theirs. The real Germany will one

Race and Super-Race

day understand and feel that my words are not merely the resentment of the conquered. But it will be too late ; she will cruelly expiate the fault which she has committed in allowing her future to rest on an anthropological error.*

This interesting passage not only reveals a touching faith in the influence of anthropology, but recalls much more recent attempts to differentiate Prussian and German interests and ideals. It may be safely predicted, however, that community of interests will long outlive all proofs of discrepancy of race. From the racial standpoint it is certainly true that Prussia and Silesia are much more Slav than the Ile-de-France and Burgundy are Germanic. But, indeed, the term *Germanic* is entirely a misnomer in this connection ; there is no such entity as a Germanic race. In the Late Stone Age the entire population of Europe was of a quite uniform type—long-headed and probably dark-coloured. At the present time there are three principal races in Europe : the Nordic or Teutonic, the Alpine or Celtic, and the Mediterranean or Iberian. In north-west Germany the Nordic long-headed, tall, blond type is predominant ; but the rest of the Empire (including Prussia east of the Elbe) is less Teutonic, while the South-German stock is essentially Alpine, and therefore racially indistinguishable from Central France. Why, then, are Germans so reluctant to admit this ethnic difference between the north and south of the Empire ? Partly because they have a sentimental clinging to the belief in a common origin ; partly because, as Professor Ripley suggests, the Teutonic blond race has been so persistently apotheosised as the Aryan civiliser of Europe, that to acknowledge any other racial descent has come to be considered a confession of humble origin. This association of

* "La race prussienne," *Revue des deux mondes* 91 (1871), p. 669. On p. 665 there is another passage which recalls more recent events ; in the bombardment of the Muséum de Paris he recognises the mark of the Slav barbarian.

Race and Super-Race

blondness and aristocracy is probably also based on a half-conscious recognition of the fact that, not only in Germany but in France and the British Isles, the upper classes are more blond than the lower. But this result is now largely due to artificial selection and argues no intrinsic superiority.

If Gobineau's historic Aryanism thus proves to be scientifically untenable, what is left of his general theory of the inequality of human races? His suggestive analysis of the decadence of peoples is undoubtedly of permanent value, for it is really based on the existence of different hereditary strains in a people or nation. It is easy to imagine several ways in which a differential social selection acting on these stocks may produce national degeneration. Such a military differentiation of blood occurred both in ancient Greece and in republican Rome. We read of seven hundred families being exiled at one time from Athens and a thousand leading citizens executed at Mitylene; Rome witnessed the wholesale massacres of Marius, Cinna, Sulla, and the Triumvirs. In both cases history selected the best stock for extinction and committed the future to the progeny of the mediocre and the unfit. A modern war does the same, and the present differential birth-rate is a similar form of race-murder.

But Gobineau's further identification of these strains with definite historic races or prehistoric ethnic types is a much more doubtful assumption. All that we really know of such races are a few cranial measurements and colour observations; beyond these nothing else can be definitely predicated of any European race. There certainly is not the slightest proof that we can correlate all the complex incommensurable qualities which go to constitute greatness and nobility, with two or three simple physical characteristics such as blondness, tallness, and long-headedness. Gobineau's Aryan is as unreal and unscientific as Lombroso's criminal.

Furthermore, the admission of comparatively stable strains in a people has no parity with the supposition

Race and Super-Race

of intrinsically immutable races. When we speak of these strains as nature in opposition to nurture, we merely mean those qualities which are relatively permanent under the small range of variation of the external conditions which prevails in practice. It is merely implied that the ordinary environmental changes subject to municipal or individual control have only a limited direct influence on racial progress. There is absolutely no implication that the relatively impervious nucleus which we call nature or strain would not be susceptible to other or more prolonged variations of environment. Indeed, this latter suggestion is verified in the case of animals and plants; witness the experience of British pedigree stock in Argentina and of American cotton in Egypt. In the case of human races there is ample evidence that under certain conditions they are capable of large physical and mental changes. The Teutons, who are now exalted as the ideal of development, must have appeared irredeemable savages to the ancient Romans, just as the yellow and black races appeared to Gobineau. The great cultural advance of Fijians, Hindus, Maoris, and Japanese is also quite contrary to his anticipations and predictions. We have no right to assume a final blood inferiority of these "backward" races. If racial variety is the result of environmental changes such as climatic control, then similar changes must still be capable of producing such variety. The distinctive blondness and stature of the Teuton can only be accounted for on the supposition that they are due to the influence of the northern environment and artificial selection acting on a branch of the neolithic Europeans. Indeed, there is contemporary evidence that a race does not remain permanently true to type except under the conditions of its race-home. For instance, the negro of North America has already begun to show approximation to the white in facial outline, skull-shape, and intellectual development, this last probably due to greater elasticity of cranium allowing its contents to expand. Similarly it has been

Race and Super-Race

found that the American-born Jew is taller and more long-headed than the European-born.

When from physical environment we turn to social and economic influences we find ample evidence that the inequality is largely artificial. For example, we have often heard of the incurable laziness of the negro; we now know that it is due to hookworm. Again, the indolence and political incapacity of the Celt have become proverbial. "The Irish are unwilling to work," says Buckle,*

not because they are Celts, but because their work is badly paid. When they go abroad they get good wages, and therefore they become as industrious as any other people.

Dr. W. H. Thompson † gives a similar verdict :

A good deal of the tendency "to take things easy," which is said with some truth to be characteristic of the Irish workman at home, is unquestionably due to an inadequate supply of food. When he goes abroad, earns more money and adopts the dietary habits of better-fed peoples, no more efficient workman could be found. When, as may be the case, he returns home again and resumes his old mode of living, the easy-going ways reappear.

From which we may fitly conclude that, before attributing to some mysterious and inherent inequality of race the diversities of character and capacity of mankind, we should first exhaust the possible influence of physical, social, and economic environment. And, as this has not yet been done, the thesis of Gobineau remains unproved.

ALFRED RAHILLY.

* *History of Civilization*, p. 39, ed. Robertson.

† *War and the Food of the Dublin Labourer*, p. 15.

BISHOP JAMES GORDON AND THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

IN THE DUBLIN REVIEW for October, 1911, there is an article by the present writer on the work of St. Vincent of Paul and his priests in preserving the ancient Faith in the more distant portions of the Highlands of Scotland. Father Francis White, who had the largest share in this work, continued in the Highlands until his death in 1676. After him Mr. Robert Munro carried on the work, and was granted the title of Dean. His assistants, however, were very few until the appointment of Bishop Nicolson in 1694 as first Vicar Apostolic of Scotland. The account of the latter's Visitation of the Highlands in 1700 is very interesting.* Bishop Nicolson at once recognised that it would be impossible for him to attend to the whole of Scotland and therefore petitioned that a coadjutor be granted him in the person of Mr. James Gordon; his intention being to leave the Highland district to his coadjutor, whose youth and energy would enable him to repeat these visitations at frequent intervals, while he himself attended more especially to the Lowland districts. Mr. Gordon had been sent by Bishop Nicolson to Rome as Assistant to the Agent there, with the express purpose that the authorities might become acquainted with him, and might thus more readily comply with his request. The plan of the good bishop succeeded and Mr. Gordon was nominated his coadjutor with the title of Bishop of Nicopolis.

Bishop James Gordon was consecrated in Rome on Low Sunday, 1706, and arrived in Scotland in the autumn of that year. In 1707 he made his first Visitation of the Highlands, following almost exactly the same route as Bishop Nicolson, except that he started from Glengarry

* See *Amer. Cath. Quart. Rev.*, October, 1910.

Bishop James Gordon and

and left Strathglass for the return journey. The road which had proved so troublesome to Bishop Nicolson—that between Glengarry and Knoydart—was again a sore trial. They had to scramble sometimes on all fours, along rude mountain-paths, beset with precipices and with morasses; their feet were never dry. But the Bishop's cheerfulness kept up the spirits of the party. They went by boat down Loch Hourn to Barrisdale, where they remained a couple of days; then to the Laird of Knoydart's house, at Inverie, where Confirmation was administered. They next visited the Island on Loch Morar, and then Arisaig, whence they sailed to Eigg. Here they landed and catechised the people, the priests hearing their Confessions and preparing them for Confirmation. Two days were spent in this way. At Mass one of the priests preached in Gaelic; after Mass the Bishop made a short homily which was afterwards translated into Gaelic by a priest. This was the usual order of proceeding whenever Confirmation was given, except once or twice when the instructions were omitted in order to shorten the ceremony for fear of the soldiers. Whilst the priests were hearing Confessions, the Bishop spoke with some of the principal people on the state of religion and on any abuses that prevailed.

On June 27 they reached Uist, whence they visited in turn Barra, Vatersay and Benbecula. In Barra they acceded to the request of the Laird that a school should be started in the island; whilst before leaving Uist, the Bishop appointed a Vicar with a general charge of inspection over the Islands. On July 12 Bishop Gordon and his party visited Canna and after giving Confirmation sailed the same evening. During the night their boat was nearly lost in a gale. One of the priests, however, happened to know something of sailing, so he took the helm and brought the party in safety to Eigg. This has indeed been a repeated experience of the priests of this storm-swept coast. Not a few of them "know something of sailing," and many of them have been amongst the best seamen of the West. Readers will no doubt

the Highlands of Scotland

remember seeing an appeal in the *Tablet* for a motor-boat for the worthy incumbent of Eigg and even to-day the Island clergy will tell many tales of dangers undergone in the fulfilment of priestly duties.

On July 17 the Bishop gave Confirmation in Arisaig, but in Moydart on account of the presence of a garrison of soldiers in the district he sent for the people to come to him rather than that he should go amongst them. He next revisited Knoydart, and at Scothouse he ordained priest the deacon who had accompanied him throughout the journey, and who understood Gaelic. This was the first ordination in Scotland since the Reformation, and the house where it was conferred is standing still, though considerably altered at different times. From Knoydart Bishop Gordon passed through Glenquoich into Strathglass and thence back to Glengarry, where he spent a week, but in great secrecy, as the garrison was close at hand. In August he got back to Deeside after ten weeks' continual travelling, during which he had confirmed 2,242 persons.

The next visit of Bishop Gordon to the Highlands took place in 1710, and details of it are given in the joint letter of the two bishops dated June, 1711. They write:

There are three schools in the Highlands (Barra, Uist, and Arisaig) of which one is most flourishing under a first-rate master; the other two are doing well enough considering the times we live in. We propose starting a fourth and even a fifth, if that can be done, for since the schools cannot be large we try to have several. In the Lowlands we do not even attempt any Catholic schools, but in some places we have people to look after the Catholic youths, especially those who are thought likely to be suitable for the priesthood. Nicopolitanus (Bp. Gordon) went to the Highlands at the beginning of autumn and remained six or seven months. He had intended to spend the whole winter there, in order to settle some ecclesiastical business, to become better acquainted with Highland ideas, which are very different from those of the Lowlands, and to acquire some knowledge of the language, which he hoped would be most useful in the future. He had only stayed a short time when he noticed that

Bishop James Gordon and

there were many other matters which demanded attention. Amongst the rest he found it necessary to introduce by his own example certain pious practices which he could not easily establish by any other means. Thus by his admonition and example he brought it about that the priests should stay in certain particular families, should say night prayers, frequently give catechism and frequently say Mass, whereas before they scarcely said Mass on Sundays and Days of Precept. He also ordained that they should pray diligently for the dead, that the correct manner of fasting and abstinence be observed in places where scarce any difference existed between fasting and abstaining, and lastly that a more correct manner of making restitution be followed.

That abuses such as the above should exist is easily accounted for by the fact that priests in traversing such large districts did not know which in reality were the more edifying families, whilst if they always went to the one particular house their tracks would be more easily followed by soldiers and others intent on their arrest. The priests, moreover, knew only too well that the teaching of Catholic doctrine, administering the Sacraments and saying Mass were penal offences, not to be undertaken too lightly when danger was at hand, and this would account for a reluctance, in some cases, to say Mass even every Sunday and Feast of Precept. As to the fasts of the Church it must have been very difficult to observe these, and probably it was not attempted in districts which were not entirely Catholic. Indeed the mere statement of the Bishop shows how entirely Catholic some districts must have been, for in others the danger of being prosecuted as Catholics would certainly dispense. The manner of making restitution may refer to the habit of cattle lifting, which had actually come to be regarded almost as a lawful means of livelihood, and was certainly very common at the period in question.

It was on his return from his second Visitation to the Highlands that Bishop Gordon wrote to the Agent in Rome :

I do not question but I could do greater service there than

the Highlands of Scotland

any where else, and if it were the will of Exchange, I should confine myself so long as I live amongst our hills and consecrate my days to serve the poor people that live in them.

In the same letter he desired that Mr. Stuart obtain a Coadjutor for Bishop Nicolson and that he himself remain Vicar-Apostolic of the Highlands, being persuaded that one Bishop was not enough for the whole of Scotland. He laboured at this proposal until he succeeded, and thus proved a great benefactor to the Highland district; though, indeed, not he, but Bishop Hugh Macdonald became the first Vicar-Apostolic of the newly created Vicariate.

The little Seminary which Bishop Gordon had started on the island in Loch Morar was destined soon to be closed, but on later occasions it was again to be reopened on the same spot and later still on other sites. After the Rising of 1715 it had to be transferred to Scaln in Glenlivet, but Bishop Gordon continued to take the liveliest interest in it, insomuch that its presence was the cause why he retained Glenlivet in the Lowland district at the time of the division of the Vicariate. Writing to Mr. William Stuart in 1716, Bishop Gordon says :

You will think it strange that Mr. Fife (himself) that is so harassed keeps up still in a more convenient place the shop you heard of in the West, and reserves in it still some very hopeful prentices. He is forced to travel much, notwithstanding the many difficulties he has to struggle with, and is just now beginning a progress Southward, and has business with many on the road. I need not tell you what trouble your friends the labourers are exposed to of a long time . . . from their creditors, and their straits increase by a storm just now. . . . However they generally all struggle courageously with their straits and resolve to do all that can be expected from honest men in their circumstances. I give my service most cordially to Mr. Clark, my old friend Pa. Forb., all your prentices, who are most dear to me and all friends nominatim and am ever yours J. G.

Pray take care that your Western prentices speak their own

Bishop James Gordon and

language and those that have any beginning of it, let them not forget it. This advertisement is of great moment as to the West.

At this date and for nearly 100 years later the bishops and clergy when writing to their colleagues or the Agents at Rome and at Paris used cypher to conceal their meaning for fear lest the letters might fall into hostile hands. In the foregoing letter, "Mr. Fife" is the worthy bishop himself; the "shop" is the Seminary and the same word is used for the Colleges abroad, "prentices" are the students, "labourers" are the clergy, "Mr. Clark" is "King" James—the Chevalier of St. George. Other words of the cypher are: "Hambury" for Rome, "West" for The Highlands, "Amsterdam" for Paris, "Exchange" for Propaganda, "Mr. Arthur" for the King, "Merchants" for the Cardinals, "Physicians" for Bishops, "Birly" for Jesuit. The letter itself is addressed to Mr. William Logan (really Stuart), and is signed James Grant, another name under which Bishop Gordon often passed, and which is not a little confusing in view of the fact that twenty years later there was to be a Bishop James Grant in Scotland. The "advertisement" regarding youths from the Highlands keeping up their knowledge of Gaelic was part of Bishop Gordon's great solicitude for that portion of his Vicariate and occurs again and again in his letters, as well as in those of his successor in the Highland district.

In the following year the good Bishop again writes to Mr. Logan (Stuart) from Glasgow, October 16, 1717:

Hond. Sir,—I returned about three weeks ago, but the very day I arrived, I fell extreme sick, and am hardly able to write as yet. I made the longest progress I have ever made, and viewed the remotest corners everywhere. I helped some who had not seen a labourer these several years, and truly did it with some danger, all these countries were in the most terrible condition they have ever been in since the memory of man, and therefore wanted extremely some comfort and support; everywhere I endeavoured to do something for their comfort and advantage,

the Highlands of Scotland

I never was at so much trouble and charge ; I went thither with all I could scrap (*sic*) together, and yet I was forced to borrow several times and returned with hardly a farthing in my pocket. There were about 500 confirmed in the progress, so that now there are not many in those parts that want that benefit ; I wish, therefore, that you would speak to M. Proc. to get from Mr. Cant (The Pope) a power to grant plen. Indul. when I shall make any such progress in time coming, for that will make visits still more useful and more acceptable, I shall write from Edinb. whither I design to go soon, to him myself about it ; but (yo) u may break of the matter beforehand and prepare him. I have extream difficulty to get these countries served with labourers Tho' I leave no stone unturned to get some. Mr. McGregor stayed with us but a few months and is returned to Germany again. A birly that did good service there went, to Fr (ance) a year and a half ago, and for all I can do I cannot get him back again. I shall write to Gen(eral) of Birly from Edinb. I have great difficulty in keeping the labourer I brought home with me, who is one of the usefulest, tho' he does not please me so well as at first. I strive to make the few labourers we have there the most useful I can to these countries, tho' some please me not at all in many things. I do all I can to pitch on hopeful youths that may be able to serve these poor people that deserve to have good labourers as well as any people I know in the world. I keep the Sem.y still on foot with great difficulty and charges and I hope God will make it very usefull. I strive likewise to keep, on foot the little shops in the West. I am hardly able to write more, but that I am with all possible cordiality. Yours, JA. GRANT.

What Bishop Gordon here speaks of as " the most terrible condition these countries have been in since the memory of man " was due to the Jacobite Rising of 1715 and the subsequent steps taken by Government to repress such Risings for the future. The military garrisons at Fort George and Fort William were strengthened, whilst new forts were built at Kilcumein (later Fort Augustus) and at Ruthven in Badenoch. The Highland Clans were ordered to give up their arms, and districts ill-affected to the Hanoverian Government were carefully watched, which made the difficulties of the priests much greater.

Bishop James Gordon and

They were indeed always objects of deep-rooted suspicion and aversion, for to them was attributed in large measure the devotion of the Catholic population to the Stuart cause and their fidelity. The priests had in consequence to hide in secret places while several of the more important lairds, who had previously protected them, feared to do so any longer.

At this period, however, everything points to a steady increase in the number of the faithful, and of the clergy attending them. In October, 1720, Bishop Wallace was consecrated by Bishop Gordon as his coadjutor, and this left the latter more free to devote his attention to the Highlands. Towards the end of the year the two Vicars Apostolic wrote a joint letter to Propaganda from which the following is taken :—

So far are the storms of persecution from closing the Catholic schools that we have even increased their number in the more distant districts ; nor have we relaxed our care of the Seminary, but there, too, the scholars have increased ; and that in spite of the fact that we are forced to hide the Seminary by all the devices we can. There is, indeed, nothing against which the zeal of the ministers is more violent than the schools or any appearance of a Seminary. Now as we keep a watchful eye on the children of good parents, and carefully oversee their education—for thence is the chief hope for an increase in the Faith—we can easily find youths to send to the Colleges abroad, if we are asked in time. But the journey to Rome is long and difficult and opportunities are rarely found of safely entrusting them. Indeed, how the last four whom we recently sent to Rome, and who were forced to accept the chance of a vessel going to France, will eventually reach their destination is a matter of great anxiety to us.

The letter goes on to say that Bishop Gordon's health did not permit of his visiting the more distant Highlands ; he had been ill the greater part of the spring and the whole summer. He therefore called together the missionaries from those districts and learned from them how matters were progressing. The nearer districts he was indeed able to visit and there administered

the Highlands of Scotland

Confirmation as in previous years. The letter concludes :—

Such is the poverty of the whole Mission at this time that those who have not experienced it can form no idea of it, so that Nicopolitanus (Bishop Gordon), who has been nearly thirty years here, now can most truly assert that in all that time he never experienced anything which can in the least compare with the present most crying distress.

Elsewhere the Bishops assign as one cause for the poverty that the subsidy granted by Propaganda was the same then as when it was first granted, whereas the number of missionaries had increased threefold.

At the present time one can scarcely realise the force of the statement "the journey to Rome is long and difficult," and that too for boys of from 12 to 14 years of age. The marvel is that any were ever smuggled through at all, considering that it was against the law to send them abroad. Besides the dangers by land, there were the risks at sea, though these must often have been preferred and the boys put on board ship, possibly under cover of forming part of the crew. Yet, however friendly the ship and the captain, the vessels of that day had a long and dangerous voyage even between Edinburgh and the Continent, so that time after time we read of priests and bishops being driven by storms into harbours far from their destination. What, then, must have been the plight of boys in such circumstances? Such a case is recorded in a letter of the Bishops written in January, 1722. Two young hopefuls (*bonae spei adolescentes*) had been selected for the Scots College, Rome, and had been sent on board a large ship bound for Italy. But, a storm having arisen, the ship was lost, the lives of the boys being saved only by what seemed little short of a miracle, whilst they lost their clothing and all their belongings. From Holland, where they landed, they were forced to return again to Scotland. Here they

Bishop James Gordon and

were awaiting the chance of another ship, with no small probability of another similar experience.

The next visit of Bishop Gordon to the Highland portion of his Vicariate, for which he had such an affection, was in 1721. That year he passed the greater part of the summer there, and whereas he had not visited the further portions for over three years he found many persons recently reconciled with the Church and had confirmed five hundred. He did not succeed in getting as far as the Isles, but hoped to do in the following year. In their annual letter the Bishops give an account of the incessant persecutions to which the faithful, but especially the priests, were being subjected, Bishop Wallace having been actually imprisoned in Edinburgh. The Bishops are full of praise of the constancy of both priests and people.

Meanwhile Nicopol. (Bishop Gordon) is little moved by these threats and insults, nor do the priests show any signs of fear, whilst the laity are just as little affected by them. We can, indeed, with certainty assert that up to the present not one single Catholic in any part of Scotland has abandoned the Faith on account of persecution, whether in the form of fines or imprisonment. The clergy, indeed, so far from being held back by fear of death or imprisonment, are rather stimulated thereby to greater zeal in their sacred duties. And what is more wonderful still, being without doubt a singular proof of the grace and power of God, the lapsed are not only not held back from returning to the Fold by these persecutions, but rather many, who were most stubborn and even hostile to the Church, have by the grace of God returned to her allegiance. This is, indeed, a great consolation to us and to all the faithful, being so clearly God's own work.

Interesting evidence as to the increase in the number of the Catholics at this period is furnished by Protestant sources. "The great matter we have before us," wrote Wodrow from the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in 1721,

the Highlands of Scotland

is the terrible growth of Popery in the North. We met on that Committee from three to seven this night. The accounts are most lamentable. . . . Bishops, priests, and Jesuits are exercising openly their functions; seminaries and schools are openly set up, and multitudes sent abroad and coming home from Popish seminaries every three or four months.

The anguish of the ministers in Edinburgh at the "increase of Popery" resulted in the establishment about the year 1725 of the Society for Promoting Christian (*i.e.* anti-Catholic) Knowledge, and the Highlands were flooded with schoolmasters, catechists and itinerary missionaries, all supported by this new Society as well as by an annual grant of £1,000 from Government. Undoubtedly one effect of this propaganda was to wrest many weak and lukewarm souls from the Catholic Church, especially in districts where there was no resident priest. Another cause of great loss to the Church at this time was the welcome afforded to the Highland lairds by the supporters of Government. Many undoubtedly who had stood firm against open persecution, were now to be lost to the Church by promises of worldly favours and advancement. The younger generation were given commissions in the Army and Navy and in other Government departments, where by degrees they lost the spirit that is ready to sacrifice all things for the Faith. There were of course notable exceptions, but the fact remains that at a date little subsequent to this several lairds who in the past had been the strongest supporters of the persecuted Catholics had passed outside her Fold.

Taking all these circumstances together we may fairly conclude that the years 1720 to 1725 were those of the greatest prosperity of the Catholic Church in the Highlands. There were then fifteen secular priests and two Jesuits in the Highland district and eleven priests in the Low countries. Of the priests, Bishop Gordon gives some details in his letter for 1722. One aged Missionary had retired to France in the previous year, not from any fear of persecution, but to attend to some urgent

Bishop James Gordon and

business, with the intention of returning thereafter. Moreover he had laboured for thirty-three years in this part of the Lord's Vineyard and had bravely undergone imprisonment in chains. Two others also left the Mission this year—viz., Fathers Peter Muligan, an Irish Augustinian, and Peter Gordon, a Scots Franciscan. Both had been sixteen years on the Mission and left it through no fear of suffering, but the latter was obliged to obey the call of his superiors, who promoted him to a post of honour. The former wished to assist his own countrymen, and indeed during the many years that he had laboured in the Highlands, at the request of Bishop Gordon, he had reaped most abundant fruit of his labours, for it was well known that over seven hundred persons had been led back to the Faith by him.

We have already noticed the Visitations made by Bishop Gordon in the Highlands during 1707 and 1710 and 1721. Other Visitations were made by him in 1723 when he visited the Outer Isles and confirmed in all 2,095 persons, and in 1728 when he confirmed 1,200. But the fatigue of such journeys was fast telling on the good Bishop, who in 1726 suggested a fresh means for providing for the spiritual needs of its people. He himself was full of affection for them. "I have never had more comfort every way than amongst these good people," he had written in 1707. With increased acquaintance came also increased affection for them, so that in later letters he proposes to leave the Lowland district to his Coadjutor and devote all his attention to the Highland district; but finding these proposals impracticable he now asked Propaganda to establish a separate Vicariate for the Highlands. It may have been with a view to forcing Propaganda to open its purse-strings that the next letter of the Scotch Bishops begins in so doleful a strain. The concluding portion is a striking testimony to the work accomplished under Providence by Bishop Gordon and fully confirms what has been said above of the prosperous condition of the Church in the Highlands at this time. The Bishops write :

the Highlands of Scotland

For this reason (the violent and ceaseless persecution) the number of Missionaries grows less, and will continue to decrease, since some leave us on account of the want which they experience of actual necessities, others are worn out and broken down in health, others again threaten to leave the Mission unless we can supply them wherewith to maintain a decent living. We, therefore, most earnestly beg your Eminences to have pity on the sad state of this Mission and to assist it, in its great need. We ourselves will not shirk the labour as long as life lasts, and though few remain with us we will attend to the needs of each district as far as our advanced years and our weakness permit. Yet we cannot, without deep regret, travel through whole districts and see so many souls perishing who would readily embrace the Faith, if only we had priests who could reside amongst them and instruct them.

The Bishops then thank Propaganda for the 400 scudi kindly sent, but point out that this will only meet the most urgent and distressing cases. They again insist upon the large number of persons who might be reconciled with the Church if only there were more priests :

For since Nicopol returned to Scotland and began to visit the Highlands with his wonted diligence, in one district where there used to be only 20 Catholics now that they have a priest of their own, there are at least 700 ; in another where there were 150, but now that a priest resides constantly amongst them there are 800 ; in another where there were 120, there are now 600, and in one where there were scarcely any Catholics at all there are now 300 ; indeed, in almost all cases, since the number of priests has increased, the number of the faithful has either doubled or increased three and sometimes fourfold. But this we can with certainty assert, if in all these districts the Missioners had been as few as they formerly were, we never would have been able to rejoice over the great harvest of souls, as we now do.

The Bishops then go on again to urge the appointment of a Vicar-Apostolic for the Highlands. In reply to their former request Mr. Alexander Grant had been selected for the new office, but had since disappeared. The story as told by Abbé Macpherson is very extraordinary, and

Bishop James Gordon and

is here inserted on the authority of the Abbé, a most reliable witness in such matters :

John Alexander Grant was born at Wester Boggs in the Enzie ; went to the Scots College at Rome, in 1711 ; came thence priest in 1719 ; arrived in Paris in July of that year, where he stayed till July 1721 ; when he came to Scotland in August of that year. On his first arrival on the Mission, he was placed in Scalan to take care of the Seminary there. After some time, having learned in that country a little of the Erse language, he was sent to the Highlands where there was an urgent necessity for priests. He was a man of great knowledge, piety, and zeal, but naturally diffident and timid, which exposed him to many inconveniences. Still Bishop Gordon judged him the most proper person to be made bishop of the Highlands, and induced him to accept that office. Mr. Grant, however, insisted on going some time to Paris with a view of preparing himself by proper study for his charge. When at Paris he resolved contrary to the opinion of everyone to go to Rome and arrived there in 1726. But being very awkward and of mean appearance, it was thought proper not to introduce him to the great personages of that city. He made a pilgrimage to Loretto in the heats of summer, by which he caught an ague which brought on him lowness of spirits ; he went on to Genoa, and tho' the Briefs for his consecration were expedited, he would not hear of being promoted. He took a fancy that our Superiors at Paris and Mr. Stuart at Rome, who all were extremely kind to him, were his bitter enemies. He wrote to Mr. Stuart from Genoa in 1727, as likewise to Paris to Bishop Gordon. His ague still continued, and he, for want of money, was reduced to beg on the streets. Both Mr. Stuart and the gentlemen at Paris sent him remittances, which never got to his hands. They employed all possible means to find him out but to no purpose. He was supposed to have been drowned, as he never afterwards was heard of. He was brother to Mr. James Grant, who was made Coadjutor and successor to Bishop Smith.*

To fill the post which Mr. Alexander Grant had declined the Bishops proposed Mr. Hugh Macdonald.

* Since the above was written, further details regarding the first Bishop-elect of the Highland district have been published by the Rev. F. A. Pirrie. See *St. Peter's Coll. Mag.*, June, 1913.

the Highlands of Scotland

"He belongs," they say in their letter, "to the senior line of the Macdonalds, the most numerous and influential of the Catholic clans." He is, they continue, still more remarkable for his piety and zeal, his prudence and humility.

He was educated in our own Seminary here, and especially applied himself to those studies which would be of greatest use in confronting heretics and in strengthening Catholics in Faith and piety. He is most popular with the priests in the Highlands as also with such of the laity with whom we have been able to discuss this matter.

With the appointment of Bishop Hugh Macdonald to the Highland district the actual jurisdiction of Bishop Gordon in those parts came to an end and his sphere of action was limited to the Lowlands. His intimate knowledge of the conditions prevailing in the Highlands, however, made his advice of the greatest value to Bishop Macdonald, who is later often described as leaning too much on the counsel of Bishop Gordon. This latter continued indeed to take the greatest interest in the Highland District. He died on March 1, 1746, and was thus spared the anguish of beholding the sad state of religion which followed the Rising of 1745 and its terrible consequences. He had been so revered for his prudence and piety that every Catholic, whether of the clergy or laity, wished him to be present at the settling of any matter of importance, and his zeal and charity could not refuse them. His memory was held in the greatest veneration throughout the Catholic districts of the whole of Scotland, and, long after his death, the line of action he had taken in difficult questions was appealed to as the standard upon which such matters should still be regulated.

FRED. ODO BLUNDELL, O.S.B.

IS TURKEY DOOMED?

The Caliph's Last Heritage: a Short History of the Turkish Empire. By Lieut.-Col. Sir Mark Sykes, Bt., M.P.
London: Macmillan.

Historical Sketches: Vol. I., The Turks in their Relation to Europe. By Cardinal Newman. Uniform Edition.
Longmans.

And many Other Works.

IN his *Life of Gladstone* that thoughtful writer, Lord Morley, speaks of "the Eastern Question, which for ever casts its perplexing shadow over Europe."* To-day the perplexity is tenfold increased by war on every side of the Ottoman Empire, with confusion at Stamboul, the Sultan a prisoner in the hands of Young Turks, and all the landmarks of tradition removed. While the Empire of the Caliphs was founded on Islam as its organic law policy might indeed change, but no misfortunes could subdue the Moslem spirit. Blows from without, rending away province after province, left the governing caste still in possession of a creed which the Koran embodied and the Ulemas expounded as they had done for centuries before. The living form, the very essence of the Caliphate was its right to rule, as representing the "Apostle of God," over True Believers, to whom Christians, Jews, idolators, were subject by Divine decree. This foundation the "Committee of Union and Progress" took away, when in 1908 they set up the French principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity among all the peoples dwelling under the Turkish flag, as what they declared to be the new "Constitution." Its watchword, we are told by Sir Mark Sykes, in his most illuminating volume, was "Huriyeh," which friends translate by "Freedom," and critics, whether grave old Turks or English Conservatives who feel for them, by its perversion, "Anarchy." We may state the problem in

* II., 234.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

language taken from Newman's *Lectures on the Turks*, delivered more than sixty years ago, in October, 1853. Can the Turks, he inquired then, "as an existing nation, accept of modern civilisation ?" And to-day we ask, if they cannot, is Turkey doomed ?

This immense question admits of approach from the West and the East. In its Western aspect, it concerns chiefly politicians ; in its Eastern, philosophic and religious thinkers. The Sultan is himself a problem because he inherits conflicting claims. When Mohammed II. entered Constantinople on May 29, 1453, he became what the Byzantine Cæsar had always been, temporal head of the Greek Orthodox Church. Henceforth a Moslem created the Patriarch, and the Patriarch governed by means of the Phanar, in strict obedience to the Sublime Porte. But, again, this new Cæsar was prince of a horde of Turkomans from Central Asia, to whom the "Christian hounds" were loathsome, without rights of any kind, to be scourged or spared as interest or passion dictated. And this Turk, from the year 1517, took on him the dignity of Caliph, or Commander of the Faithful, which he had compelled the last of the Abbasides in Egypt to give up to him, along with various relics of the Prophet of Islam. Here, then, was a situation abounding in discords. Descended neither from the Greek dynasties nor from the sacred family of Mohammed, yet representing both, our Ottoman could have held his ground until now simply by the weakness of Arab, Egyptian, and Persian on the one hand, while the rivalries of Christendom secured him on the other.

It is true that a succession of great warlike Sultans carried their arms victoriously to the Euphrates and across the Danube ; that they threatened Italy, besieged Vienna, and as late as 1715 drove the Venetians from Athens and the Morea. But the Crescent, which they adopted when the Eastern Empire fell, had been waning since Lepanto. Why, then, does it fade so slowly ? Decrepit Asia may account for the submission even of zealous Moslemin, nay of the Hejaz itself, to a Tartar

Is Turkey Doomed ?

chief who usurps the place of Abubekr and Omar. What is the reason why enlightened liberal Europe should not only have tolerated, but have even waged war in defence of, the "integrity and independence," as Lord Palmerston phrased it, "of the Turkish Empire" ? And how comes it that, after spending blood and treasure in the Crimea, to say nothing of our action before and at the Congress of Berlin by which we saved Stamboul for the Sultan, we have now been doing our utmost, with grievous loss of men at Gallipoli and the surrender of thousands on the Tigris, to undo our own handiwork ? Eastern policy, it would appear, is a Penelope web or a sieve of the Danaids. No wonder that Lord Morley finds it perplexing. There is not any Power in Europe, temporal or spiritual, which can lay claim to a uniform tenor of conduct in dealing with Turkey. I will not say, "Omnes peccavimus," for who am I to judge these lofty matters ? The facts, however, stand clear beyond contradiction. Catholics are no more of one mind on the right way to solve this age-long enigma than are English statesmen or the Allied Governments. Prophecy had better wait on the fortunes of the war. Nevertheless, we shall perhaps kindle a beam in darkness by turning to the past history out of which our troubles have grown to their present height.

Leaving just now what may need illustration in the attitude of the Holy See towards recent Turkish rulers, let us follow some writer like Mr. Kinglake, who gives as a motive of England's action, traceable from William Pitt in 1791, the "Balance of Power." He describes it as a great "Usage," comparable, I would say, to the Monroe doctrine, whereby none of the leading States in Europe is allowed to become paramount over the rest or to absorb weaker nations into its dominions.* Diplomacy, averse to change, loves the *status quo*, which represents in political science the principle of inertia. Lord Morley, who believes in progress and ideals, naturally objects to

* *The Invasion of the Crimea*, I., Chap. II.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

Kinglake that the so-called "Usage" is merely self-interest under a more decent name.* His hero, Cobden, hated the "Balance" as being a pretext for aggression whenever Cabinets wanted to break the peace. And, in general, the advanced reformers of last century covered it with contempt, since it checked their efforts all along the line with what seemed to be an empty or an inhuman word. Kinglake, not without a tinge of malice, contrives to turn the flank of these enthusiasts by making Turkey a subject for compassion whom Russia has unfairly attacked because of the Sultan's weakness. Sophism or not, there lay much history beneath Kinglake's observation. While the future of Russia, as someone said not long ago, is the great European problem, Turkey's past is dead. The religion of Islam need not be moribund ; it has surely ceased to be a peril to Christendom. And is not the Empire which its Paladins once created now become (to borrow Newman's striking words in another context) "the impotent conclusion of long-standing facts" ? That romantic story of the Mohammeds, Murads, Selims, and Solimans is but a shroud. Let us not argue as though it were a standard lifted up in battle.†

Thus the diplomatist, rather scornful of humanitarian dreamers who see only what they desire. For the sake of Humanity itself, the balance must be kept among European Powers ; it is the nearest approach we can make to the United States of the Old World after which Utopians have sighed with Victor Hugo. Now from the seventeenth century onward, as the Turk dwindled away the Muscovite expanded. "The semi-Asiatic power of Russia," says De Quincey in his grand style, "had arisen above the horizon with the sudden sweep and splendour of a meteor. The arch described by her ascent was as vast in compass as it was rapid ; and in all history no political growth, not that of our own Indian Empire, has travelled by accelerations of speed so terrifically marked."‡

* *Life of Cobden*, 104.

† Kinglake, Pref. to Vol. I., Ed. 1876, may be consulted.

‡ Works, VII., 288, *The Revolutions of Greece*.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

Such was, so to call it, the Russian avatar ; such to Western Europe appeared the Slav menace, far exceeding any danger henceforth to be apprehended from Islam. Already, so far back as the Peace of Carlowitz, concluded on June 13, 1700, between Austria, Venice, and the Porte, it was manifest that Turkey's power of offence in Europe had been definitely broken. In 1772 Poland was dismembered ; and two years later Turkey signed a humiliating truce with Russia, now grown more formidable than ever, at Kuchuk Kainarji, July 21, 1774. By this convention, as the Court of St. Petersburg maintained, Christians in the Ottoman Empire passed under protection of the Tsar—a claim from which the war in Crimea was afterwards to spring. In 1788 Austria and Russia joined forces against the Grand Signior as if on the ancient crusading impulse. The English Cabinet held different views. Pitt was prepared to avenge the massacre of Turks by the Russian General Potemkin at Ochakov in 1789 ; and, says Mr. Coupland, the latest Editor of Pitt's *War Speeches*, it was the influence of the Triple Alliance between England, Holland, and Prussia which “ constrained Austria to make peace with Turkey in 1791 and Russia to do likewise in 1792.”*

In this “ business of Ochakov,” the double strain, political and humanitarian, that has given to British Eastern diplomacy its wavering, uncertain course, became speedily apparent. The Prime Minister acted as if Turkish independence were an article of European faith, to be upheld when necessary *vi et armis*. Charles Fox and the Opposition protested strongly, and by so doing made war with Russia impossible. Burke ascended to first principles. He “ had never heard it said before that the Turkish Empire was ever considered as any part of the balance of power in Europe ” ; and he went on to say, “ All that was holy in religion, all that was moral and humane, demanded an abhorrence of everything which tended to extend the power of that cruel and wasteful

* *The War Speeches of William Pitt*, Intro., xv.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

Empire. Any Christian Power was to be preferred to these destructive savages." Burke, as is evident, anticipated Newman and Gladstone.* The Whig Party by its spokesmen derided the balance, would not be afraid of Russian aggrandisement, and construed politics (though Burke was utterly opposed to them) in terms of the French Revolution. Bonaparte invaded Egypt and Syria to the air of the "Marseillaise." Turkey continued to be the "ancient ally" of Britain. Our fleets and armies kept the Ottoman rule in being or restored it where it was lost. With varying episodes, England had decided on supporting or shielding this imperfect, not to say demoralising, form of government against attacks from outside. Russia, moved by ambition and a sense of Christian brotherhood, came to be effective suzerain of the countries now called Roumania (1774, 1802, 1806). The Austrians did nearly as much to deliver Serbia from its brutal masters (1789-91), and by their own efforts this valiant little people achieved independence from 1804 to 1813, when by the Treaty of Bucharest and thanks to Stratford Canning, afterwards the "great Eltchi" of dubious fame, they were given the power of Home Rule, but in oracular sentences, the seedplot of the future in which Serbia was to pull down even to the ground that fabric of tyranny and injustice known as Turkey in Europe.

Serbia! How often did that nation of swineherds with its mean, heroic, lugubrious memories begin the War of Liberation! January, 1804, is the date from which we may reckon the period of Turkish defeat accomplished by its vassal tributaries; and Serbia led the way. In 1830 the little State won its autonomy, guaranteed by the Great Powers, which were then reluctantly admitting the demands of the Greeks to be a people. Years of tragic vicissitudes followed. In 1867, under constraint of Europe, the Porte yielded up Belgrade and the Serbian fortresses to Prince Michael's

* See *John Bright's Speeches*, 231, "Russia," I., on these declarations.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

keeping. I well remember the day in June, 1876, when Prince Milan—afterwards one of the least reputable "Kings in Exile"—declared war on his liege lord the Sultan, and how the Serbian disaster following brought Russia to the front. England was governed by Disraeli the Jew, a steadfast hater of Greeks and Slavs, a friend from his youth up to Moslems and their misrule in Constantinople. He had taken no hand in the Crimean War. Now he tore up the Treaty of San Stefano, split the Bulgarian tribes asunder, annexed Cyprus, bought the shares of the Suez Canal, with one hand protected Abdul Hamid, but with his other planted British finance in Cairo to win and wear the land of Egypt. This was the policy of admiring Prince Bismarck's "old Jew." Serbia was shut by Austria within a closed ring, having neither port nor railway of her own.

Such explosive elements, and the march of "enlightenment" celebrated by Pierri Loti, could not but have a fearful issue. It came with dissolute Young Turks in 1908. Their knowing claptrap took in the journalism of all Europe and America. It is still to be read in encyclopædias belonging to the epoch. But an Austrian Minister, Von Aerenthal, saw his chance. He transformed Bosnia and Herzegovina into provinces of the Dual Monarchy, while Kaiser Wilhelm in shining armour ward off Russia. Then the Balkan Alliance, Serbia going before, sprang full-armed at Turkey, in the throes of its new Liberalism. Europe, held now in leash by the Kaiser, "patron of three hundred million Moslemin," stood pointing at the game it dared not strike. Four half-civilised but still more or less Christian peoples put to flight the Young Turk armies. The Bulgarians marched up to Chatalja in 1912, as they had done a thousand years before. The thunder of their guns was heard in Constantinople. The Sultan piled up bag and baggage, setting his face towards Brusa and the rising sun. Ferdinand of Bulgaria might have crowned himself Emperor in St. Sophia. At that supreme hour the *Weltpolitik* of Berlin,

Is Turkey Doomed ?

acting through Viennese channels, compelled him to turn right about. Instead of annihilating what was left of Turkey, "the Coburg" whom satire calls "King Fox" fell with amazing treachery on his own allies. He was beaten; but Constantinople escaped. Once more the catastrophe of the Turkish Empire was put off. Yet the last seal of the Apocalypse remained unbroken. At Sarajevo, on St. Peter's Eve, 1914, the hideous murder of Franz Ferdinand and his wife, which Vienna charged on Belgrade and Belgrade on Vienna, struck that seal to atoms, and the world went mad. "Ecce quantus ignis quam magnam silvam incendit!"*

Such is one sample, in effect the most significant, of Christian emancipation from the yoke of Islam. Always, behind the native struggles, we discover the West, politic but subject to qualms of conscience, with its Pitt and Palmerston and Disraeli, its Urquhart and Kinglake—shall we say its Sir Mark Sykes?—but over against them its philosopher Burke, its poets Byron, Shelley, Victor Hugo, its Liberals Cobden and Bright, its religious leaders and statesmen, Newman, Gladstone, one echoing the Crusader's cry, "Deus vult," the other not only philanthropic but by his devotion to the Eastern Church what Kinglake well described as "syn-orthodox"; and English foreign policy wavered under the contending forces. Turkey must be protected; but Turkey must be reformed. How was reform possible to a barbarian Power, immobilised in the Koran? And how long would any Christian ally defend it, unless reformed? Attempts had been made again and again. So far as words went, the Young Turks who insisted on the reinstatement by Abdul Hamid in 1908 of the Constitution he had granted in 1876 might have quoted (perhaps they did quote) the Tanzimat issued in November, 1839, by Abdul Mejid, which asserted the perfect equality before the law of all Ottoman subjects, what-

* For the war of Tripoli and intrigues bringing on the Balkan imbroglio consult, but with reserve, Prof. Usher, *Pan-Germanism*, 174-230.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

ever their race and creed. Seventy years had gone by ; and here too the Penelope web, the sieve of the Danaids, were figures no less appropriate to Turkish reforms than to the strategy of Europe which pressed for their execution. A single argument is decisive. In the most backward of Western countries having a temperate climate the population showed nearly one hundred and forty to the square mile. In the magnificent climes and round the historic sites of the Turkish dominions, covering more than a million square miles on three continents, how many did it show ? Twenty-five.

Yes, but we have been implored by the advocates of Moslem rule to consider how this wide desolation was wrought. Their strong point is the Mongol deluge—Jenghiz Khan in 1206, his grandson Hulagu in 1257, and the dreadful Timur in 1402. These mighty makers of ruin are charged with all the waste of Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, never since restored to civilisation. We read such apologies in writers like Ameer Ali, cultivated defenders of Islam ; they are a commonplace with travellers friendly to the Turk, who receive his hospitality amid fallen-down cities, in the wretched villages of an almost empty land. Pathetic fallacy ! Look at the dates in question. Jenghiz rode across Asia seven centuries ago. The portentous Hulagu destroyed Baghdad eight years before Dante was born. Timur smote Sultan Bajazet near Angora when Henry IV reigned in England. Cycles of years have discovered new worlds and peopled them since the Mongols swept over Western Asia. What would any Government holding the secret of justice and good laws have achieved in realms so fertile, with resources ever teeming, in seven hundred or even five hundred years ? The Turk has done nothing except to evil entreat and plunder populations to which he brought only his scimitar. With centuries of time and a million square miles of territory, with a free hand, far from the assaults of Europe, he has been the mere tyrant-squatter of an Empire kept by him barbarian. He knows neither the science not the art of a civilised

Is Turkey Doomed ?

polity. Compare him with his Roman predecessor in Asia Minor, with his contemporary the Briton in India. The only trick of rule which he has ever practised comes to this, that he can set one tribe to slay another, to extort and to oppress by command or connivance of the Sublime Porte. He deems himself of an Imperial race ; for, like Sinbad's " Old Man of the Sea," violence has thrust him upon the shoulders of his Christian victim, who must bear the burden till he drops down. Turkey's " progress in the path of reform," which was at no time more than apparent, means that Sinbad staggered along under the blows of his master whom Europe had frightened into momentary action. Except when he is fighting, the Turk sits still. And in the book which he receives as God's revelation there is no reason why he should move.*

Between the character and the fortunes of Islam we may note a curious contrast. Speaking in an epigram, it has conquered the East but has left it unchanged. " In every battle, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," the Moslem rushed upon Christendom, Persia, Egypt, India. He made converts by the million, who pray as he taught them. But beyond this elementary ritual he had no philosophy ; and his laws, primitive as the desert out of which he sprang, could not expand to the vast dimensions of his conquests. By fate and geography " the inhabitants of the Arabian peninsula," to quote Sir Mark Sykes, " must have always been nomads, shepherds, raiders, and diplomatists by instinct." They found in Mohammed, son of Abdullah, their world-compelling voice. To speak irreverently of the Koran as the German Treitschke did, in whose eyes it appeared to be " an abominable book," I judge not less unseemly than illiterate. After due study of this sacred " Lesson," our opinion will perhaps regard it as consecrated rather by the visions and raptures of many generations, casting upon it a reflected splendour, than inspired to the

* Newman, 183 ; Hogarth, *A Wandering Scholar*, 90-100.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

heights which its author claimed for it. The horizon we measure from its outlook is narrow ; it does not foresee and could not provide against the demands of tribes and tongues, ranging from the Ganges to the Tagus, wherein this wild camel-driver should be saluted as the Apostle of God. While the New Testament is universal in its call to Humanity, the Koran never steps beyond that wilderness to which it owes the imagery, sentiment, and legislation it has fixed in unchanging forms. It is especially a volume admitting of no development, for it moves on affirmations and denials of facts, not upon the discussion of principles. Its strength lies in its rhetoric ; its reasoning is diffuse and feeble ; its elements of the deeper contemplation we now term mystical are slight ; and only by forcing the words here and there have Persian Sufis contrived to build on it their transcendent doctrine. Mohammed was altogether incapable of comprehending the great religions which his followers would have to encounter, the Hebrew, the Christian, or the Zendic. It is hardly more than a paradox to say that his challenging formula, "There is none other God but the One God," was directed mainly as a negative against the idols of Mecca, the Trinity of our Catholic creed, and the probably misunderstood "Fire-worship" of the Parsis. Throughout its whole story Islam acts on the loud warcy of dissent, "I say no" ; it destroys, but it has never learnt to argue. From the Koran no positive institutions unknown before its time have been derived. The tribal system, patriarchal government, pilgrimage to the Kaaba, the dances and ecstasies of the Dervish, the fast of Ramadan, all may be signalised in old-world custom long ere Mohammed prescribed or tolerated them.*

What, therefore, was the inevitable consequence when Arabs so taught and so bounded in their views burst on the Persian Empire, shattering it with a few mighty strokes, and began their struggle of eight hundred years

* Palmer's version of the Koran, I., Introd. (*Sacred Books of the East*).

Is Turkey Doomed ?

against Byzantium ? On both sides they overcame, but they were likewise overcome. Having no reasoned scheme of government, finance, culture, science, or metaphysics to bestow on the conquered, they could but administer by means of these very subjects the regions they had overrun. "Death, tribute, or Islam" might be Khalid's offer to the infidels, as it was laid down by Mohammed himself. But proselytising zeal gave way when its first explosion had been a little spent to worldly considerations. So long as Christian and Jew, Greek and Berber, kept their old unconverted beliefs, they were slaves paying ransom for life, with no defence except the master's kindness. Let them but pronounce the magic words, "God is God and Mohammed is His Prophet," the chains fell off their hands, they could claim equal rights in mosque and court even with Arab sheikhs, the "companions" of God's Vicar. Conversion meant absorption of victors and vanquished in one free society or brotherhood. Accordingly protests were made by Okba's captains in Africa when the Berbers flocked in to his standard. The ruling caste perceived its danger. Apostasy on a great scale from the religions overthrown did indeed take place among Western Christians. Persia seemed to reject Manes and Zoroaster. As the official language of the Saracen Empire must needs be Arabic, theology, science, and general literature assumed the delusive appearance of an Arabic civilisation.

But the pure Arab contributed nothing of his own. He had been subdued and civilised, if at all, by influences long prevalent in the Asiatic circuit, from far-off Babylonian days, under Alexander's epigoni, when the Romans came in and when the Byzantines succeeded them. Islam could not much affect the genius of peoples, degenerate certainly, but developed beyond its crude imagination, to which the ideas of the intellect have been always foreign. First the Saracen and by and by the Turk rose in mastery above that servile world. They brought from the desert or the steppe an instinct

Is Turkey Doomed ?

of dominion, a diplomatic skill, and a pride of race which made their ascendancy sure. But civilisation owes to neither of these invaders one jewel in its diadem of light. Reason, science, law, freedom, invention, discovery, progress—what addition have any of the powers we so name received from the Koreish at Mecca, or the Turkomans on the Oxus ? Asia fell into their hands ; the Greeks after hard fighting lay prostrate. But once again, though less completely than in the example of Rome, captive Greece subdued her conqueror, and the brilliant but superficial culture of the Caliphate's palmy days was little more than a fading afterglow of Hellas.

Newman, writing with philosophic insight, brought out in his own way the difference between Greeks or Christians, politically considered, and Barbarians like the Arabs, Mongols, and Turks. His *Lectures* may be reviewed profitably in conjunction with Sir Mark Sykes's recent volumes, to which they afford a summary of principles and, where needed, a more satisfying conclusion. *The Caliph's Last Heritage* and *Dar-Islam* have been sufficiently praised by experts and read so widely by the public as to dispense with further commendation in an article hastening beyond their limit of time. In front of Newman lay Gibbon's "luminous page." He thought in the spirit of the Crusaders ; and his Oxford studies, his old High Church sympathies, were blent in a sort of romance according to Herodotus, where the panorama of Asia displayed wave after wave bearing its Tartar hordes down from the North to foam away their fury and sink into the dead marshes when their primal impetus failed. For such is the nature of the uncivilised ; they are capable of intense action, but action stirred up from without. And as they break others so are they broken, by a blow ; else they may wither and decay like Red Indians, while the growing strength of races amenable to genuine culture hems them round.

From a less exalted platform Sir Mark Sykes, watching the past and present of the Turkish Empire, surveys

Is Turkey Doomed ?

much the same prospect. He has been called philo-Turk, as Newman was philhellene. Yet they differ more in tone than in message. The Yorkshire traveller knows the Jazirah, Irak, Anatolia, Kurdistan, Egypt, by repeated journeys; he has paid visits to Stamboul before and after the Revolution of 1908. He is a soldier and a Catholic, not enamoured of modern liberal ideas. He has had kindness from the Asian Turk at home. He rather admires the sharp-witted though not now very high-principled Bedawi. For the Armenian he cannot find any man to say a good word. The Young Turk he loathes as a pretentious decadent, rotting with all the vices of our Parisian sham democracy. To this keen-eyed tourist it appears that if a fresh race were to spring up from marriage alliances between the Arabs of the Desert and the tribes of the Kurds, a new and prosperous era would dawn for Turkey in Asia. But he makes no apology on behalf of Ottoman rule. He does better, he explains it. From the side of history, which he has largely seen into, Sir Mark Sykes fills up the sketch drawn in bold outline by Newman. They are at one concerning the past; and their agreement may help us in giving to our dreams of the time to come a less incoherent shape.

Granting that the first Ottomans, the Seljuks, "were not merely the rulers of Barbarian hordes"; that they patronised learning, endowed schools, and thus encouraged contemplative societies like the Mevlevis and the Bektashis, who draw near to our idea of philosophers; that they formed a regular standing army by their cruel but triumphant device of the Janissaries—Christian children torn from home and bred as military monks resembling the Templars—we have still to enquire how a united and civilised empire did not grow up from these beginnings. The answer, given at great length by Sir Mark Sykes, will fit in exactly with Newman's indictment or analysis of the Turkish character and his general Herodotean view. It is the story of Greeks and Persians over again, if we take into account the opposed

Is Turkey Doomed ?

qualities of the races involved. But, whereas the Greeks by their victory at Marathon founded the liberties of Europe, they were now defeated by the Ottoman successors of the Seljuks, who could set up a vast empire on both shores of the Bosphorus, but depended on the accident of a few great men holding absolute power as Sultans and Caliphs to keep it in vigour.

The loose confederation of Persia's "hundred and twenty-seven provinces from India even unto Ethiopia," furnished century after century the pattern upon which Western Asia was ruled, except in Roman times. The court, the harem, the army, the satraps, the local tyrannies, the tribute-yielding cities, the self-enclosed communities, each a sort of Ghetto, may be found with a change of kings and royal houses repeated since the Hijra, mimicking the state of doomed Persia before Alexander, before the retreat of the Ten Thousand under Xenophon. Personal despotism, inveterate tribal customs, taxes imposed from above on the town or district as a whole and recovered by military threatenings—such is the government which Orientals prefer to our democratic constitutions. In our philosophy law and justice without respect of persons are essential to the public order; interference with them is a crime, their suspension would be anarchy. But this Roman and Aristotelian "reason of State" no Turk has ever comprehended, neither would his unhappy slaves expect such dealing at his hands. Newman defines the subordination of abstract political principles to the caprice of strong individuals as Barbarism. The history of the Turkish Empire drawn out by Sir Mark Sykes with clearness and decision confirms that view, while it gives the key to our problem. We can accept Newman's inference also : "great leaders are necessary for the prosperity, as great enemies for the destruction, of Barbarians ; they thrive, as they come to nought, by means of agents external to themselves." But more remains behind.

The Turkish Empire rose by the sword, and by the sword it will perish. Its bond of union has been the

Is Turkey Doomed ?

House of Othman, the head of which holds a twofold dignity, civil and sacred. There is an Imperial family in charge of the Moslem religion. But the Empire itself is an accident ; no vital tradition keeps it together. As it came so it may cease to be, in a moment, by a clap of military thunder. It would pass, leaving behind it now not much more confusion than has been its natural condition at any given period. For "in the Ottoman East," says Mr. Hogarth, who knows it well, "the individual is considered alone, there are no common claims of humanity." Be careful not to lay your profane hand on the Koran ; leave the Canon Law to the Ulemas ; and you, a Frank, a *Giaour*, may govern in peace the Mohammedan peoples of India. You may even take Egypt from the Padishah, and not a murmur will be heard, so long as you respect his spiritual office. The Prophet is reported as having taught, in a wise dictum, "Empire is compatible with unbelief, but not with tyranny." By that judgment many a Caliph would have been hurled from the musnud of sovereignty, and the British dominion over a hundred million who daily recite the fatihah with faces turned towards Mecca finds even a religious justification. The damning indictment of Yildiz Kiosk is that it does not fulfil any of the duties laid upon it. Security, justice, peace at home or abroad, education, equitable finance—these, which are the functions of government towards the governed, it sacrifices to the miserable intrigues of a gang the most corrupt and dissolute now strutting on the world's theatre ; renegade Jews, gypsy adventurers, the offscourings of Paris rascaldom, acute enough to babble Western democratic words all day long, who get their light from the atheism of France and their power from the War-Lord of Berlin. They have overthrown the "stupid, cranky, ill-mannered despotism" of the old, decaying Porte—a system that Kinglake was careful not to defend in form, though the British and French gave it a respite from destruction at Sebastopol. What has been set up in its place ?

Is Turkey Doomed ?

The answer is writ large in Sir Mark Sykes's account of Stamboul, dated in 1913, one year previous to the War. He describes the fall of Abdul Hamid as that of a people and an idea. The Sultan, we may say, was the last of the Old Turks. Western opinion, magnified by Gladstone's resounding voice, called him "the Great Assassin on a throne." But when he was sent headlong from it, "Islam, as understood by the theologians, as preached in the mosques, as the moral support of the people, as the inspiration of the army, died." Caliphate, Ulemas, Koran, which were hitherto real powers, clamping the Ottoman Empire with bonds of iron, rusty but holding somehow together, broke down and were puffed out like smoke. The French Revolution has begotten in Constantinople a monstrous phantom of itself, strong enough to shake in pieces the ancient established disorder of palace and pulpit, yet so feeble for want of a nation at its back that German brutality, rattling the sabre and training a new army by the goose-step from Potsdam, captured these effeminate Young Turks without a battle, and has never since loosened its grip.*

Has, then, the Ottoman Empire suffered dissolution by force of ideas rather than by stroke of sword ? It is a shrewd and fruitful question. Let us try to disentangle the skein offered by history. On looking back over the past, mediæval or modern, we shall see that the Papacy representing Western genius opposed itself to the fanaticism of Islam, but was not averse to the study of Greek philosophers known through Arabic versions in Spain. From mere Moslems, who had no thought and no science of their own, the West could learn nothing for civilisation. But the Turks in advancing upon Europe were compelled to adopt Byzantine methods of finance, administration, and war as practised by a central government. On this inheritance for a while they prospered ; but from the nature of their minds, to which abstract systems have not the entrance, they

* Sykes, *Caliph's Heritage*, 508-16.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

could never better it. Their Imperial instinct served them well so long as no new enthusiasm stirred the Christian nations, yet even thus decrepitude stole upon an Empire of which the subjects were more capable of improvement than the rulers. Two determining events, one as the eighteenth century opened, the other as it was closing, combined to bring about a single catastrophe which must end the Turkish power. Russia became the champion of Christendom; the French Revolution echoed the American, and proclaimed the Rights of Man. England, as always, bent on compromise and middle terms, listened to humanitarians like Burke and Fox, but took up a Conservative policy with Pitt, tried a mixture of somewhat Liberal flavour when Canning prescribed for the Near East, and by a curiously gradual process that occupied about forty years (1853-1890) moved on from Palmerston's Crimean ideas to Disraeli's Berlin decrees against Russia, and thence was led impetuously forward by Gladstone to the goal which had been in sight ever since Greek liberty inspired Byron's war songs. Western thought and Russian religion created a militant situation between them, corresponding to that of the First Crusade. The Revolution had no need to forge a weapon, but only to guide it. We have seen the French people making an alliance with the Tsar; Britain has taken a hand of each in her own. The most unnatural union that ever was—we mean of Turkish misrule with free Christian England—is dissolved. But that dissolution brings in its train the doom of the Ottoman Empire. An armed idea, not the filthy Comic Opera now acted by obscene Young Turks at Stamboul under German patronage—an idea so much mightier than the Mohammedan as the New Testament excels in depth and principle all that we read in the Koran—has reconciled after many years the divergent policies of London, Paris, and Moscow. These great enemies Turkey has raised up, and, obeying her fatal star, she is joined with “ramshackle” Austria-Hungary in a confederation where both cease to be Sovereign

Is Turkey Doomed ?

Powers and the line of empire runs from Berlin to Baghdad.

This "Greater Germany," if it came out of the war triumphant, would remain entrenched at Constantinople. Of Anatolia and Mesopotamia we might expect it to form a colonial dominion, where Teutons would draw profit from native toil. The Caliph would be a pensioner on the bounty of his suzerain the Kaiser. Ancient forms and trappings might survive, but the House of Othman with its dependents would exist as our protected States do in India, no longer imperial, the shadow of a great name.

To borrow a simile from Monte Carlo, in this world's game of war Germany holds the bank. She is staking her reserves against all comers. Like the croupier, she knows but one aim—to sweep into the Deutsche Bank as many separate ventures as fortune brings. Her designs are framed with simplicity, for she has only a single interest to keep in view. Not so the Allies. Were the great progressive nations of the West, England, France, Italy, exclusive joint-partners against Berlin, they too might solve the problem of Turkey on clear lines of demarcation. But Providence has laid upon them a task which the Teuton ambiguous "Schlagwort," or slogan, "Kultur," inadequately sums up. They are keepers of the civilised conscience, debtors to all men, and on that foundation the usage termed Balance of Power must be set in adamant. Now Richard Cobden, so far back as 1835, in replying to the famous philo-Turk and diplomatist David Urquhart, came close up to the position which France and England are facing at this moment. The resemblance of periods divided by four-score years is worth dwelling upon.

"David Urquhart," says Lord Morley, was "a remarkable man of prodigious activity and with a singular genius for impressing his opinions on all sorts of men, from aristocratic dandies down to the grinders of Sheffield and the cobblers of Stafford." * He had gone out in

* *Life of Cobden*, 101.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

1827 to fight for Greek independence, and was present when Captain Hastings destroyed the Turkish squadron in the Bay of Salona. But, as acquaintance with Orientals ripened, the sympathies of Urquhart passed with enthusiasm to his Ottoman friends, whose disposition he knew to the quick and has described better than any traveller I can call to mind except Sir Richard Burton.* From an advocate for Turkey's dissolution he became its ardent defender ; and in pamphlet after pamphlet he denounced the Russian Government as an enemy at once of Britain and Islam. To quote Lord Morley again, Urquhart "had furnished the Ministers with arguments for a policy to which they leaned by the instinct of old prejudice, and he had secured the editors of all the newspapers." Cobden was provoked into print by views which he thought detestable, on grounds at once Christian and patriotic. He pleaded for peace, progress, and non-intervention. But what of the Russian menace ? He replied in a sentence curiously apposite to the actual situation. "Our desire," he said, "is to see Poland happy, Turkey civilised, and Russia conscientious and free ; it is still more our wish that these ameliorations should be bestowed by the hands of Britain."† He could not, however, deny that "the advance of Russia to countries which the Turk once wasted by fire and sword, and still wastes by the more deadly processes of misgovernment, would be a great step in the progress of improvement" ; nor was any such step inimical to us, "a commercial and manufacturing people," since it would open the resources of those fertile lands, increase their inhabitants, and give prosperity all round. Victories like these could be won without going to war on behalf of the Turks or making Russia our enemy.

If, as appears to be generally held, the Crimean expedition was a costly blunder, and if Disraeli's brokerage to benefit the Sultan at Berlin has led to a series of Balkan conflicts and what Carlyle would picture as the

* See his *Spirit of the East*, 2 vols.

† Morley, *Cobden*, 105.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

"bursting out of all the Bedlams" in this present "stupid" war, shall we set down Cobden as mistaken ? There is to my thought something more than accident or diplomacy in the course of events which have drawn the great Slav world into a heartfelt union with the West. How many prejudices on either side must have been cast away before the stream of tendency could be reversed ? Cobden was probably unaware that in these pamphlets he had been following Lord Shelburne, whose arguments for free trade and a pacific policy, as against Pitt's intended campaign to preserve the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire, could make no headway when they were put forth. British Ministers disclaim now with entire honesty that their ideal is war ; they fling open all gates to free trade ; they are in league with Holy Russia for the distinct object of conquering Turkey in Asia and driving the Kaiser's troops, including all that is left of the Ottoman, out of Stamboul. By their "gamble" at Gallipoli, their adventures in Mesopotamia, their lounging at Salonica, their occupation of Greek islands, their annexation of Egypt, they have given hostages to fortune, but yet more have they made it impossible to retreat upon the old lines where Pitt and Palmerston stood. Were they in the day of account to simulate a protecting interest on the Sultan's behalf, as fit and proper to retain Constantinople with Young Turks or Old Turks about him, Europe would laugh with Homeric mirth and Russia would cry out on treachery not surpassed by Ferdinand of Bulgaria when he turned and smote his allies on the fields they had won together. London clubs may tempt our Coalition Ministry with old soldiers' tales of the gentleman Turk. They had better not provoke the scorn of Germans and neutrals, or the sullen wrath of a deceived Russia. Turkey in Europe can no more be found. The West, which was saved in August, 1914, by the Russian advance and at the tremendous price of Tannenberg, owes to its friend in its utmost need a recompense, not too great though it include Constantinople and the Dardanelles.

Is Turkey Doomed ?

And as an American writer has acutely remarked, if France and England must endure a rival in the Mediterranean, a thousand times more welcome the Tsar than the Triple Alliance.

During a long hundred years, from Serbia's uprising in 1804 to the present occupation of Constantinople by German, Austrian, and Bulgarian troops, Turkey in Europe has been lessened even to extinction. Stamboul, the Ottoman capital, is in the hands of its enemies. The African littoral and Egypt have passed to alien Powers. Arabia was seldom more than nominally subject to a Caliph whom the blood-descendants of Mohammed looked upon much as Catholics would on a King of Italy made Pope by Act of Parliament at Monte Citorio. When we survey Turkey in Asia we are contemplating a wide welter of peoples ancient and modern, a desert given over to wandering Bedawin, mountains to which by nomadic instinct children of old invading hordes return; but from ten to twelve millions would call themselves Osmanlis and are true Mohammedans loyal to the Padishah. The rest will submit to the strong hand while it holds them. No tie of kinship or of sentiment binds these diverse folk to an Empire in which their heritage is oppression. The Armenians, all that is left of them, hail the Russian soldiers with delight. How can we suppose that a Power which has taken Erzerum and Trebizond by force of arms would give them up again? The Black Sea coast and the hinterland of it may be reckoned as lost for ever to the Sultan. England, again, will control from the Persian Gulf so much of Irak-Arabi as she deems necessary to her secure possession of Egypt and India. The French, though missionaries rather than crusaders, with a Third Republic not yet baptized, seem to yearn after Syria; while unlucky and too-scheming Greece would fain get Smyrna, Rhodes, the classic Ionian shores. Italy has her dreams, too. Yet these outlying portions of a vast stranded carcass do not present the difficulty that may still perplex Europe and burden it in years to come with an Eastern

Is Turkey Doomed ?

Question. The House of Othman will retain the Caliphate though the Empire vanish. Can we believe that Moslems throughout the world are willing to see their supreme head a subject and no sovereign ? But if a sovereign he must own a kingdom. Where shall it be set up ? That most picturesque city of Brusa, dear from early association with Ottoman glories, waits for him. Anatolia, largely Turkish in name and character, might be so skilfully carved into sections that a State not unworthy of fallen greatness would disguise and soften this decline now inevitable. Protected the Sultan must be, whoever wins, by the Kaiser or the Tsar. He cannot escape his doom.

On the evening of October 7, 1571, in Ionian waters, the word went out against him, spoken by the lips of St. Pius V in prayer. The victories gained since, Cardinal Newman said with justice, "are but the complements and the reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto." Many of them have given scope to festival days in the Kalendar associated with the Rosary, the Holy Name of Mary, and Our Lady, "Help of Christians." Down to the time when Benedict XIII put on record in the Breviary graces thus acknowledged it was a Catholic tradition, as we still rehearse it in the Litany of the Saints, to ask deliverance on high from the Turkish peril. This, then, is the deliberate judgment passed by the Holy See on the Turk in history, confirmed by writers and travellers independent of Rome, admitted to be just as regards the career of that Osmanli tribe and dynasty, viewed as a power in the world's chronicle. But after it began to fail, when Russia was bearing hard on its own Catholic subjects, and the Porte discovered an advantage in respecting our communities scattered through the Near East, a change of tone in these altered conditions was but the dictate of sound sense, for the sake of clergy and faithful under Ottoman rule. The problem of the Crusades is in its final stage ; Benedict XV may yet be called upon to complete the record left open in 1726 by his predecessor of the same name. How the

Is Turkey Doomed ?

forbidding orthodoxy of Moscow shall demean itself towards the Catholic Church lies hid in the mists of the future which no human eye can pierce. The Russian problem will ask its own solution. All we need observe, as we watch the last of the once irresistible Osmanlis preparing to cross into Asia, is that the Popes never ceased in a warfare of five hundred years and more to withstand the assaults of Islam. They broke the Ottoman power when it had climbed to its supreme height ; and their splendid perseverance should not be forgotten in the day of its fall. .

WILLIAM BARRY.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

¶ *Under this heading will be noticed a limited number of books to which the Editor is unable to devote one of the longer articles, but desires, for one reason or another, to call attention.*

IT goes without saying that any book written by the Baron Friedrich von Hügel will be of an extreme profundity in thought and of an intense humanity in temper, and, moreover, will demand, for due appreciation, the closest concentration, intellectual and moral, in the reading. To such notes his study of *The German Soul* (J. M. Dent & Sons. Pp. 224. 2s. 6d. net) adds that of a vivid *actualité*. The brief and touching autobiographical references indicate the unique importance of the author's testimony. A scholar and thinker of Teutonic race, and of affinities, strong in many respects, with the Teutonic habit of mind, the Baron may be trusted, for all his forty years' residence among us and his present loyalty, intense and convinced, to the country of his adoption, to overlook no point in which the mentality of our enemies may by any possibility be interpreted benignantly. Indeed, one of his chief preoccupations in this book seems to be—most worthily—to think out what resources there are in "the German Soul" whereby it may be able to deliver itself from its present state of reprobation.

We have mentioned these points because they bring out all the more forcibly the strength of the Baron's considered judgments upon the matters fundamentally at issue. To his conviction, the "realist" conceptions, political and moral, that have for the time so completely usurped dominion over the German mind have produced an evil so deep-rooted that only the rude shock of an equal realism can even begin to cure it.

It is Germany's visible "realistic" preponderance in the world, the reputation of ultimate physical irresistibility, that are now evidently dear above all to the average German; only a very clear, very large failure of these pretensions, as brought to a test in this war, will make him change his mind.

The German Soul

German *Real-Politik* must, in fact, "be refuted on its own ground." True, only Germans can regenerate the German Soul,

yet only non-Germans, indeed only men for the time arrayed in a bloody war against them, can furnish Germans, as they have now become predominantly, with the kind of facts necessary for any such change in their mental orientation.

We cannot now consider the Baron's estimate, profoundly interesting, of the forces from within—religious, philosophical, social—which may take up the work of cure when the surgeon's knife has performed its task. Our remaining space must be devoted to that aspect of the book which, to an English mind, is the freshest and most illuminating—its aspect as an estimate of the present German mentality, as exhibited more particularly in the work of two thinkers of to-day, Friedrich Naumann and Ernst Troeltsch.

Of set purpose we say, "to an English mind." It may be, for instance, that such a mind is congenitally incapable of finding, with the Baron, any particularly "delicate penetration" in Troeltsch's attempt to moralise *Real-Politik* by importing the cultural idea, however modified by analogies from individual morality, into the political complex as the counterpart to the moral idea in individual relations. In the end the Baron demolishes Troeltsch; he convicts him out of his own mouth, so far as the practical outcome to-day of his doctrines is concerned, and the processes both of exposition and of demolition, to one who has painfully grappled with them, are illuminating in the extreme. We recommend all who wish to make some attempt to get at the mentality of our enemies to submit themselves to this toilful discipline. The Baron, himself partly of Scottish blood, has an interesting remark upon the greater ease with which the Scottish and German mentalities will understand one another than the English and the German. For ourselves, we remain impenitently English, and we are unable, do what we will, to see in the various intellectual defences not frankly

Some Recent Books

materialistic, set up for the modern German political doctrine, much more than muddle masquerading as profundity. For instance, just in proportion as people like Naumann attempt, in all good faith, to moralise militarism, they are obliged in common decency to try to cover the nakedness of their simultaneous contradictions with clouds either of verbiage or of sentiment. The result is, in the Baron's own words, Naumann "deeply wistful over his own divided unbridged soul—half love, half violence." Meanwhile, the Bissings and the Mantouffels act after the manner of their kind.

The psychological process and result alike are tragic. The man who thinks crookedly will act crookedly, and conversely, crooked action will provoke in its defence crooked thought. Hence the present state of the Germans. You cannot with impunity obfuscate the eternal verities. Alike the metaphysic of plain sense and the ethic of plain conscience disappear before the "imperious need" of this or that "theoretical obsession," till the German must, in the words of the Baron's own penetrating diagnosis,

see directly his system, idea, alone, and only thus (upon and within this now vivid cloud) his own or his race's, immensely magnified, simply potential, but thus immeasurably more potent, self.

The point is vital. The Scotchman or the Frenchman may think right or wrong, anyhow he will think straight. The average Englishman will probably not think at all, but act on instinct or conscience; indeed, if you drive him to the uncongenial effort of trying to think, he will give quite mistaken reasons for his action—hence the charges of "hypocrisy." (We owe the Baron many thanks, by the way, for his vindication, as chivalrous as it is subtle, of the peculiarities of the English in this respect.) But we confess ourselves as incapable now as we were before we had grappled with this book of reconciling the German habit of mind with anything resembling straightness, in other words, honesty of thought—

The Ethiopic Liturgy

though conscious deviation from this in the individual need not be in question. Very likely this attitude may demonstrate merely the congenital empiricism of the Englishman's mind—that empiricism which in German eyes is his supreme crime, and which even the Baron, with the utmost gentleness, chides. Well ; if so, we can only say that we are very sorry, but we are as God made us, and not other. The position, however, enables us to subscribe all the more heartily to the Baron's practical conclusion: that when our rude surgeon's knife has thoroughly done its work upon the cancer in the German body corporate, the completion of the cure must come from no non-German meddling with the Germans, but "substantially by means of a new, wider, more adequate and more nobly German, vision of their own."

THE Hale Lectures for 1914-15 on *The Ethiopic Liturgy*, by the Rev. Samuel A. B. Mercer, Ph.D. (Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company ; London : A. R. Mowbray & Co.) form a book which many, doubtless, will be glad to have. The author has evidently devoted much time and pains to the examination of existing MSS. of the Ethiopic Liturgy ; and he prints for the first time a full text of the rite at present in use in Abyssinia. In 1914 he obtained, through the British Chargé d'Affairs at Addis Abbeba, a manuscript copy ; and from this he gives an English translation followed by an excellent facsimile of the Ethiopic text. The whole volume is of 487 pages, and well brought out. The liturgical text begins on p. 295. The preceding pages are occupied by six lectures, delivered at the Western Theological Seminary, Chicago, in which Dr. Mercer is Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament. We would gladly, if we could, commend this part of the book along with the other. But we have found the author's preliminary excursions through the whole field of Liturgy to be, as a whole, uncalled for and little enlightening. They abound, moreover, in loose, questionable, and even positively inaccurate statements, and in improbable

Some Recent Books

reconstructions of unknown rites. The author often knows too much and not enough. The first lecture deals, needlessly, with the whole background of Christian worship in the heathen religious systems, and courses through the ideas of the Babylonians, Assyrians, Chinese, Hindus, etc., with a glance at the Old and New Testaments. Lecture II. treats of "the Christian Liturgy of the first four centuries." In the first two centuries Dr. Mercer finds a rite which "must be considered uniform in type, still exceedingly fluid and liable to change in details, with a form varying in individual localities" (p. 45). We seem to have read something like this before, but do not know what it means. If the "primitive" rite was thus "fluid" but still uniform, how is not the unprimitive rite of the fifth century so too? This "fluid" primitive rite is constantly "crystallising": we even find (p. 71) that "the Kiss of Peace, like other additions, gradually crystallised" (though on p. 100 it is said to be "very primitive"). Formulas of this sort are apt to be used absurdly unless we are careful to ask ourselves what we really mean by them. On p. 43 Dr. Mercer credits Justin Martyr's liturgy with an Intercession after the consecration: on what grounds it is not stated. His treatment of the Liturgy of the third century is based on the "Church Orders." On pp. 47-49 he gives an account of these important and long-suffering documents in which he succeeds in throwing the whole subject into more than ordinary confusion, involving himself as well in sundry contradictions. He states that the documents, "in chronological order," are "the *Didaché*, the *Apostolic Church Order* (the *Apostolic Canons* [sic]), the *Didascalia*, the *Testament of our Lord*, the *Egyptian Heptateuch*, the *Ethiopic Statutes*, the *Verona Fragments*, the *Canons of Hippolytus*, the *Constitutions of Hippolytus*, or *Epitome*, and the *Apostolic Constitutions*." Here individual documents are mixed up with collections in which they occur; the Verona Fragments are placed chronologically later than the *Testament of our Lord*, though they contain

St. Bernard on the Love of God

nothing that is not (on Dr. Mercer's own view) earlier than *Test.*, and actually contain the very document on which *Test.* is based; they are also placed after the *Egyptian Heptateuch* and *Ethiopic Statutes* (which, by the way, are in content one and the same thing), though they do not contain a quantity of later matter which appears in these latter collections. Then we are told (p. 48) that "the *Ethiopic Statutes* 1-21 are parallel to the *Apostolic Church Order*, and books (*sic*) 22-48 are parallel to the *Ethiopic Church Order*." But Statutes 1-21 are the one, and 22-48 are the other document—which latter exists (in Ethiopic) nowhere else. On p. 63 the Dêr Balyzeh Papyrus is stated to represent the Alexandrian rite of "the middle or end of the fourth century"; on p. 92 it is described, at the head of a table in which it stands, as "end of second century."

We have already exceeded the space allowed for the notice of this book; but the foregoing examples may serve to justify the general criticism passed upon it above. They could easily be multiplied. In fact, the book, apart from the new texts at the end—which are really worth having—can hardly be described as a serious contribution to our knowledge of the Christian Liturgies.

R. H. C.

THE one thing that hardly satisfies us in Mr. Edmund Gardner's latest work, *The Book of Saint Bernard on the Love of God* (London: Dent & Sons), is its title. "On the Love of God" does not convey the definite significance of the original title, *De diligendo Deo*. The treatise is one of St. Bernard's early works, written about 1126, and has a deservedly high place amongst the mystical writings of the Middle Ages. The theme of all these writings was the union of the soul with God by love. Love was the great mystery: to learn its ways the true wisdom.

Beyond measure sweet in the mouth of the heart is what is seasoned by charity: if a man would give all the substance of his

Some Recent Books

house for love, he would condemn it as nothing. Great is the strength of love, wondrous is its power.

So wrote Richard of St. Victor, and so felt all the mediæval mystics and none more so than St. Bernard. The treatise *De diligendo Deo*, therefore, sets forth how a man should love to love rightly; how from the love of self and creatures he may attain to the love of God. For it is in the natural love of oneself that love begins to grow and it is from this natural love, chastened and guided, that one proceeds to that high love in which God is all in all and self is forgotten in the love of Him. This thesis St. Bernard developed with a richer emotion in his sermons on the Cantic of Canticles; but his whole philosophy of man's love for God is set forth in this short treatise. Mr. Gardner has done well to draw it out of the *opera omnia* and give it a separate existence and an English translation.

FR. C.

THAT there was a characteristically mediæval economic and political theory, and that it had a history, are two important facts in the development of Western culture. The growing recognition thereof is largely due to the labours of English scholars like Maitland, Ashley and Cunningham. In particular the *History of Mediæval Political Theory in the West*, by Messrs. R. W. and A. J. Carlyle, though still incomplete, shows all the lineaments of a masterpiece of accurate erudition and sympathetic insight. The first volume appeared in 1900, the second nine years later; and now after another interval of six years we have Vol. III. dealing with *Political Theory from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth*, by A. J. Carlyle (Blackwood, 1915, 10s. 6d. net). The period dealt with witnessed the growth of feudalism and the rescue of civilisation from Norse and Magyar invader. The political organisation and constitutional practice of the new societies called for a reinterpretation of traditional principles inherited from early Christian times and Patristic writings. It was therefore a time of growth, when men had real difficulties and attempted new solutions,

Mediæval Political Theory

when opinions had not yet become articulated and organised into the coherent system of the thirteenth century. The impression that the civilisation of the Middle Ages was stationary and rigid is largely due to prejudice and ignorance. "We must dismiss from our minds," says Dr. Carlyle, "these notions of a fixed and stereotyped society, we must rather recognise that there have been few periods in the history of the world when the movement of thought and of life was more rapid than in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries." This very growth hinders exposition and renders it difficult not to read the developed analyses of the golden age of Scholasticism into the preceding centuries. Dr. Carlyle has been careful to avoid such a historical blunder, he has given us an admirable sketch of the genesis of the political concepts of the Schoolmen. The great value of this sketch lies not so much in its detailed and scholarly elaboration, as in the clearness with which the author traces the development of the leading ideas, such as the autonomy of the individual spiritual life, and the divine nature and origin of authority. Over-attention to the final epoch of Scholasticism is apt to confuse our historical perspective and to make us forget at times how deeply rooted in the Christian past and how true to real evolution and culture are the basic principles of Catholic philosophy. From this viewpoint Dr. Carlyle's work is not only indispensable to the student of the history of philosophy, but a much-needed help to the teacher and student of systematic Scholastic philosophy. The next volume, dealing with the relations of the temporal and spiritual powers in the same period, will, it is hoped, be issued without undue delay.

Dr. Carlyle lays stress on the fact that the feudal system of personal devotion and loyalty did not efface the strongly contractual and legal nature of the relation between vassal and lord. The mediæval conception of contract as applied to government and private property was a natural conclusion from the principle of communal election and obligation. Thus it is distinguished from

Some Recent Books

the pseudo-historical speculation of an original agreement so common among the philosophers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These later thinkers had a feeble grasp of history and outward conditions, but an overmastering faith in speculative ideas. Perhaps it was best so, for only thus could they help to shatter a tyranny which had become a tradition. The most influential political thinker of modern times is Jean Jacques Rousseau. The Cambridge University Press has just issued a sumptuous edition of his works: *The Political Writings of Rousseau*, edited from the original manuscripts and authentic editions, with introductions and notes, by C. E. Vaughan, M.A., Litt.D. (two vols., 1915, £3 3s. net). Without Rousseau one cannot understand modern political thought, and without Prof. Vaughan's edition one cannot in future study Rousseau. It contains the chief political writings—especially the *Discours sur l'inégalité* and the two versions of the *Contrat Social*—together with relevant letters, notes and extracts from Rousseau's other writings. Of course one might desiderate the inclusion of the *Lettre sur les spectacles*, the *Lettre à Mgr. de Beaumont* and a few more suchlike. But undoubtedly we have here collected together for the first time a corpus of Rousseau's political writings, which in point of textual accuracy and typographical excellence is never likely to be surpassed. It is in the introductions and notes, however, that we see English scholarship at its best—painstaking erudition which never lapses into mere pedantry. He does not pile up quotations from Grotius, Puffendorf and Jurieu. He throws light on the workings of Rousseau's own mind, he brings out his marvellous relevancy for us of to-day, and then he lets him speak for himself. Collectivism and individualism, war and peace, democracy and aristocracy, the evils of the representative system, even the problem of Poland, are topics as familiar to Jean Jacques as to contemporary thinkers. Hence Prof. Vaughan's edition is not only a monument of research but a timely stimulus.

A. J. R.

England and Catholic Church

IT is a singular thing that the fairest and most sympathetic treatment, from the non-Catholic point of view, of the stormy times of Elizabeth should have come from the pen, not of one of those Englishmen who of late years have approached so closely in other respects to Catholic ideas, but from a German Protestant from Prussia. Yet so it is, and we owe a debt to Father McKee, of the London Oratory, for having made Dr. Arnold Meyer's work (*England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*. Kegan Paul. pp. xxi, 555. 12s. net) accessible to English readers. Dr. Meyer points out quite rightly that no royal despotism, not even that of the Tudor monarchs, could by itself have been able to bring about the severance of England from the Holy See and from the Catholic Faith if that despotism had not been backed by intense nationalist feeling and material interests. Of Elizabeth he says rightly enough that "her soul was scarcely ever touched by anything of the nature of religious enthusiasm." For her the question was really one of secular politics and self-interest, and she can hardly have deceived either herself or the diplomats accredited to her Court by her frequent assertions of religious zeal. "She must have a hundred devils in her body," comments Bishop Quadra, the Spanish ambassador, "notwithstanding that she is for ever telling me that she yearns to be a nun and to pass her time in a cell praying." It would have been a quaint community that could have satisfied these longings.

On the subject of the persecution of the Catholics Dr. Meyer writes very fairly, and he is entirely free from the temptation, to which so many Anglican writers have succumbed, to make nothing more of the Catholic martyrs than political fanatics.

More intimate knowledge of the mission priests teaches us to regard them as men of strong manly character, steadfast in their belief and unruffled in their obedience—men whose self-control seldom failed them, and whose cheerfulness was seldom disturbed, who were transfigured by their victory over the world, and filled with love for all men without distinction—men, finally, who

Some Recent Books

amidst the most terrible torments and ill-treatment remained free and unconquered, because to them martyrdom was the crown of life.

One could hardly ask for a more generous appreciation of their merits. It was to deal with men of this kind, as our author notes, that "Master Topcliffe received authority to torment priests in his own house in such sort as he shall think good."

Only a man like Topcliffe was capable of torturing afresh a man who had already been broken on the rack, who had confessed and admitted all that had been asked of him, and had even renounced his faith. Only a man like Topcliffe was capable of continuing to insult his victim so long as he drew breath, and of stifling the last words of farewell and prayer. Had he not been sure of the Queen's approval the wretch could not have plied his trade.

We have quoted enough to show that the book is one which every Catholic, priest and layman alike, ought to read and to possess. The translation is admirably done, and the work is a distinct addition to the historical literature of the Reformation period. A. B.

EVEN in war-time a certain number of books of pure historical and literary research continue to be published, and among them not the least valuable is Mr. E. S. Bouchier's new book on *Syria as a Roman Province* (B. H. Blackwell. Oxford. Pp. 304. 6s. net). It is as careful a piece of work as was his previous work on *Spain under the Roman Empire*, and follows the same general line of treatment, though in greater detail, giving us "an account of the life and manners, the literature and antiquities of Central Syria and Phœnicia in Roman times, with occasional references to more outlying districts such as Palmyra, Commagene and Roman Arabia." With Southern Syria and Palestine and with the conditions which there prevailed at the time of the Christian era Mr. Bouchier does not deal, and this will be a disappointment to many who take up his book in the hope of finding fresh light thrown upon this part of the subject.

Syria as a Roman Province

The history of Syria, after all, is Greek rather than Roman. It was Alexander who first brought it into contact with the West and the main currents of history, and it was Greece which supplied the model on which Syrian cities, such as Antioch and Emessa, were built up and governed. The civilisation of Antioch was a Greek civilisation all through the time of the Roman rule, and it would be more true to say that Syria influenced Rome—especially in the time of Elagabalus—than that Rome succeeded in influencing the thought of Syria, though no doubt it was due to the power and protection of Rome that Syrian civilisation was able to exist at all and was not overwhelmed by Persia and the further East.

Lofty as was the level of Syrian culture, exemplified especially in the theological schools of Antioch and the law schools of Berytus, or in such a poet as Meleager or such historians as Posidonius, it was built up on an unsound foundation, dependent on slavery for its very existence and given over to pleasure and excess. Such a civilisation had no inherent power of vitality which would enable it to stand firm when evil days came upon it. It succumbed at once to the blight which Turkish rule has brought to all civilisation wherever it has established itself. But the reading of Mr. Bouchier's book makes one wonder whether, considering the importance of its position on the great inland sea, in the centre of the age-long line of travel overland between Europe and Asia, there may not be a new Syrian civilisation called forth under happier conditions which may rival or even surpass the old.

IT is commonly said in praise of *The Chevalier de Boufflers* (by Nesta Webster. Murray. 12s.) that it is as interesting as a novel. This is not empty praise, for although real life is, in fact, stranger and more enthralling than the best fiction, the presentment of it generally falls far short of reality. It is easier to draw a living picture of an imaginary character where all the events may be chosen at will than of one which is almost

Some Recent Books

smothered beneath the manifold facts of life or which baffles the author by the contradictions and inconsistencies of actual human nature.

The life of the Chevalier de Boufflers possesses all the elements of a romance, and these have been most skilfully made use of and combined in a very living portrait. First comes the mother, light-hearted and wholly irresponsible, with her knack of happy rhyme in which she hinted sometimes of her success in charming :

Il ne faut pas toujours conter
Citer
Dater
Mais écouter.

Je me conduis toujours ainsi
Ici
Aussi,
J'ai réussi.

Il faut dire en deux mots
Ce qu'on veut dire
Les longs propos
Sont sots.

Her "deux mots" were always witty and so were her son's. "I implore your Majesty," wrote Voltaire to the Empress of Russia, "to make him a prisoner of war; he will amuse you very much; there is nothing so original as he is, nor sometimes so agreeable. He will compose songs for you, he will sketch you, he will paint you."

Half buffoon, half knight-errant, Boufflers went off to seek his fortune and spent all he made in buying ill-treated slaves to set them free; a queer twist of pride kept him from marrying the woman he loved until she too became poor through the Revolution. Somehow that cloud of tragedy seems not really to obscure Boufflers—we see him emerging, debonnair as ever, to spend a happy old age in which he can never have been old with the woman who held for more than half a lifetime a

Chevalier de Boufflers

once errant fancy. The setting of the picture even before the Revolution was a world like the world of to-day, full of wars and rumours. Mme. de Sabran writes to the Chevalier in 1779 of the intended invasion of England:—

All your rumours are old liars (he answers her), we believe none of them in this part of the world, after always seeing one day give the lie to the last. Time passes, and, as M. de Chabot said to me in speaking of the Straits of Dover, "I see that ditch there widening every day." . . . *Les Français n'ont guère plus d'envie de se battre que les Anglais n'en ont d'être battus.* . . . They talk of little fire-ships and little bomb ketches but I can hardly believe that is serious.

Across this widening channel look the allies of to-day, then enemies, and it is more than interesting to read this book with one whose subjects are nearly contemporary, *Lord Granville Leveson Gower's Correspondence* (edited by Castalia, Countess Granville. John Murray. 23s.).

The People here (says Lady Stafford in 1794) have believed that the French intended to invade us directly. I believe they did, but whether the Troops were mutinous, or Want of Provisions, or from what Reason I know not, but there are Accts that they have disembarked and are not coming now. . . . Battalions and companies are raising in almost every county for the internal security of these Kingdoms.

The Chevalier de Boufflers is the romance of past history, the Leveson Gower Correspondence history in the making. Sometimes we may feel there is almost too much of it to read straight through, yet there is scarcely a letter if the book is casually opened that is not of interest historically and pictorially. It is better than a new *Evelyn*, for the human interest is greater. Lady Bess-

Some Recent Books

borough's letters, which fill the greater part, report rumours and portray character with vivid skill. And she is herself so fascinating, sketching and playing, reading Virgil "by way of something new," and gossiping about everyone and everything. Hers is the liveliest mind and imagination brought to bear on contemporary events and fashioning history out of its raw material—human character.

THE latest volume of *The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield*, by Mr. G. E. Buckle (Volume IV., 1855-1868. John Murray), narrates Disraeli's leadership of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons, broken by two short spells of office 1858-1859 and 1866-1868. The second period closes with his elevation to the place of Prime Minister, on the retirement of Lord Derby. The internal, or domestic, politics of the whole period covered by this volume are singularly uninteresting, but it is a period of great interest in Continental history, as Germany and Italy advanced towards unification. Of all British statesmen of that time Disraeli had the truest vision into European tendencies, and many of the remarks in his letters and speeches are being verified by later events. He was always an imperialist and a believer in power, order, and ancient and duly constituted authority, and by no means shared the enthusiasm of the very Protestant and insular English middle-class of that time for rebels and conspirators against Church and State in every country not included in the British Empire. Much might be quoted from this volume to show with what a cool and well-balanced mind, and with what a true sense of values and proportions, Disraeli saw the affairs of this world. Mr. Buckle has selected and arranged his quotations well, and his own comments are terse and just. This volume will be indispensable to students of European history in the mid-Victorian age, and it contains, besides, much, but too little, alas! of the light play of Disraeli's mind, which made him one of the most fascinating of novelists.

Life of Mgr. R. H. Benson

MR. ALFRED W. ROWDEN, K.C., has given us in his *Lives of The Primates of the Four Georges* (John Murray. Pp. x, 430. 12s. net), from Wake in 1715 to Manners Sutton in 1828, a book of no small historical, but, we confess, to ourselves of more controversial interest. The work is well done, so far as we without specialist knowledge can test it; certainly it is interesting and lively, though Mr. Rowden takes his *Primates* more seriously than we can do, and spends a good deal of trouble upon somewhat superfluous apologies. Everybody knows what these excellent persons were, and nobody troubles to attack their memory for not being something quite different, or for having feathered their nests and the nests of their relatives, as everyone else at the time did who could get the chance. Some of the scandals, however, are certainly of pretty large dimensions, even for their time. We conceive that this book would make a most useful present for a modern High Anglican hovering on the brink. For the interest of these *Primates* lies not in the fact that they were any of them particularly "high" church or "low" church or no church at all, but that on quite definite questions by which modern High Anglicanism stands or falls, such as whether Bishops are necessary in America, they recognise no theological issue at all. Such an issue did not exist, for the best of all reasons—there was nothing for it to exist about.

IN the *Life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson* (Longmans, 2 vols., 28s. net) Father Martindale inaugurates a new era in religious biography. It could not well be otherwise. Mgr. Benson was not to be fitted by the ready-made robes commonly kept in stock by the religious biographer; and he has the fortune to find one—almost the only one—who could exactly take his measure. Converts have sometimes been sour surface-critics of the Church of their adoption; Faber, we remember, has somewhere a rather warm paragraph of complaint about their capacity for minor cavillings. Yet it might be said

Some Recent Books

that Mgr. Benson's loyalty to the Church was never more in evidence than when he said what he thought of some of the pious ladies he met; when Roman seminaries seemed to him the luck of loafers; when he said he "loathed" functions and ceremonies! Two things, he tells us, were self-evident to him—that his only sure lodgment was the Rock, but that a number of the people on that rock were "hopeless"—he even italicised the word. That, of course, makes a very triumphant tribute to the Rock—you will bear any sort of bores so long as you can be on that! And the "stupid priest" comes to be, in Benson's philosophy, almost the predestined medium of the splendid wisdom he has to offer. On its own merit, and not at all on that of the man who manipulates it, it thus gloriously depends. All this sounds, and is, a little paradoxical, even a little brutal. But then a paradox is far more searching and appealing in the new order than either the period or the peroration. All which is just one more indication of the new and moving spirit of independence in talk, in taste, in temper, in laughter too, that wanders, let us not suppose for anyone's destruction, through a jaded world.

New tolerances accompany new candours in these pages. They are to be delightfully encountered in Mrs. Benson's letters to her son, who was the son also of an Archbishop of Canterbury. That association might easily have added to the awkwardness, if not to the estrangement, of the parting. But Mrs. Benson's only thought was that Hugh should follow the call of duty, though it took him to Rome. Only "let us in," she cries to him in regard to all his new interests. She follows in England the words of ordination spoken over him in Rome; and, if Father Martindale had not dedicated to her this biography, then some kind of abduction should have been rightly laid to his charge.

The day George Meredith died the following talk took place in the hall of a club. To Henry James another man of letters said, "Meredith was not an artist." Henry James groped as usual for a word ("You cannot

Life of Mgr. R. H. Benson

hurry Henry"!) and at last the word came: "No, Meredith was not an artist; but he *overwhelmed* me." Benson, though he admired quantities of negligible fiction, put Meredith far ahead of any of his contemporaries among novelists, and he would have ratified that verdict, which is in some sort applicable to himself. Benson was neither a first-rate novelist nor a first-rate preacher, and yet he "overwhelmed" a vast company of persons, and among them the most fastidious. His earnestness was a talisman, as his industry was a marvel—perhaps a martyrdom. He gave himself, and that was the secret of his success. He might smoke twenty cigarettes while he drew up for himself a rule of renunciations—they did not detract from his main sacrifice. We forget how many hundreds of sorts of savouries varied his table—he could afford to enumerate them triumphantly, because he could also relinquish them without a qualm. Even while he bargained about the sale of a manuscript, he was beyond suspicion as a mercenary. When he sat beside the really nice girl at a Roman luncheon he could boast "And *we* didn't talk about St. Gregory" just because St. Gregory was on his heart's calendar. Coming from Rome, he is "utterly happy" ("he bathes, he lives in flannels, he says Mass") in the Sussex home of his mother—her due reward; and then once more in Cambridge, first at congenial Llandaff House and later at the Rectory, he studied theology, and he wrote *By What Authority?* A victim of the very reality of his visions, he "would often appear, all his nerves on edge with his own inventions, confessing 'I cannot b-b-ear to be alone.'"

Benson could work like a slave at his manuscripts because he worked, you may say, in good company. In all history he could detect "God at His labour till the evening." He writes in this vein: "To one who has a grasp of Catholic history, and so on, it is simply enchanting to see how the purpose of God runs through it all." Work, therefore, became a celestial partnership. No wonder that his spirits rose sky-high.

Perhaps (says the biographer) more profound than anything

Some Recent Books

was the instinct which enabled him to regard even religion somehow as a game, a sport. Outrageous as this may sound, I am sure of it; and though, as I said, it was instinctive with him, yet he might have justified himself by scores of passages from the Mystics in which they speak of the cosmic process as the Game of God; and even the creative wisdom is described in the mystic theology of the Sapiential books as *ludens coram ipso*, "playing" with the divine Idea, ever more perfectly realised in created modes. The root of all laughter is a certain sense of disproportion. A disproportion between one's hopes and the far better reality, suddenly discovered, may elicit happy laughter. . . . In moments of this abrupt realisation that "God's in His heaven," Hugh would literally break into a laugh, and hug himself, and cry out to his friends, "O, my dear, isn't it all tremendous? Isn't it sport? Isn't it all huge fun?"

"I hate pain," he wrote in 1905 after an hour in a dentist's chair. And yet—one more paradox, but a most credible one—it is as Apostle of Pain that Benson may yet be best remembered. The mystery of suffering, as set forth in *Initiation* and *The Winnowing*, if it remains a mystery still, is at least a mystery of religion. No goal in itself, it is a means to an end, and as such endurable. Benson, seeing that end with clear vision, was ruthless as a writer in the reaching of it. Take his sight for it, and you arrive at his conclusions, flesh and blood protesting yet permitting. "You haven't yet yielded *without reserve*," he writes to a penitent. "Read *The Hound of Heaven* again and again. As soon as you yield entirely you will be happy." So we come back to the secret of Benson's influence, as observed in his life and confirmed in the biography—he gave himself. Our poor share in that gift—all of it we have the grace to receive—will grow and grow on our gratitude.

W. M.

A FEW historical works of interest and of some importance we are able only to mention briefly. Mr. Hilaire Belloc's study of *The Last Days of the French Monarchy* (Chapman & Hall. Pp. 216. 12s. 6d. net) is in the best manner of his works on the Revolution; precise

The Papal Chancery

and vivid in its narrative, the outcome of exact appreciation of the details, where inexactness too often gives a false colour to the whole story, it yet rises to eloquence in its great scenes—a fine example of that real history which is at once a science and an art. Interesting in quite another way is General Young's *East and West through Fifteen Centuries* (Longmans. Two vols. Pp. xxvi, 612, xii, 674. 36s. net), an *œuvre de vulgarisation* confessedly based largely on secondary authorities, and from the Catholic point of view lacking that central standpoint which alone can unify its enormous canvas. Yet it has points that earn for it a permanent place on one's history shelves—an excellent apparatus of tabular statements, a wealth of illuminating and extraordinarily well-reproduced pictures, and good maps usefully printed—as in military histories—in separate form and inserted in a pocket in the cover. Finally we have a work of deep Catholic interest in Mr. J. E. de Hirsch-Davies's *Catholicism in Mediaeval Wales* (Washbourne. Pp. xii, 158. 3s. 6d. net), a piece of erudite original research in an important and little-known subject, whose value is amply guaranteed both by the author's own scholarly record and by the appreciative introduction which is one of the last pieces of writing we have from Bishop Hedley's pen.

THE deciphering of old documents and the study of “diplomatic” is a task beyond the powers of most of us, but to those whose labours lie in this field Dr. Reginald L. Poole, the Keeper of the Archives of the University of Oxford, has done a very real kindness in publishing his *Lectures on the History of the Papal Chancery* (Cambridge University Press. Pp. xiii., 211. 9s. net), for there was nothing in English previously existing on the subject. The lectures were delivered on the Birkbeck foundation at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1912. In spite of the abstruse nature of his subject, Dr. Poole has through his great learning managed to convey, in a manner which will be found interesting even by those to whom the whole subject is new, a vast amount

Some Recent Books

of information about the organisation of the Church on its civil side and the precautions taken from the earliest times to ensure the validity of Papal grants and privileges, and to guard against forgery either of these or of documents of even greater importance, such as the correspondence of the Popes with Kings and Bishops. One chapter which will be of special interest to all classical scholars deals with the mediaeval *Cursus* or prose rhythm adopted in the Papal documents and shows how this differs from the rules laid down for the *Clausula Rhetorica*, or ending of a period, by the ancient rhetoricians of classical times.

WE may commence our notice of Professor Keith's latest book (*The Antiquity of Man*. By Arthur Keith. Williams & Norgate, 1915. 10s. 6d.) by congratulating its author on his eminent success in rendering what is by nature a singularly dry subject not only readable but actually attractive by his singularly pleasing and even vivid style. We may add our congratulations to the publishers on the manner in which the book is brought out and illustrated. The index, which is far too brief, calls for considerable enlargement in any later edition.

Everyone who reads must be familiar with the fact that there is such a thing as the Neanderthal skull, so called from the valley near Dusseldorf where it was found, and many will be aware of the strange variety of opinion as to its nature which existed, one may say, until yesterday, when it gradually became evident that the specimen in question was but one amongst a number of relics of an ancient Neanderthaloid race. This race our author believes to have disappeared, wiped out perhaps by some other race, as the native Australian, a rather Neanderthaloid person himself, was wiped out by European settlers. Professor Keith, of course, adopts the fashionable view that the human race split off from the common anthropoid stem, an occurrence which he believes to have taken place some million years ago. The human stem threw

The Antiquity of Man

off first *Pithecanthropus* (the Java specimen of Dubois), then the Neanderthaloid race and then *Eoanthropus* (the Piltown man) before breaking into the line of modern man who was the ancestor of all existing races in all parts of the world. The three first mentioned examples are to be looked upon as nature's failures, which came to naught. Thus the unity of the human race is affirmed and the fact that it split up into races, some, perhaps many of which have become extinct in ages gone past, will be admitted by all. There is no reason whatever that Neanderthaloid man may not be one of these races which have come to an end.

The book is so fascinating and the theses set forth in it are so seductive that one has to make an effort to remind oneself that they are but hypotheses and some of them resting on a very sandy foundation. To begin with, the thesis as to the anthropoid origin of man's body, though undoubtedly widely held to-day, and no doubt excellent as a working hypothesis for morphologists, is by no means proved, and certainly that derivation by a process of slow and gradual evolution is in no kind of way established. Nor has any attempt been made to meet the very obvious and very cogent objections which have been urged against the view we are alluding to. Leaving this point, over which it is impossible to delay, we may next agree with the author that the date of man's appearance on this earth must be set back to a period very much anterior to what would have been imagined or allowed a few generations ago. But no one conversant with geological literature and especially with that portion which deals with the Glacial Period, can fail to see that any attempt to set down matters of this kind in a definite tale of years is bound to meet with disaster. It cannot be done, because there are no sufficient data. In this connection it may be pointed out that the Anatomists, who have deserted their own last for that of the Geologists, have been the greatest sinners in postulating enormous ages and that the chief of all these sinners is Professor Keith himself, whose drafts upon the Bank of

Some Recent Books

Time have been so extensive as to have earned the reproof of more than one writer. Passing from this point, we may next suggest that all these theories respecting the so-called Pithecanthropus and Eoanthropus are built up in each case on a few fragments of bone with regard to the reconstruction and interpretation of which there is the widest difference of opinion. Notably is this the case with regard to the Piltdown specimen, though Professor Keith, in his enthusiasm, perhaps hardly allows us to grasp this fact as fully as we should do.

Nevertheless the difference of opinion is there, and those who have studied the history of the controversies which raged around the Neanderthal skull, even in our own days, will not fail to see that history is repeating itself, and will suspend their judgment until they have had time to see whether the repetition of the history is to be complete or not. The book, as we have said, is very interesting, but it must be taken for what it is—namely, the expression of one man's opinion with which neither geologists nor his anatomical and anthropological brethren would fully concur.

B. C. A. W.

DR. W. L. H. DUCKWORTH'S *Morphology and Anthropology, A Handbook for Students* (Volume 1, pp. xiv.+304, Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net) is a second edition of Section I of the Author's excellent manual published in 1904. During the interval that has elapsed between the two editions a vast amount of research especially in the anatomy of the anthropoid apes has been carried out. Hence, in order to bring his work thoroughly up to date, Dr. Duckworth has not merely added to, but has rewritten much of Section I., and given many new diagrams.

Physical Anthropology, though a perfectly well-defined subject, is still a young and rapidly growing science, full of many uninvestigated problems. Though early enthusiasm eagerly looked forward to a speedy solution of particular problems, yet in this, as in other branches of biology, a deeper knowledge has revealed an

The Onion Peelers

extreme complexity of available data, and the fascinating inquiry into the evolution of man is still bristling with difficulties. This deeper knowledge, with its attendant humility, has had a steadying reaction on the lay reader, who is no longer wont, as formerly, to lose his equilibrium at every startling hypothesis, while it has brought out more clearly than ever the fact that the position of Materialism is a much more difficult one to maintain than that of the Church. To the lay reader the interpretation by evolutionists of various morphological data as "specialised," "degenerate," "primitive" may appear largely subjective, but it must be remembered that it is by such hypotheses, by the stimulating discussions that follow, and by tentative erection of various genealogical trees of descent, that impetus to fresh observation and discovery is given. Perhaps the most striking result of modern investigations in the evolution of man is to emphasise the importance of the soft tissue, especially the brain, and thereby to minimise to a certain extent the value of geological data in deciding a series—a fact significant in the controversies ranging round the recent discoveries of human remains.

M. T.

FATHER GARROLD'S extraordinary gifts, psychological and literary, his insight into the depths of boy-nature, and his power of making them into a convincing picture in which every stroke—given the conception—is inevitable, are as manifest in *The Onion Peelers* (Sands & Co. Pp. 370. 6s.) as they were in *A Fourth Form Boy* and *The Black Brotherhood*. The author grips us in a vice from the first page to the last, yet, as we close the book, we ask ourselves if this grim story of the hard, sordid, tortured boyhood of young Albert Jenkins, who fought his way through to the judicial Bench and a Knighthood, is the true truth of boy-life, in the broad. We are convinced that it is not, any more than *Père Goriot* is the true truth of old age or *The Old Wives' Tale* of womanhood. We are reminded of a phrase with which,

Some Recent Books

a couple of decades ago, a professor of "realistic" fiction prefaced one of his novels: "My readers will find here no — nonsense of Romance." Nor will they in *Father Garrold*. It is not that life, as here seen, is tragic, but that it is squalid; not that it is cruel, but that it is meanly cruel. We are spared nothing, not even the reference to Albert's celluloid collar—a heartless touch that Mr. H. G. Wells had previously made use of. The very humour of the book, brilliant and pervasive, only emphasises the heart-ache behind. From all this, the charming figure of Kitty, too lightly sketched, and the power, all-compelling rather even than attracting, of the Church of Albert's baptism (though not of his upbringing), give us but scant relief. This is boy-tragedy, not boy-life; leading to a manhood too hard. Great judge as he became, Sir Albert Jenkins sometimes found his sentences mitigated on appeal; indeed they were almost "savage" in cases of cruelty to children—and no wonder. "Life is an onion, and we weep as we peel it." There, in the motto of *Father Garrold's* title-page, is concentrated, as it seems to us, all the fallacy of this school of art. Life may be tragic, with an ennobling grief; perhaps most often it is humdrum, but with its roses as well as its thorns, and with, let us hope, a root of sweetness more often than of bitterness. To interpret life—and boy-life above all—as just onion-peeling may be true to some unhappy instance, but it is profoundly untrue to type. And therein we feel that *Father Garrold*, for all his brilliant accomplishment in a brilliant school, just fails of the highest Art. For the mission of the Artist surely is to disengage something of the universal from the particular, and open our eyes to that "light that never was on sea or land" (this, too, is reality) which we too often miss who have not the Artist's vision, our eyes bent down upon the earthy appearances of things.

THIS sense of uplifting is the great and splendid merit of Mr. Richard Aumerle Maher's *The Shepherd of the North* (Macmillan & Co. Pp. 342. 6s. net).

Gathering of the Clans

Quite likely it may be said that whereas some hapless Albert Jenkins has doubtless lived and suffered exactly as the remorseless pen of Father Garrold depicts, the heroic soldier-saint, the Bishop in the remote back-country of New York State who is Mr. Maher's hero, is altogether too good for this wicked world. The same might perhaps be said of Ruth and of Jeffrey Whiting, while quite likely there may never have existed outside melodrama such a devil as Samuel Rogers. We do not know. But we do know that we have here human nature in the type, in its heights and in its depths, in its infinite possibilities for good or ill, as it may become, one way or the other. Whether it has existed exactly so in the individual or not, is irrelevant, provided that it can do so. And Bishop Joseph Winthrop of Alden is a figure that lives, in every fibre of a man's being, and one that lives always to hearten us and to beckon us onward. That the story too is full of exciting interest, of adventure, of struggle, of achievement, makes it to our mind none the worse, even though it thus becomes more a "story" than, to use the realist's *cliché*, a *tranche de vie*.

ALL lovers of Virgil should rejoice in Dr. Warde Fowler's little volume of "observations" on *Æneid* vii, 601-817, which he issues under the title of *Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans"* (Oxford: B. H. Blackwell. Pp. 96. 3s. 6d. net). The "catalogue," as it is often so injuriously named, is a passage of the *Æneid* not merely important—very important—from the antiquarian point of view, but fascinating as literature, and Dr. Warde Fowler is no dry-as-dust. The result is a commentary which recalls to the present writer the charm of Sidgwick's lectures on Virgil, just as the "catalogue" itself recalls to Dr. Fowler those of Nettleship. Dr. Fowler's literary contribution of most importance is the suggestion, which leaps to one's imagination, of transferring the lines, 664-669, about Aventinus to the Sabine Ufens, and placing them after 749. This we believe will stand. A further and very delightful bit of criticism vindicates

Some Recent Books

from Alpine experience the exactness of the poet's simile, *ceu duo nubigenæ*, etc.—lines which the “imbecility” of “most of the tribe” of commentators has found fault with. There is much both in the text and in Dr. Fowler's commentary that is apposite to the *scelerata insania belli* which has in our own day been compassed against civilisation by its enemies; in particular the note on *Mezentius contemptor divum*. He was not an unbeliever, he was a person who, as ruler, divorced justice and morals from his professions of religion. And that, in spite of the commentators, is why he shocked the best sense of antiquity, as his modern counterparts shock that of Christendom.

WE have space for but brief notice of some of the many war-books which our French allies continue to produce. Of those that have lately reached us we should undoubtedly put in the first place for vivid interest and deep import the collection of *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats* (Paris: Plon-Nourrit. Pp. iv, 332), which M. Léonce de Grandmaison has collected from the pages of his admirable monthly *Etudes*. The wonderful story of the priest-soldiers of France is here told in their own words, straight from the trench, the ambulance or the prison-camp, and the value of the work is greatly increased by the short biographical notices which M. de Grandmaison appends of many of the heroes of the story, particularly those of the Society of Jesus, whose record in the war has been indeed remarkable. Similarly direct and personal, as our readers know, is the *Histoire Anecdotique de la Guerre* of Messrs. Franc-Nohain and Paul Delay (Paris: Lethielleux. 60 centimes per vol.), the latest volumes of which deal with Prisoners of War, German and French, and with the details of life in the French Army at its bases, in the trenches, and in its subsidiary services. The *Pages Actuelles* (Paris: Bloud & Gay. 60 centimes per vol.) of Mgr. Baudrillart's Committee are, of course, of a more solid character. This invaluable series has now reached

Problems of the War

just on eighty volumes, and the latest issues are certainly not least important. Here we cannot but single out for special mention Dr. Robert Perret's *L'Allemagne, les Neutres et le Droit des Gens*, and Señor Francisco Melgar's *Amende Honorable*—the latter a very remarkable recantation on the part of a prominent Spanish Catholic and Carlist, who earlier in the war had been as Germanophil as the most extreme of his colleagues. With this must go M. Maurice de Sorgues' very lively *Les Catholiques espagnols et la Guerre*, one of the most scathing indictments of Germanism which the war has produced, and Mgr. Batiffol's more restrained but most weighty letter *A un Neutre Catholique*. Worthy tribute is rendered to a noble figure in M. Maurice des Ombiaux' sketch of *La Reine Elisabeth*.

WE had hoped to consider in a complete article some of the particular *Problems of the War* to which the new Grotius Society is directing its attention, for we consider them to be at once fundamental to the national effort and ill-appreciated by too many of the nation's self-constituted leaders. Instead, we must content ourselves with recording the receipt of the Society's Papers for 1915, published by Messrs. Sweet & Maxwell for the members, and available to the general public at the price of five shillings. The whole point, as it seems to us, of the present struggle is not the "failure" of International Law, but the Crusade to vindicate it. Christendom with its code of international conduct—true "law" in every view except that of the lawyer bound by the horizon of briefs—is in fact fighting for and vindicating its existence. As Professor Goudy writes in his Introduction to this volume: "International Law, despite the manifold and flagrant disregard of its rules, will not be overthrown." As Westlake says, it is a "true jural right" in the sense of a thing that not merely ought to reign in the conduct of States, but will be made by them to reign. The implications of this truly Grotian view are many, and we wish the Society

Some Recent Books

all success in propagating them. It makes all the difference to us, and to the brave men who are pouring out their blood for us to-day, if we conceive them as waging a Holy War for Christendom and its law of righteousness, rather than as simply defending themselves and their goods desperately against the onslaught of some beast of prey.

WE have rarely seen reproductions so satisfactory as those of the ten, after Fra Angelico, illustrating the Passion of our Lord, lately issued by Messrs. Burns and Oates, in conjunction with the Medici Society, under the title of *With Dyed Garments*. An elaborate essay by Father Martindale, S.J., is prefixed, in which the lessons of the Sacred Passion are estimated, as they would appear in the vision, so apparently detached from reality, yet so profoundly penetrating, of the great Dominican. The series concludes with his amazing conception of the Risen Christ in the Garden on Easter morning, surely one of the most ethereal achievements in all painting. It is gratifying to find that these very difficult pieces of colour-printing can be put on sale at the low price of four-and-sixpence.

The most ambitious volume so far in Messrs. Burns and Oates' series of liturgical publications for the laity is the edition which lies before us of the new *Horæ Diurnæ*, with a complete English translation. Such a work demands long and careful notice, for which space fails us at present; alike the translation itself, by the Benedictines of Stanbrook, and the elaborate introduction, historical, liturgical, practical, by the Abbot of Farnborough, appear on a first test to be admirably done. As to the printers' and publishers' part in the work there need be no reservation. It is a very remarkable achievement indeed, to have undertaken and successfully carried through the issue of a book like this, of over 1,100 pages, intricately set up, and closely yet most clearly printed in two colours, for sale at so small a price as six shillings.

80th Year
Vol. 159

THE

Quarterly
No. 319

DUBLIN REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1916

NOV 16 1916

UNIV. OF MICH.
ANN AR

BURNS & OATES

28 Orchard Street London W

B. HERDER, 17 South Broadway, St Louis, Mo.

Price 5s 6d Net. Yearly Subscription 21s Post Free

BURNS & OATES' NEW BOOKS

THE ORIGINAL GARDEN OF THE SOUL

A REPRINT IN RED AND
BLACK

Canvas, gilt top, 2s. 6d. net. French morocco, 4s. net. Lambskin, padded, 4s. 6d. net. Walrus, limp, 5s. 6d. net. Finest morocco, limp, gilt, 7s. 6d. net. Postage 2d.

¶ Messrs. Burns & Oates have great pleasure in making once more more available, after the passage of very many years, Bishop Challoner's original "Garden of the Soul." It is incomparably finer than any of the modern prayer books, which, while using his title, have singularly failed to preserve the simplicity, vigour, wide range and practicality of Bishop Challoner's book. And the format is altogether delightful—for the largeness of the type, the dignity of the arrangements, and the comeliness of the printing in red and black.

IS GERMANY ANTI-CATHOLIC

A PAMPHLET WRITTEN BY A
CATHOLIC

Demy 8vo, 32 pages, 3d. net. Postage 1d.

XXVIII ORCHARD ST., LONDON, W.





MEMORIES AND REFLECTIONS

IN setting down these memories of past years, some portions of my narrative must take a more autobiographical form than I could desire; because my justification for writing them down lies, to a great extent, in the nature of my own past life.

The Oxford Movement, which brought my father to the Catholic Church, included an energetic attempt at reviving the Christian life in an exclusive and devoted form which almost recalled the days of Apostolic Christianity.* My father's tendency to do all he did with intense thoroughness led him for many years, including those of my childhood, to carry this attempt very far. And some of the results are worth recording as contributions to the experimental psychology of religion. People who in childhood are prepared exclusively for another and a better world, and afterwards find that they have to take their place somehow in this world, go through very curious experiences, and learn a good deal at first hand and roughly, which, for those whose education is directly designed for their life on earth, is part of an accepted groove, and as little reflected on as the air they breathe. My three sisters who became nuns and my youngest brother, who is a priest, continued the way of life we had learned as children. To them life was, on the whole, what they had from the first been taught to expect. But it was not so with those who joined neither the priesthood nor the cloister. For them, nothing could be more different than the world of reality from the world of their childish dreams.

I was born on January 2nd, 1856, at the house in Hertfordshire, built by Pugin ten years earlier for my father and mother. They had joined the Catholic Church in

* So Father Robert Whitty, who was intimate with many of the converts in 1845 both before and after their change of religion, used to say.

Memories of Childhood

1845, and wished to remove from Oxford to the vicinity of some great Catholic College. Cardinal Wiseman suggested St. Edmund's College, at Old Hall Green, near Ware, the lineal successor of Douai, where English Catholics had been educated from the reign of Queen Elizabeth onwards ; and the College authorities gave the ground on which our house was built. My father had known Pugin at Oxford, when he designed the new buildings (never executed) for Balliol. And the great architect was, moreover, associated with St. Edmund's College itself, for which he designed the beautiful chapel which contains what he considered his finest rood screen.

My father had his full share of the unworldliness and wholehearted devotion to the interests of religion which Mr. Mozley has described as characteristic of the Oxford Tractarians. He was a poor man when he went to Old Hall, but when he inherited in 1849 a large family property in the Isle of Wight and Hampshire, which included most of the town of Cowes, he had not the slightest desire to take up the position which it offered him. " If there is any one who can bear wealth it is you," Newman wrote to him ; and certainly his worst enemy never accused him of over-valuing the advantages of a rich man. He remained at Old Hall, and through the good offices of Cardinal Wiseman came to an arrangement with the President to give lectures in theology three times a week to the divinity students of the College. This he ever regarded as his happiest time. The work of training the future soldiers of the Catholic Church in England fulfilled completely his ideal of life.

The separation from their relations and from old family friends was marked with many of the converts to Catholicism at that time, but I doubt whether it was as complete in any other instance as with my father. I remember his contrasting his own case in that respect with that of his friend, the late Mr. Phillipps de Lisle. To de Lisle the life of a country gentleman was far more congenial, though he carried it on as a Catholic on lines in which religion was far more prominent than with

Memories of Childhood

his predecessors. He built a Cistercian Monastery and promoted Catholic interests ; but he lived on his estate in Leicestershire, taking his share in county business, and, as a natural consequence, most of his family friendships remained unbroken. With my father it was quite otherwise. All his tastes and pursuits were those of a student and a thinker. The life of a country gentleman and all its ideals were positively distasteful to him. And nine years elapsed after he had inherited his property before he attempted to live at Northwood—his place near Cowes. He tried the experiment in 1858 as a matter of duty, and used to ascribe the breakdown of health which sent him back to Old Hall in 1860 largely to the acute *ennui* caused by a mode of life and duties so uncongenial. In an essay written to prove the freedom of the will by instances bringing into strong relief the possibility of action heroically opposed to one's natural bent, he once gave the following half-conscious description of his own sentiments in regard to the pleasures and duties of a landed proprietor :

I am a large landed proprietor, and I rejoice in my thereby assured income as a means of securely prosecuting my physical or literary or philosophical studies. Otherwise I am profoundly uninterested in my estate. I cannot distinguish wheat from barley ; I am quite indifferent to field sports. I have no value whatever for my social position. I have no tendency whatever towards personal relations with my agricultural dependants. Information reaches me that my agent has been acting with gross injustice to various of my tenants, and is endeavouring to stifle their complaint. What is my spontaneous impulse ? Probably to invent some salve for my conscience as regards the tenants, and to plunge myself afresh in my favourite studies. I have no particular affection for my tenants any more than I have for any other farmers who may happen to live in my neighbourhood, and pursue their (to me utterly unintelligible) avocations. I can easily persuade myself, if I choose, that I may conscientiously ignore the information I have received, and continue without further inquiry to repose trust in my agent. On the other hand, if I am really conscientious, I am able by means of due thought to see clearly where my duty lies. Accordingly I put forth anti-impulsive effort. With sighing and

Memories of Childhood

weariness of heart I bid adieu to my studies for the necessary interval of painful and laborious inquiry. I resolve to exercise herculean labour; to interview the complaining tenants; to apprehend (1) the meaning and (2) the merits of the accusation they bring, and finally to take such practical steps as I may judge necessary.

My father was, indeed, a man of one idea. Of his character and of that of Frederick Oakeley, their common friend, Archbishop Tait, wrote in an article on the Oxford Movement, published a few weeks before his own death in 1882: "Two more single-hearted and devoted men, I believe, never lived," and this singleness of aim was, after 1845, consecrated to the cause of the Catholic Church. The friends I remember staying with us in my childhood at Old Hall were all men who shared my father's religious tastes, and I do not think he kept up relations with any single old friend of his family. Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Moriarty of Kerry, Henry Edward Manning, Henry Wilberforce, Father Dalgairns, Count and Countess de Torre Diaz, Cardinal Reisach, Mr. William Palmer (Lord Selborne's brother) and, again and again, Father (afterwards Cardinal) Herbert Vaughan, are almost the only names I recall of his guests at Old Hall, beyond one or two near relatives between the years 1862 and 1866. Even such visits were rare, and only a momentary break in our curious routine of monastic regularity. The details of that routine have, perhaps, a certain general interest as a token of the extraordinary change in English family life which the Oxford Movement sometimes brought about—a change comparable (not, indeed, in the view of life, but in the mode of life), to that which took place in the families which were converted to Christianity in the days of the Roman Empire.

That it may be duly appreciated I must first say a word of my father's family antecedents. Though he had an uncle who was, early in the last century, Rector of Whippingham, Isle of Wight, of which the advowson was then in the gift of our family, his relatives had no share in his strong ecclesiastical tastes and religious

Memories of Childhood

enthusiasms. In the two generations preceding his own the family had been for the most part well known in the world. Three of its members were prominent in public life, and take their place in the *Dictionary of National Biography*—namely, my grandfather, and, in the previous generation, his uncle, Robert Plumer Ward, of Gilston Park, Hertfordshire, as well as Robert Ward's only son, Sir Henry Ward.*

My grandfather, William Ward—"a great citizen" as the first Lord Ellenborough designates him in his *Political Diary*†—was, for some years, Member of Parliament for the City of London and a Director of the Bank of England. It is interesting to recall that in both these capacities he had a colleague and friend in Cardinal Manning's father—the field of co-operation being curiously different from that in which their sons met thirty years later. In 1830, at the request of the Duke of Wellington, William Ward acted as chairman of the Select Committee appointed to report to the House of Commons on the affairs of the East India Company, preparatory to the opening of the China trade. He was also the proprietor of Lord's Cricket Ground, and himself a famous batsman as well as a patron of the game. His score of 279 made in 1820 still remains the highest score ever reached at Lord's in first-class cricket. His picture still hangs in the pavilion there, and his achievements at cricket were recorded in Pycroft's *Cricket Field* and more recently at considerable length in *The History of the M.C.C.* I recall the last two lines of some old doggerel verses on the habitués of Lord's in which its owner is referred to :

No pride, although rich ; condescending and free ;
And a well-informed man, and a City M.P.

* In order that these relationships may be quite clear I must explain that George Ward of Northwood Park, Isle of Wight (1751-1829) and Robert Plumer Ward (1766-1847) were brothers. My grandfather, William Ward, was the second son of George Ward, whose elder son, George Henry Ward, succeeded in 1829 to the Isle of Wight property, being in turn succeeded in 1849 by my father.

† *Political Diary of Lord Ellenborough*, 1821-1830. (London : Bentley.) Vol. 1, p. 262.

Memories of Childhood

The only instance of strong feeling on religious matters which my father ever related of his father was that when the two met one day in 1829 in the lobby of the House of Commons, his father, white with anger, exclaimed, "Peel has ratted and the Catholics are to be emancipated."

Of the career of Robert Plumer Ward, whose beautiful home, Gilston Park, was only four miles distant from my birthplace, a full account was published in 1850 in the biography written by his kinsman, Mr. Edmund Phipps.* He was educated at Christ Church, under the famous Dean Cyril Jackson, and practised for some years at the bar before turning to politics. A brother-in-law of Lord Mulgrave, who was in 1805 Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and a personal friend of William Pitt, he took (from 1803 to 1825) an active part in political life, holding office in successive Tory Governments for some twenty years. He obtained great wealth by his second marriage (to a member of the Hamilton family†) and considerable fame by his novel, *Tremaine, or the Man of Refinement*. This book, though now almost forgotten, had an enormous momentary success, and was rashly held by some critics to have secured literary immortality for its author. "Robert Ward was a man of some note in politics," writes Lord Stanhope in his *Life of Pitt*, "but much more in literature, and will be remembered by posterity chiefly as the author of *Tremaine*."‡

Robert Plumer Ward's son, Sir Henry George Ward, was, from his youth upwards, a prominent figure in public life. His statue now stands in the public square at

* *Memoir and Political Diary of Robert Plumer Ward*, by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. London: Murray. 1850.

Mr. Edmund Phipps was a son of Lord Mulgrave, and therefore a nephew of Mrs. Robert Ward. His son, Sir Constantine Phipps, was our late Minister at Brussels.

† A first cousin and sister-in-law of the first Marquis of Abercorn who married *en secondes nocces* Mrs. Ward's younger sister. The wealth came from the Plumer family of Blakesware, Herts, of which Mrs. Ward's first husband was the representative. He had no son and left the whole property to his widow. Robert Ward took the name of Plumer on his second marriage, and at Mrs. Plumer Ward's death the property passed into his hands.

‡ *Life of Pitt*, III, p. 382.

Memories of Childhood

Kandy, erected to commemorate his services as Governor of Ceylon, and his monument is to be seen at Fort George, near Madras, of which he was Governor when he died.*

My father's uncle, George Henry Ward, his immediate predecessor as owner of Northwood in the Isle of Wight, was devoted to yachting and a great connoisseur of Italian art. I will not say that he was an ideal country gentleman, for he was not much of a sportsman, but he was chosen Conservative candidate for the county in 1835 and served as High Sheriff for Hampshire in 1842.

My father's younger brother, Arthur Ward, was for many years well known at Cambridge, and though he was a clergyman—the Vicar of St. Clement's—his passion in life was for cricket. He continued until his death, in 1885, to be President of the University Cricket Club and was a familiar figure for many years at Lord's.† He had no more in common than the other relatives I have named with my father's ascetic and religious developments at Oxford under Newman's influence. Moreover, the constant intercourse of the rest of the family with their neighbours was in marked contrast to our own secluded life. How habitually Plumer Ward frequented the social and political world of London can be seen in his published diary. Northwood was, in his elder brother's time, universal in its hospitality, and in the later days (1829-49) when it was owned by George Henry Ward, the house was much frequented by the yachting habitués of Cowes. The absence in the family of anything congenial to the exclusive religious enthusiasm which my father developed, is suggested by George Henry Ward's eulogium of his father, often quoted by my

* Sir Henry Ward was Minister Plenipotentiary for acknowledging the Mexican Republic in 1829; member of Parliament for Sheffield and Secretary to the Admiralty in 1847; and subsequently Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, Governor of Ceylon, and Governor of Madras. Sir Henry Ward married a daughter of Sir John Swinburne. In 1853, he sold the Hertfordshire property which he inherited from his father.

† Arthur Ward was in the Cambridge Eleven as a youth, and in spite of his huge unwieldy figure was a good batsman and excellent point. "A material point," is the subscription of an old Cambridge caricature of him which I possess.

Memories of Childhood

own father. "He was a man ever just and considerate for others—nothing *outré*, nothing extravagant about him. And as in life, so in death. During his last days he was full of thought for all alike. The element of religion, too, was not absent. But it was not unduly insisted on."

With his Northwood uncle, my father had never been intimate, but my grandfather's political career cemented the friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Plumer Ward, the latter of whom survived until 1786; and in earlier life my father was often at their house in Chesterfield Street. One and all of his relatives resented his change of religion in 1845, and thenceforth his separation from them all—including his father and brothers—was almost complete.* My mother's family was equally alien to the religious enthusiasms of the Oxford Movement. Her father, Dr. John Wingfield, was a "high and dry" dignitary of the Church—a Prebendary of Worcester and Canon of York, eminently respected but entirely conventional in his views and outlook.

At Oxford, my father was twice President of the Union, and Dean Church points out in his work on the Oxford Movement that his gifts as a speaker, and the set in which he lived when at Christ Church—which included Cardwell, Lowe, Roundell Palmer, and for one year Gladstone himself—seemed to mark him out for a Parliamentary career; while his family traditions pointed in the same direction. But he never did things by halves, and once his mind had taken the religious and theological direction, he followed it to the exclusion of all worldly interests. Nothing could be more alien than his way of life to that of his predecessors.

That life, and the man himself, in the years of which I speak, have been vividly described in a letter to myself written by the late Cardinal Vaughan. My father had in 1851 undertaken to lecture at St. Edmund's College at the desire of Cardinal Wiseman. In 1855—the year preceding that of my own birth—Father Herbert Vaughan

* There was one exception to this in his continued friendship for his aunts who lived at Cowes.

Memories of Childhood

was appointed Vice-President of the College, with a view to a general tightening up of its discipline. He made up his mind beforehand to do his best to get rid of such an anomaly as the training of the future priests by a layman. His personal acquaintance with my father, however, completely changed his view of the situation, and he ended by being his close friend and staunch supporter.

While I was studying in Rome in 1853 [writes the late Cardinal], I used to hear much of Ward from Father Whitty, who was his enthusiastic admirer. And when I was appointed Vice-President of St. Edmund's in 1855 by Cardinal Wiseman, I was naturally not a little interested in making his acquaintance. A considerable difference of opinion existed between the Cardinal and his coadjutor, Archbishop Errington, as to the fitness of employing Ward as a lecturer in dogmatic theology. The latter followed closely in the beaten track of tradition, and distrusted novelties. The former took larger and more generous views. He was quite ready to admit exceptional cases, and keenly appreciated not only the great sacrifices Ward had made for the truth, but also his extraordinary intellectual powers, and his touching humility and simplicity of character.

I had not at this time any personal acquaintance with Ward, and arrived at the college with strong *a priori* views. The anomaly of a convert of quite recent date teaching dogmatic theology, of one who had never gone through a regular course under a trained professor, a married man, too, being placed in a position of such trust and importance, struck me as a thing to be got rid of as soon as possible.

The day after my arrival I went over to make acquaintance with this singular phenomenon. I found him hard at work in his study. He at once asked me to take a walk in the shrubberies with him.

He always went straight to the point, and began somewhat in this way: "Well, what are your views about the college and my relations to it?" I answered with equal frankness. I explained that I thought his position a curious anomaly, and that I should like to see his services dispensed with as soon as a good Professor of Theology could be found. Instead of showing the slightest annoyance or resentment, he at once burst out with such exclamations as: "How very interesting! Yes, I quite see your point. Most interesting! Thank you; thank you. So very kind of you

Memories of Childhood

to be so frank." We talked about many things connected with the College, and Ward had probably taken my measure very completely by the end of our short walk.

We parted in the most cordial manner. I was most favourably impressed with the man. A perfect gentleman and a real Christian—open, sincere, enthusiastic, generous and exceedingly able. During the next few weeks I used to go over often from the college to talk with him, and we soon became intimate friends.

Ward was fully conscious of his great intellectual power. He had worked his way into the Church by a faithful use of the strong logical faculty God had given him. He was endowed also with a fearless simplicity of mind and heart. Given to him the fact that God had made a revelation to the world, his one overmastering conclusion was that men ought to desire nothing so ardently as to ascertain the truths of that revelation, in order not only to form and feast their intellects upon them, but to make them the rule of conduct of their lives. Dogmatic theology was, therefore, to him the science of sciences, and they who expound its truths, the leaders and saviours of society. He had begun at St. Edmund's by teaching philosophy; he had now become Professor of Theology. To him no position in the world was equal to that of one chosen to form the minds and hearts of the teachers who were to be the salt of the earth, and the light of the world.

With this deep conviction Ward consecrated the whole of his powers to the study of theology. He tore the very heart out of Suarez, Velasquez, and de Lugo. All the time that he could give to study was given to theology. His position as a great landlord over broad acres, his social influence and political power, were all simply contemptible to him as compared with the sphere and privilege of one who was thus closely associated with the interests of Christ in the formation of apostolic men. . . . I had little realized, when I blurted out to him during our first walk that I wished him far away as an untrustworthy, because an untaught, teacher for such a post, how diligent he had been in educating himself upon the great theologians of the Church, and how sensitive he was to the danger which I had apprehended. I began to understand this, and the great modesty of the man when I learnt that he had made it a rule, and a *sine qua non* for the deliverance of his lectures, that some priest, occupying a responsible position, should always be present to act as a censor to his teaching, and as a security for the students against the possibilities of misdirection.

Memories of Childhood

Not being very much occupied myself, I was exceedingly glad to occupy this post of censor, for I had heard much of the enthusiasm kindled by his lectures, and of the devotedness of the divines to their Professor. I, therefore, attended his lectures regularly. From being neutral and cold, I soon became an ardent admirer.

Ward did not confine himself to the intellectual pleasure and excitement of lecturing. He made his men work. He collected their transcripts of the notes they had taken, read them over regularly and corrected them. Twice a week he would take one or other of the divines out with him for a couple of hours' walk. A walk with Ward meant as exhausting an intellectual exercise for his companion as any he had gone through during the week. Ward did not need the sympathy of an audience of twenty men to induce him to "flow." He only needed that the subject matter should be, in his judgment, important and vital from one point of view or another. He would then take quite as much pains with a solitary companion as with a score. He would say that the formation of the mind of one priest upon a certain subject that he had in hand was "of quite unspeakable importance"; and nothing would satisfy him until he had convinced his hearer that he was right. Sometimes the companion whom he took out for an intellectual exercise of this kind would be a wag, and would love to "draw Ward," and then he would come back with little stories of episodes which were characteristic enough of the Master and his simple directness and enthusiasm.

The result, on the whole, of the intercourse between Ward and the divines, was the creation of an enthusiastic appreciation of theology, and more hard study was done under Ward's inspiration and guidance than perhaps had ever been done before. The combination of moral and dogmatic teaching which he introduced, and his own intense devotedness to the truths he taught, raised men's minds above themselves, and introduced them into the regions of almost a new estimate of life and of the possibilities which were opening before them.

In setting down some details of the life we led under the influence of the strong religious atmosphere created by my father's tastes and character, I must guard against being misunderstood. Some incidents are, no doubt, in themselves trivial, some even a little ludicrous; but they were manifestations of an early devotion to a single ideal

Memories of Childhood

which left its stamp on us for life. Of the effects, good and bad, on a set of eager and keen children, some of them, like myself, not naturally very deeply religious, of concentrating the tastes and imagination almost entirely on one class of subject, something shall be said later on in these Recollections. Here I have merely to record faithfully our manner of life.

The Catholic Church was our one serious interest; our dreams and our day-dreams were of its Offices and its hierarchy. In the diaries kept by my sisters between 1860 and 1866, which I have before me as I write, the many blank sheets at the end are filled with their coloured drawings of various ceremonies of the Church, and of ecclesiastical personages whom we knew, robed in their vestments. It was assumed, as a matter of course, that when we grew up the boys of the family would be priests and the girls nuns. This consummation, moreover, was not to be unduly delayed, as a dialogue in one of our stories—we were prolific writers—shows. One interlocutor, evidently tainted by the world, maintains that a girl should wait until she is twenty before becoming a nun. The other, filled with the zeal of the Lord, rebukes him. "What! Would you give your best years to the world, and only the poor remainder to Almighty God?"

Our daily routine was largely moulded on what we read in the Lives of the Saints, and in spiritual books. Meditation, Mass at the parish church adjoining St. Edmund's College, and family prayers, had their appointed hours. In Lent and Advent my mother read a Saint's Life aloud for an hour every evening. Each room in the house had a patron saint, whose name was on a scroll outside the door; and this record of the past still remains, for the names have not been removed since the house was converted into the junior school for St. Edmund's College. The imitative instinct which leads many boys and girls to play at being soldiers, or sailors, or gypsies, or fairies, led us to play at being priests and nuns, and this, most elaborately and systematically. It was so systematic that it was hardly "playing," and had

Memories of Childhood

in it an element of seriousness. When I was a boy of only six, unable yet to read the Latin, I went through every detail of the ritual of Low Mass almost daily in the full vestments of a priest, reciting verses of the "Dixit Dominus" which I knew by heart from often hearing it, for the Introit, Offertory and Communion. The introductory psalm, "Introibo ad altare Dei," as well as the Kyrie, Gloria and Credo, we also knew by heart. The ceremonies of the Canon were gone through, but not the words. The liturgy was quite perfectly performed at St. Edmund's College, and we were fired with the ambition to reproduce ourselves the beautiful scenes we witnessed, and to sing the High Mass in our chapel. On Easter Sunday, 1863, we first made the experiment—so I see from the diary of one of my sisters, which contains a water-colour sketch of the ceremony—I was the deacon, being then seven years old; my brother Bernard,* who acted as subdeacon, was six, and my eldest brother, who was the celebrating priest, nine. In the following year we performed on Holy Saturday the long morning Office and Mass. We first attended the whole service at St. Edmund's College, and then we went through it all at home. It was not a case of a child's faint imitation. We read Dale's *Baldeschi* as our guide in matters ceremonial, and omitted no single ceremony from beginning to end. This must have meant quite five hours devoted to ecclesiastical ceremonial. I still know by heart the Gregorian music and words of St. Augustine's beautiful hymn, the "Exultet" which, as deacon, aged eight years, I was taught to sing for the blessing of our toy Paschal candle. My brother Bernard, as subdeacon, learnt the short epistle for Easter Day, when he could hardly read at all. My eldest brother alone could read Latin. There was nothing histrionic in all this, and there was hardly ever an onlooker present. It was the child's desire to realize in action what had fired our imagination as spectators—much as children have

* Now Monsignor Ward, for many years President of St. Edmund's College and a Canon of Westminster Cathedral.

Memories of Childhood

been known to wish to be highwaymen after reading Dick Turpin. It was all undertaken with the lively encouragement of Father Herbert Vaughan (who was our spiritual director) and of my mother. My father passively acquiesced, but was always a little afraid of some of our proceedings degenerating into irreverence, and our realism did, on one occasion, go too far for him. We erected a sanctuary lamp, bought a small gilt monstrance, and gave "Benediction." My mother brought to see the celebration the poor women—most of them Irish Catholics—who came to the house every week to receive various helpful gifts. They naturally muttered prayers and beat their breasts at the Benediction which they took to be the real service. This incident was afterwards referred to as rather a joke in my father's presence, but he took it otherwise. Flushing scarlet, he seized his walking-stick, entered the chapel, knocked down the sanctuary lamp and said: "That must never be lighted again, nor the monstrance used." No further word was ever spoken by anyone on the subject; the monstrance was put away in a cupboard, and the lamp was put out.

In London we frequented the Church of the Oblates, of which Congregation Henry Edward Manning was the Superior. His picturesque figure in purple cassock, rochet and mozetta, and, on great occasions, in cope and mitre—for he was a Protonotary Apostolic—occupied a great space in our imaginations. I and my brothers often lunched with him and his community on a Sunday, and Manning not infrequently came to our house. He was my mother's "director" during Father Vaughan's long absence in America in 1862 and 1863. For a short time our love of dramatic presentation led us to play at being Oblates, and my elder sister—now the Abbess of Oulton, in Staffordshire—had a purple cassock made, and impersonated Manning himself. When Manning became Archbishop one of us was often his train bearer at great functions at St. Edmund's and elsewhere.

The constant dwelling on Saints' Lives, books of devotion, and chapters in Ecclesiastical History, inspired

Memories of Childhood

us all to much more than the semi-histrionic performances to which I have referred. We often denied ourselves favourite dishes or favourite pleasures, and occasionally tried sterner austerities—attempts which were in my own case, however, evanescent.

The two direct inspirers of our religious endeavours were, as I have said, my mother and her director, Father Herbert Vaughan, to whom she was devoted. My father was in early years a dim figure in the background, of whom we were in great awe, but whom we seldom saw. There is no doubt that my mother instilled into us the strictest conscientiousness from the dawn of reason, and if any of us did not adequately realize all her hopes it was our own fault. The teaching was all on the pattern of the conventual life. Her imagination ran very much on the history of the founders of religious orders, and I remember seeing her in the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis of which she was a member. I think she regarded herself as the Abbess or Prioress of the Old Hall Community.

I have said that heroic resolutions, acts of self denial, and the routine of prayer and meditation were undertaken under the inspiration of what she read to us from spiritual books. There was one exercise, however (and a serious one), of which we read in these works which it was, naturally, difficult to find occasions to carry out or to take any part in; namely, the deathbed of a holy Christian. This we never seemed to see put in practice at all. One occasion did come, however, at last, a relative of one of my father's tenants in the Isle of Wight, who, under my mother's influence became a Catholic, had received much advice from her on this concluding chapter of the Christian life. She had delicate health and a chance indisposition was promptly interpreted by my mother as betokening immediate danger to life. We were all summoned to the bedside with a priest whom my mother had persuaded to share her own serious view of the case, and the whole ritual for the dying was performed. The memory of this scene is still solemn but not sad, as the

Memories of Childhood

patient recovered and eventually lived to the average age of man.

A little later my mother herself took a very grave view (which fortunately proved groundless) of an illness of her own, and my childish imagination was deeply moved by the improvised litany which she recited on the occasion, and which I believed at the time to be the last words she would ever speak. I should add—to prevent possible misconception—that these scenes were absolutely and intensely serious. We had a keen desire to carry out the solemn precepts we had read. These incidents no doubt represented in my mother her habitual determination to do what she had set her mind upon. But she did actually persuade herself in both cases that life was in danger.

My mother's imagination dwelt much on the history of the Church, and anything jarring with her views of the persons and places which specially interested her in this connection was keenly resented by her. There was a statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury in the ante-chapel at St. Edmund's which had a beard. This angered her extremely, and she pointed out to the President of the College that authentic records showed that the saint was shaven. Going one day to the ante-chapel, to my amazement, I found the statue without a beard and with a slightly prominent chin, closely resembling that of Father Herbert Vaughan. I could hardly believe my eyes, and almost suspected a miracle. But I afterwards learnt that the President had consented to my mother's doing as she pleased with the statue provided it was dealt with by a skilful hand, and a competent sculptor had been given *carte blanche* and had effected the desired change.

On another occasion, somewhat later, I remember her being very much depressed for days together at some history she was reading of the reign of Richard II. She said she considered that his position had been most difficult; and that, if his salvation had been in danger, it was largely owing to circumstances, and not to his own fault. A day or two later she told us with an appearance

Memories of Childhood

of relief, that she had sent a pound to an Oblate Father, to say four Masses for the repose of the soul of the dead King.

While the exclusively unworldly ideals of the heads of the family issued in the quasi-monastic life which I have described, and made our deepest interests purely ecclesiastical, I am bound to say that human nature did at times assert itself in other directions. In holiday seasons the novels of Sir Walter Scott were read aloud nightly, and we used to dress up as *Front de Bœuf* or the Black Knight or Brian du Bois Guilbert and fight with wooden broadswords like many other children. And our varied store of paper dolls representing fairies and genii as well as knights and squires told of an imagination which roamed beyond the ecclesiastical boundaries. I must also obviate a possible misconception as to the character of our intercourse with my father, of which some might form a very mistaken impression from Cardinal Vaughan's account of him. It might be thought that solemnity of demeanour, and conversation exclusively religious or ecclesiastical prevailed in his presence. But the case was quite otherwise. As I have said, in my early childhood we did not often see him. He used to say: "I am informed when my children are born; otherwise I know nothing of them." And though this was a joke it represented a truth while we were tiny. But later on, when we saw more of him, topics of conversation were very various. He hated "dourishness" in a parent, which he used to call "the parental heresy," and he talked to us almost as to his equals in age. One favourite subject was his memories of the English theatrical world which were, in my own experience, unrivalled in extent and accuracy. Oxford memories also had their share, and amusing stories about his own acquaintances and relations.

He was also keenly interested in the events of the day—political as well as ecclesiastical; though in politics it was undoubtedly the relation of what was passing to the religious welfare (as he conceived it) of the country which most absorbed him. This was the aspect of which he would

Memories of Childhood

speak with real feeling, and his active part in 1865, in opposing Sir John Simeon's election as member for the Isle of Wight on the ground of Simeon's sympathy with Sir John Acton's liberal Catholic views, was, in our eyes, an entirely religious campaign.

My father continued all his life to be a constant playgoer, and from the age of fourteen onwards I was his frequent companion at the theatre. All the morning was spent in reading theology, but while he was in London he generally went to the theatre at night. "I give my mornings to things dogmatic; my evenings to things dramatic," he would say. The same stall for every night of the Opera Season was supplied to him by Lacon and Ollier for twenty-five years. His own father (he told me) had from the earliest years of the century got his theatre tickets from Ebers, the predecessor of Lacon and Ollier. He had few congenial memories in regard to his father, but their common love of the play was one. I think that, apart from the Church, his chief romance and his own tenderest recollections were associated with the theatre. "Those sacred precincts," is the phrase he often used of Covent Garden Theatre. "The theatre is the only place in which I commit no sins," he remarked once to Cardinal Vaughan, who did not quite approve of his play-going. Vaughan, somewhat disedified, rejoined: "How about Church?" "The place of places for sins," my father answered with energy. "At the play I think of what is going on and there is no room for other thoughts. At Church, half the time I am distracted; there is no place where frivolous and uncharitable thoughts beset me oftener!" In this connection I may recall some words of Jowett: "Things serious and profane lay near together in Ward's mind, but they were not confused; he was never in the least degree coarse or profane, though he might sometimes be misunderstood by those who do not themselves understand a jest. I admit, however, that he was not indisposed to startle those of a different temper from his own—he had a kind of pleasure in so doing."

Memories of Childhood

While my father's conversation had in it much that amused us, he himself was undoubtedly felt by us to be quite intensely serious. Mr. Algernon Cecil, in the study of Newman contained in his *Six Oxford Thinkers*, speaks as though my father were predominantly a jester. Nothing could be more opposite to this than the impression he made on his children. Explain it as you may, in spite of his frequent "jokes," the feeling we had concerning him was that he was even alarmingly serious.

His view of the vital affairs and duties of life was most uncompromising, and a misplaced joke on grave subjects in his presence was really dangerous. But when conscience was in no way concerned, his talk was generally most amusing as well as interesting. And he talked as well to a chance acquaintance or to his family as he did when the presence of other brilliant talkers acted as a stimulus. Dean Lake writes of his Oxford days: "He was the last of the great conversationalists, and occupied at Oxford a position similar to that held by Coleridge at Highgate, in the eyes of Maurice and Sterling." I do not think his Oxford talk can have been better than the talk I remember at home.

The imitative faculty of which we, like many other children, had a large share, took a somewhat different direction, at the end of 1866—from which date onwards our life was, I think, decidedly less monastic than it had been. Inspired by the fact that my father had consented at Archbishop Manning's desire to edit *THE DUBLIN REVIEW*, we started a review of our own which we called *The Old Hall Gazette*, which lasted for two years. I still have all the numbers, beginning in January, 1867, and ending in December, 1868. We attempted at first to use a lithograph press which, however, did not prove a success, and therefore we had the great labour of transcribing the twelve copies which were circulated among our subscribers. I quote a few specimens of the articles and poems written by us as children, as instances of the manner in which the strong views of my father and mother were refracted in the childish mind. One of my

Memories of Childhood

father's keen aversions which we shared was the Protestant ideal of the Sabbath, of which we were occasionally reminded by Protestant nurses who objected to our playing with our toys on Sunday. Our sentiments on the subject found expression in the *Old Hall Gazette* in the following poem by one of my sisters, which I still venture to think rather cleverly written :

Now solemnly the church bells peal,
Now Sunday-like the people feel,
And don best clothes for morning meal,
To grace the Sabbath day.

Then next to church with slowest pace,
With smartest dress and lengthened face,
That faintest smile away would chase,
Unfit for Sabbath day.

The shops are shut, the streets are glum,
The houses silent, people mum,
Except an irreligious some
All keep the Sabbath day.

The parson reads, the people sleep,
Save some who their attention keep,
And some who at fine bonnets peep,
To keep the Sabbath day.

The more-devout walk gravely home,
For none to-day abroad may roam,
They must keep up religious gloom
Befitting Sabbath day.

Another popular English failing we used to inveigh against besides Sabbatarianism was the self-glorification which often passes among our countrymen for patriotism, which my father stigmatized as "base pride and vulgar nationality." This judgment was developed by logical argument in the *Old Hall Gazette* into a general depreciation of what was English and idealization of what was Roman. Our columns were open to correspondents, and

Memories of Childhood

we received protests from one subscriber on the score of exaggeration on this point, and promised to add some qualifications to our somewhat indiscriminate assertions. Another of our subscribers, the Count de Torre Diaz, thereupon wrote a humorous letter to the *Gazette*, signed "Obscurantist," entreating us not to compromise with the world, and to stand to our guns. He held up as our model the uncompromising editor of THE DUBLIN REVIEW. "*He* is no patriot of this description," wrote the Count. "He would have you think that if the Pope asked for chocolate, chocolate is thereby constituted an infallible item of the believer's breakfast. It must be obvious to you that if the man was a real patriot he would maintain that plum pudding deserved that honour at the Pope's hands. You know chocolate is a Spanish drink."

Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder of the Oratory published in 1867 an attack on my father's stringent views on Papal Infallibility. He wittily characterized the ascription of infallibility to so many of the Pope's utterances as encumbering him with a gift which was inconvenient though very wonderful—"like Midas's touch of gold." His private letters were so humorous and so delightful that my father conceived a great liking for him though, personally, he had only known him slightly in his boyhood.* The *Old Hall Gazette* reflected, as in duty bound, the combination of repudiation of his views, with great hopes for the future of so pleasant a young man. All that was evil in his opinions was referred by us to a higher source—or Newman himself—whom, at that time, we regarded as dangerous from his kindness to Sir John Acton and Mr. Simpson, the conductors of that very liberal periodical the *Home and Foreign Review*. A marvellous travesty of Father Ryder's views is succeeded in the leading article for March, 1868, by the following words :

We need not add that so loyally disposed a Catholic as Father

* He was a son of my father's old Oxford friend, George Lisle Ryder, himself a son of the Bishop of Lichfield and a nephew of Lord Harrowby.

Memories of Childhood

Ryder really is, in spite of the extraordinary luke-warm jumble of theories he has formed for himself, would never for a moment put the matter before himself in so disrespectful a light. We only wish that his doctrinal position was on as high a level as his spiritual one, and indeed we by no means despair of seeing the day when so promising a mind will perceive its errors, and work as vigorously in God's cause as hitherto it has done, unconsciously, against it. But that will not be, we fear, till the aged though majestic tree falls, which, while beautiful and venerable to look on, effectually checks the growth of the young and hopeful grass beneath its unhealthy shade.

This was not the only allusion to Dr. Newman in our pages, which reflected the state of the ecclesiastical atmosphere at that time. A writer in the *Chronicle* of October, 1867, had reminded Englishmen of the passage in Newman's "Letter to Pusey" in which he denies that the school of Manning and Ward are authoritative exponents of Catholicism. On this the *Old Hall Gazette* comments with some acrimony as follows :

Why the opinion of a private priest like Dr. Newman concerning who are and who are not exponents of Catholicism should go for more than the Archbishop's known convictions, is hard to say, except that people who are incapable of forming solid judgments themselves must take some infallible guide to direct the current of their thoughts, and a person of unusual genius like Dr. Newman who has, besides, rendered such services to Catholicism, such a gifted individual appears generally to be preferred even to the visible Head of the Church as a mould by which to form opinions.

The view of life which we caught from my father, and which underlay the mode of living which I have above described, will be most convincingly illustrated by an article in the *Old Hall Gazette* written by one of my sisters at the age of fifteen, and almost alarmingly serious in its tone. The essay concerned a subject much in our minds (as we meant to be priests and nuns)—the religious vocation ; and its main point was that a really Christian life, even for the laity, is necessarily a hard and elevated one, and that many criticisms on the conventual life really express only the natural human

Memories of Childhood

disinclination for the life of self-denial which a Christian is inevitably called upon to undertake. Properly understood, a "vocation" for the Church and for the world both involve a hard life. That hard life is made easier and not more difficult by conventual discipline: but "to make virtue easy is just the opposite to making *life* easy." The essay is so closely argued that I find it difficult to keep any account of it in limits suited to the text; I give the bulk of it accordingly, which those may read who care to contemplate a curiously vivid illustration of the unworldly reasoning that had taken possession of the mind of one who was still almost a child.

A vocation for the world then does not mean that such and such souls have a Divine patent for getting to Heaven amid pleasure and comfort without any of the privations of the cloister. A vocation for the world does not mean that some souls may go out into society so continually as to diminish frightfully the time they are able to devote to God, to spend lavish sums on dress, jewels, furniture, etc., and to waste time *ad libitum*. This is what a vocation for the world means; it means that some souls would be unable without spiritual detriment instead of advancement to undergo the labours, restraints, solitude, and privations of the religious life. Their spirits are not strong enough to stand these things without becoming sad, discouraged, perhaps scrupulous; and a sad religious is one without a vocation. Consequently, God in His mercy arranged for them a mode of life more suited to their temperament. They are allowed to retain their worldly possessions, but that does not mean that they may become inordinately wedded and attached to them. They are allowed to possess the paraphernalia necessary to their station in life, but that does not mean that they may waste on uselessly expensive baubles, and load themselves with unnecessary splendour. They are allowed to remain free from the restraints of the religious rule, but a well-regulated Christian conscience is no easy master. Do what you will, if you wish to serve God, you *must* have a hard life of it, and happy are you if God has given you that vocation by which you may escape from the temptations and difficulties of the external world—the religious vocation. Did people only realize that they cannot serve God without sacrifice, did they realize what a vocation for the world really means, far from shrinking back with the horror at the idea of anyone choosing the religious state, they would rejoice that

Memories of Childhood

God has called another soul to the vocation that contains so many helps towards the one great vocation of ALL souls ; advancement in virtue. Did people only realize the meaning of a vocation for the world, many and many would find out that they had a vocation for the cloister!

But what wonder is it that placing the two vocations in the ordinary manner before young people, they should consult their present rather than their future happiness? Is not every one tempted to think of this life rather than the next? Consequently if persons are desired to choose which they will prefer—a life of domestic pleasure, a life of gaiety and freedom, or a life of self-sacrifice and privation, can it be expected of them that they will all be like St. Catherine of Siena and grasp the crown of thorns rather than that of roses? But let them understand that the choice lies, not between self-indulgence and self-sacrifice, but between self-inflicted discipline and that inflicted by the religious rule, and they will have a fairer chance of making a sane choice, or rather of endeavouring to discover what choice God would have them make.

It may here be worth while to notice one of the most puerile of the absurdities urged against a religious life. It is said that just because it makes virtue so much easier, it is idly shrinking from the temptations and trials of the world to enter it. It need hardly be said that this objection is generally urged by people who themselves roll in every worldly comfort, and who doubtless finding therein many temptations and possibly trials—for worldly possessions often bring gladly undergone cares—justly despise those who deprive themselves of such comforts for virtue's sake. But can any fallacy be greater than that of alleging that we are bound not to make virtue as easy as possible? Be it understood that making *virtue* easy is just the opposite to making *life* easy.

According to the profound view we are treating of surely every one should abstain from anything like meditation or spiritual reading, because every one has experienced how much easier it is to do right after storing one's mind with the wholesome reflections engendered by these exercises. And, therefore, it is idly shrinking from difficulty to help one's self in this manner. It is making virtue comparatively easy. In like manner it is to be presumed that if any unfortunate person finds that the excitement of the Opera so deadens his piety next day that he finds great difficulty in fixing his mind on anything religious, that person is bound to go as often as possible, or at any rate by no means to avoid the Opera, else he

Memories of Childhood

will be again idly shrinking from trial instead of manfully facing it. In short, it really seems as if these muddle-headed, or rather thoughtless objectors believed Almighty God to have given mankind two commands; first to practise virtue, and secondly to render such practising as difficult as possible! To shrink from alluring temptation—and all temptation is alluring—is not cowardice, but Christian heroism. But do not fear, virtuous objector, the practice of virtue will always be hard enough, even to those who fly the pleasures of this world and embrace voluntary rigours to be able the better to subdue their unruly selves. Very much more might be said on this subject, but it seems almost waste of time and paper to argue against straws.

In conclusion, we recommend all who feel their place to be distinctly the world and not the cloister, to remember St. Paul's advice, that "they that buy be as if they possessed not, and they that use this world as if they used it not, for the fashion of this world passeth away." (St. Paul: 1 Cor. vii. 30.)

When the *Old Hall Gazette* had run its course it bade farewell to its subscribers in some lines which show, I think, that the enterprise had a good deal of "go" in it:

As the time is at hand for my premature death
I will say a few words with my last written breath:
My Prospectus was humbug, my articles few,
My News was deprived of what space was its due.
My "Political Topics" lived but in their name,
My "College Intelligence" always the same:
My price was enormous, my matter but small,
For in twelve written pages consisted my all;
The twenty-first day of each month was my date,
But, alas! I was always a full week too late!
Repentance I feel; but amendment, I fear,
Is denied me; for this month I close with the year.
If my matter was meagre and poor, yet recall
It was strictly original matter withal;
If my price was exorbitant, do not forget
That like all other newspapers, I was in debt!
Having now made an argument both "con" and "pro,"
My subscribers must say if I'm pardoned or no,
Yet I hope some kind patrons may yet feel regret
For the death of the amateur *Old Hall Gazette*.

WILFRID WARD.

THE IRISH SCENE

IN AMERICAN EYES

THE sentiment in Irish-America towards the war and towards England's part in it, and Ireland's part in it, has been difficult to determine. Cross-currents and complications of history and psychology have made Irish feeling uncertain generally, though vivid and frank at times and on occasions. Instinctively the Celt has shown himself anti-Teutonic. The great bulk of educated Irish-Americans (though with violent exceptions) has been pro-Ally. There are numbers who, without inconsistency, are anti-British but pro-French, who are equally opposed to Germany in Belgium and to England in Ireland—admitting differences in circumstance and degree. These would probably agree to Mr. Chesterton's statement in *The Crimes of England*, that "we should hardly have seen such a nightmare as the Anglicizing of Ireland if we had not already seen the Germanizing of England."

Some have been pro-Ally because they were pro-Irish; others pro-German for the same reason. Conclusions are liable to be as mixed as motives. It cannot be doubted that the Dublin revolt, and the consequent executions, have enormously helped the position of the few pro-Germans, who are fanatically convinced of Mr. Chesterton's summary of Irish history: "The truth about Ireland is simply this—that the relations between England and Ireland are the relations between two men who have to travel together, one of whom tried to stab the other at the last stopping-place or to poison the other at the last inn." Such men, unwilling to face the grim past generously in order to make more sure of a happier future, only wish the dangerous intimacy to be continued, and the case of the injured party to be spoilt by just such outbreaks as Dublin has witnessed. The general sentiment of Irish-America at first deplored the Sinn Fein rising, which, from afar, seemed like a hysterical woman stabbing

The Irish Scene

a well-armed man in the back with a broken bodkin to avenge some far-off unhappy thing. But when the strong man in armour turned and suppressed her summarily, the opinion of Irish-America was roused on a sensitive point, and an outburst of lyrical anger since swept through the States.

This effect on America may seem incomprehensible at a distance. But there it was. Pro-Ally sentiment abated, or became at least intensely pro-French. Pro-Germanism was able to make as much capital out of the situation as though every movement of the Government in Ireland, before and after the revolt, had been directed from Berlin. America is a wonderful background on which to canonize rebels. As the pro-Ally *New York Tribune* remarked: "From much lauding of Washington the traitor, who disgraced his British uniform by rebellion, who trafficked with the enemies of England in Paris and who hailed with joy the arrival of the French ships of war, we Americans have grown tolerant of rebels." For it must be remembered that the nations of Europe figure like family ghosts, sinister or pathetic, in the memory of "hyphenated" America. Transatlantic events sway the exiled generations to sudden affections and fears with all the distortion of time and distance. In no case is this more so than in that of Ireland.

The predominant race-strains of modern America are the Irish, the Jewish and the German. The original Anglo-Saxon is as segregated almost as the Red Indian. It would be difficult to find a great city which is not largely composed of the three other elements. The common saying is that "the Jews own and the Irish run us." New York is equally the largest Jewish and the largest Irish city in the world. Zionism and Home Rule are equally subjects of sentimental hopes and intense yearning. When it is remembered that, of these great strains, the Jewish is religiously opposed to Russia, that the German invariably places the Fatherland above the fosterland, and that a multitude of Irishmen, if not pro-German is at least indifferent to the British cause—it may be imagined

The Irish Scene

how difficult it is for the pro-Ally instinct of the country to assert itself.

The psychology of America toward the war has been misunderstood. America sees the war from afar off, as through a glass, if not darkly, sometimes feebly and sentimentally, but, I do not believe, selfishly. America sees through a many-angled prism. The States are united as a whole at home, but they are at right angles in their view overseas. From time to time a single incident may loom big and distorted in the prism, and attract undivided attention before passing. America may be moved, but only for the moment, for the war is to her a "movie-show," and everything moves on. For a while the sinking of the *Lusitania* horrified her glance. Then the Zeppelins flitted in front of her fascinated sight. For a moment the heroic features of Miss Cavell appeared and disappeared, touching the pity of millions. More recently, Dublin excluded Verdun. The faces of the rebel-leaders were seen in the prism, blurred by a halo of blood. The average Englishman does not understand why America should have refused to condemn the men he so promptly and, as he certainly believed, justly condemned. It is not likely that his imagination, which has stopped short of Ireland, can now cross the Atlantic. He has a hazy idea that America is composed of Anglo-maniacs, polo-players, semi-sportsmen and violent admirers of English institutions. As a matter of fact the Anglo-Saxon fringe is negligible. The Irish are far more powerful and numerous. There are millions to whom Dublin remains a lost Zion, a shadowy far-off Capitol—to whom the Ireland they have never seen acts as a magnet, a lodestar, a dream, an inspiration, a blood-madness.

During the week of the revolt it was possible to know Irishmen in the streets of New York by their expression. Sorrow, anxiety, exaltation and a tangle of atavistic feelings were struggling in their features. The historical dislike of the Sassenach struggled against a certain shame of the German participation. There was a half-sympathetic, half-sorrowful, feeling for men waging a fight

The Irish Scene

that was lost before begun. There would have been no fierce outburst of horror had the insurgent leaders been shot down in hot blood behind their own barricades. Those who were slain in the fighting, slew and were slain. They took up the sword and perished by the sword.

So negligible had the possibility of an organized Irish-German vote in America seemed, that no anti-propaganda had been considered necessary. Mr. Redmond's organizations had temporarily lapsed. The Germans were left a free hand to buy up the whole Irish Press and to bid for an Irish alliance. In vain was a plea made for an Irish Press Bureau. In vain were all requests for some recognition and appreciation of the Irish soldiers fighting at the Front. Nevertheless, a majority of Irish-America remained true to instinctive and racial dislike of Teutonism. When a Germanized Irish Race Convention was staged in New York by huge and galvanic effort, it was ridiculed and avoided by Irishmen afterwards bitterly anti-British. The effect of the Convention was slight except so far as it secretly ministered to the Irish revolt. Only a small number were found willing to risk life and reputation in destroying Canadian canals or American factories. The majority of Irishmen were indignant that their citizenship should be soiled or hyphenated by a small group of men, who had assumed a kind of dictatorship of Irish opinion in America and even in Ireland herself. The Germans received all the oratory and cheering their subsidies warranted, but they were frankly disappointed, and being a practical people asked for some blood for their expenditure. This was made forthcoming at a distance and at Ireland's expense. But the event certainly surpassed all hopes. What need not have been more than a riot was dignified into a revolution. The absurdity and folly of the rising were entirely forgotten in the subsequent deaths of the leaders. German-Americans did not disguise their satisfaction at the timely arrival of a fresh batch of Irish martyrs on the horizon at a time when Manchester and Mitchelstown had retreated into the past. Sinn Feiners limited in numbers and

The Irish Scene

officials limited in imagination combined to play the German game beyond German dreams.

The aftermath of the revolt supplied the fuel to that Irish imagination which the home authorities had neglected. The pride and affection due to the Irish in the trenches was given to the executed Sinn Feiners. Each nationality in the States had found a vent for their hyphenated emotions during the war—except the Irish, who waited and waited, pained by the casualties, impatient at the postponements of Home Rule, and irritated by German suggestions. The Irish yearned for heroics—for Irish victories in the field and the restoration of national freedom. The Generals failed to give them the one and statesmen hesitated to permit the other. When the Dublin revolt came, the inevitable occurred in America. For the moment Irish-America as a sentiment or a force was lost to the Allies. The Irish-Americans were not wholly to blame. From afar Irish affairs are liable to emotional reflex and disturbance. Celtic psychology is feminine compared to the Anglo-Saxon or Teuton. The Celt has always desired the unseen and the unattainable. The severer races have wrought out the practical in terms of the visible world. The one craves the infinite in ideal as the other the absolute in fact. The connections between Irish-America and Ireland are more than sentimental. They are subtle, telepathic, even hysterical. Ireland is liable under certain circumstances to act as bravely, fiercely, illogically as a woman.

Out of all this commotion has come the general belief among Americans that in Ireland the opposing sides must irrevocably abandon the argument and threat of physical force. Both have tried it in vain. The time has come to cry quits, not in the interests of strict justice toward the past, but to help out the inevitable compromise of the future. The time has come for Mr. Chesterton's two travellers to continue with the conviction that a third is dogging their path, who is the real enemy of both. It is a simple generalization that most Englishmen desire a peaceful and contented Ireland.

The Irish Scene

Germany, on the other hand, desires a miserable and discontented Ireland. If she could make Ireland a suffering ulcer and plant her in the side of England, it would be in line with her present policy. Ireland's misery is of no concern to her, and provided she could ignite Britain she would be careless if Ireland were burnt in the guise of a living faggot.

In exacting her pound of flesh while the balance of history was still against her in Ireland, England blurred in America the value of her statements on behalf of small nationalities. The American instinct, because it is opposed to Teutonism, desired amnesty and reparation in Ireland. The time seemed to have come in which, to reverse Mr. Chesterton's dictum, and to call for the de-Germanization of England as a prelude to the de-Anglicization of Ireland, which is the only condition under which Ireland can remain immune from the German virus during the war and healthy afterwards. In a sense not altogether paradoxical, the Dublin revolt was one of the most non-Teutonic incidents during the war. The whole programme of Sinn Fein was one which Poles or Belgians enslaved under German control could with far more reason adopt. It was by sheer accident that the Sinn Feiners proved of strategic and temporary value to Germany. Their critics will admit that they were thinking more of Ireland than of Germany, just as Germany in encouraging them was thinking solely but selfishly of herself. Just before the outbreak, *New Ireland* published this statement (April 22nd, 1916): "Nothing could be more unfair to Ireland and to the Irish Volunteers than to attribute to them a desire to assist Germany. Every reason, both of sentiment and expediency, is against Ireland showing the least inclination to assist Germany."

There is no need to enter into details which pain Irishmen more than they anger Englishmen. The Celt and the Teuton are at opposite poles temperamentally. What Irishmen deprecate in English rule in Ireland is a certain Teutonic lack of sympathy and imagination.

The Irish Scene

Dublin Castle has sunk into many an Irish and Catholic memory like the stamp of the Teutonic hoof. Men like Pearse and Plunkett died for an ideal, which was allied in the world of ideas to the Ideal of the Allies. This is a hard saying, but it is true. Anti-Teutonism, which is centrifugal at the front, seems to have worked centripetally in Dublin.

The spirit which at heart yearned against bureaucracy (still present in Ireland) and remembered ancient Junkerism was a spirit which should have been fostered and directed instead of being treated as laughable or negligible. These men were given little chance to think out the international problem from their own premises. Their sense of nationality was so intense that they could not see Europe. Clinging to one tree they could not see the wood. So blinded were they by keeping alight the hearth-fire of Gaelic Ireland that they would not trouble about the forest fire outside. Had they been assured of Ireland's position as a small nation in the months before and immediately after the outbreak of war, their energy and enthusiasm would have probably fallen in line with the majority of their fellow-countrymen.

Past rebellions in Ireland seem to historians to have been morally justified in 1641, 1798 and 1848, but the rebellion of 1916 was not morally justified, because indirectly it injured the causes of France, of Belgium, of Serbia, and of the constitutional party in Ireland itself. The uprising of 1916 hurt Ireland's own instinct for Home Rule by a majority, and strategically did not injure England. America knew this; but America has a memory of its own of "Hessianism" toward rebels. Not by Beelzebub is Beelzebub driven out. If, said American Catholics, the taint of German temptation had crept into Ireland, it was not to be expunged by methods associated in America with Germany alone. England won what the theologians call a *victoria vitiosa*. Germany, under similar circumstances, would have slaughtered tenfold and gutted half Dublin. But the effect of a completed clemency on Irish-America would have been to undermine and

The Irish Scene

thoroughly discredit German intrigues. Indignation would have been felt not against England so much as against the cold-blooded schemers who launched the hapless Casement on a forlorn cause and encouraged men to rise on a military chance on which they themselves would never have ventured battle. The strategical truth is that Germany needed the Irish leaders dead—executed—martyrized, in order thoroughly to stir the Irish in America, and England obliged her, as she has obliged her once or twice before. The weapons to combat German influences in Ireland are historical sympathy and practical mercy. In the long run, the most quixotic policy will prove the most practical. To execute in Ireland is to rehabilitate. This was not a rebellion in the sense of a national uprising. A section of the civil population of Dublin fought a part of an army largely made up of their own people. It was a private affair which we may yet hope will lead to a generous settlement of a family feud, harking back to days before Germany was an Empire or even Prussia a Kingdom. It was a private duel, and as brief, unbrotherly, spectacular and stupid as any duel or so-called affair of honour. If the details are grim and sordid, if wounded soldiers on crutches were shot down on one hand and pacifist editors executed without trial on the other—let these cancel each other. It remains a rough and tumble duel with as much honour involved as partisans on either side care to extract from it. Both sides have now something to forget and something to forgive. *Et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris.*

To trace the revolt to its literary or historical roots would need a volume. They may prove difficult to agree upon. The last word of logic or rhetoric has been exhausted on each side of the Atlantic to excuse or condemn these men. Violent aims have met violent ends—and been recorded in violent language. The price of a suburban excursion into Weltpolitik has been summarily paid. Though the revolt is liable to be treated as a link in the war between Germany and England, it is *sui generis* and

The Irish Scene

due more to internal than external causes. Imperial spycraft and intrigue played their part, but they could do no more than point a situation already developed by local politics. At heart every Sinn Feiner would have preferred to rebel in alliance with France. Ulster sentiment has been closer to Germany in the past. In 1870, Ulster cheered the Protestant trampler of France amid the tears of the three Catholic provinces of Ireland. German aid was grasped by the Sinn Feiners, who never stopped to inquire whether they had the right to accept help from the point of the same sword which had passed through the bodies of Belgium and Poland.

That Germany incidentally befouled the ideal of "Ireland a nation" need not destroy the ideal. The practical hope of an Ireland loyal to the Empire because made loyal to herself, contented in the Empire because contented with herself, need not be disparaged. Under Home Rule Ireland will be free to work out such conditions. The memory of her own language and culture would not be crushed as it is in Alsace. The Gaelic mistletoe can yet flourish within the shade of the British oak without any danger of its peculiar form and fruitage being overwhelmed or changed by the great Imperial growth where geography has set it.

No one has ever dared to write a comic history of Ireland any more than a humorous burial service. But an "accidental" philosophy of Irish history would be interesting as showing the way Spain, France, and finally Germany have passed in and out of the Irish question. Ireland has always lain in a back-water outside the regular tides of European history. The nations of Europe have partaken of the fruits of discord and thrown to Ireland the bitter core to suck. For political reasons at different times, France and Spain have tried to work their *motifs* into the chords of the Irish harp. The coming of Spanish galleons to Kinsale, or of French troops to Killala, was accidental to greater events. The arrival of a German munition ship was as fortuitous as the arrival of William of Orange to fight out one episode in his life struggle

The Irish Scene

against Louis XIV on Irish soil. Incidentally he became King of England, and accidentally thereby King of Ireland. But he left a feud on the banks of the Boyne which has endured longer than either the House of Stuart or of Capet. Dutch William came to Ireland, not unlike Deutsch William's recent envoy, not so much as a deliverer of Ireland as a player on the European chessboard. Let it be understood that the recent pro-German feeling was as accidental as pro-Spanish feeling in the sixteenth century. In each case English mal-administration, or the memory of it, was the abetting cause. But what student of Irish history could have ever believed that English officialdom could ever turn even a slight section of the Irish into the arms of Lutheran Teutonism?

Penal laws made Ireland an ally of France; but the alliance between the two countries was racial as well as political. The Irish Brigade in France was more than the symbol of an *entente*. For upwards of a century Ireland maintained an Expeditionary Force of "Wild Geese" with the armies of France. Centuries previously, Irish Celts had kept Freedom alive in Gaul in a way that induced the Imperial Governor to consider the question of conquest. A thousand years later France kept the ideal of Freedom alive in Ireland, when it was forbidden under the sanction of a creed originating in Germany. It was for an ideal, of which Limerick was the watchword and Fontenoy the symbol, that a quarter of a million Irishmen went to fight for France. To many it may seem that a mistake was made, at the opening of the present war, in making Ireland's contribution secondary to an Anglo-French *entente* and not the continuation of an historical alliance. An Irish Brigade recruited under the Green Flag for France was an imaginative possibility, which would have occupied and slaked some even of the ardour which turned to fever, reaction and revolt.

The French Revolution undid the good feeling between France and Ireland; and, with the advent of O'Connell, the idea of physical force at home or abroad became discredited. Ireland dropped out of international

The Irish Scene

schemings for a century and became a matter of party calculations within Great Britain herself. Nevertheless, O'Connell became the Father of Catholic Democracy in Europe. Lacordaire was his echo in the aisles of Notre Dame, and Belgium burst the Dutch bondage of the House of Orange in unison with O'Connell's struggle against Orange ascendancy in Ireland. Belgian independence followed the year after Catholic Emancipation. O'Connell's policy of moral force was broken by the rising of 1848, which forms the closest analogue to the recent outbreak. But it had the credit of being far more hopeless, and it was unconnected with any foreign plot. Then, as now, Nationalist Ireland was divided into two camps. The constitutionalists under O'Connell waged oratorical battle for Repeal, and kept more or less constant alliance with the Whigs. His famous Tail of followers plunged into the intrigue of English politics and lost touch and sympathy with "Young Ireland." Even O'Connell's heady speech would not suffice souls that harked back to Gaelic literature and wrought some of the best balladry extant in modern English. In 1848, as in 1916, we find a school of eloquence allied to politics and patronage being criticized by a school of poetry allied to enthusiasm and republicanism. The men of '48 were considered as deserving of laurel as of hemp. Like O'Connell, Mr. Redmond has shown himself a great Catholic orator, loyal to the Crown. Like O'Connell, while struggling with the devious ways of English statecraft, he was assailed by less temperate partisans in the rear. The party of Obstruction at Westminster was itself obstructed at home. The Sinn Fein followed the example of "Young Ireland." O'Connell appealed to Old Ireland, which he said was good enough for him. Mr. Redmond similarly found the Sinn Fein negligible. But the break had already come.

In each case the crisis occurred about the same neighbourhood. The gun-running incident at Howth signaled the turning-point of the Sinn Feiners, as much as O'Connell's abandoned meeting at Clontarf signaled

The Irish Scene

that of "Young Ireland." The sporadic volley fired in the Dublin streets after the Howth gun-running had the effect of convincing the Sinn Fein that Nationalists would never be treated by the military in the same way as Unionists. White men, they thought, did not seem to possess equal rights in Ireland. The shots which the soldiery fired amongst the unorganized crowd that day were really the first shots in the recent outbreak. Lapse of time does not count. In Ireland men are for ever waging war on ghosts. Phantoms still shriek against phantoms, and the living take their watchwords from Hades.

To return to 1848, it was O'Connell's retreat before the menace of the 60th Rifles that determined Young Ireland to strike. The Great Famine overshadowed their effort as the Great War has overshadowed that of the Sinn Feiners. In each case the extremists decided to rise before the time when there might be no men left in the country to rise. Smith O'Brien put up a half-hearted scrimmage in a cabbage garden to the great mirth of Thackeray; but Dublin, which remained largely unconcerned, noted his gallantry and gave him a statue. The dreamers and poets of 1848 were scattered in various fields—some to become Australian Premiers, others American Generals. They left their memory in literature, as will also be the case with the men of 1916. A combination of movements made the latter outbreak much the more formidable. The Gaelic, the Larkinite, and the Sinn Fein movements were separate in aims and origin. These movements had all met the necessary amount of ridicule and repression to make them dangerous, should occasion arrive. When the Sinn Feiners appeared at an election, they were signally defeated by the Machine. As they were destructive of the Irish Party by their charter, the attitude of the latter was excusable. But it was a pity that the Party should have become estranged from the literary and labour stirrings. The young school of writers lost touch with the majority of their countrymen. They broke away from their natural leaders—from Mr.

The Irish Scene

Redmond, whose appeals in face of the war they refused to hear, and from Douglas Hyde whom they virtually drove from the Presidency of the Gaelic League when he refused to make it revolutionary. The pressure of events within and without made a tangled web of these different movements, which the Nameless One, that presides over the mortal side of Irish history, slowly drew into the woof of a ghastly tragedy. Fortunately there is an immortal side as well—which no tragedy can touch, no politics embitter, and no madness destroy.

Such movements, however alien and meaningless to English eyes, have vague but comprehensible analogies with such ripples in English life as Ritualism, Æstheticism and Christian Socialism. The *form* is different, but the *matter*—the youth, the enthusiasm, the desire for better things, the revolt from conventional staleness and from standards of mediocrity, was the same in both countries. It would be curious to know what would have happened to such sweet but impatient spirits as Charles Kingsley, Hurrell Froude or William Morris, had they been born Irishmen. Newman confessed that had he been an Irishman he would have been a rebel. Griffiths' tract on the "Resurrection of Hungary" had a greater influence than any Tract ever penned by Tractarian. He appealed for a similar movement to that of Deak's and Kossuth's in Ireland, and was laughed at with his followers for a "green Hungarian Band." The literary movement was twofold. The Gaelic Renaissance was philological, educational and antiquarian. The effect was good on mind and character. The movement was not abused when it became a popular agitation to make Irish compulsory in the University, for it is the privilege of free people to declare what they shall be compelled to do. The Anglo-Irish literary movement was an off-shoot with Yeats as its centre and periphery, its will-o'-th'-wisp and mist at once. Amongst his elusive writings was one with a message—the famous play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, which idealized and even evangelized Irish rebellion. Many a young man saw that play and left the theatre an

The Irish Scene

incipient rebel. Its theme was one of reckless death assumed for Ireland in defiance of all common sense or happiness. One of Synge's plays produced a riot in a theatre; but it could never have roused a rebellion in a city. *Kathleen ni Houlihan* staged the rising of 1798 and the landing of the French preparatory to their defeat at Ballinamuck—one of the fifteen indecisive battles of Irish history. A peasant boy leaves home and bride in answer to an appeal, not from the free-thinking Gallic invaders, but from "the poor old woman"—Kathleen ni Houlihan—Ireland herself, who is said to move through the country in times of trouble. An Irish audience could only depart feeling: "We have hidden in our hearts the flame of the eyes of Kathleen, the daughter of Houlihan." To every Nationalist came that summons in some form, whether to struggle for Home Rule at Westminster or to die of tuberculosis learning the language in Connaught swamps or dispensing it in English ghettos. Only the Sinn Féiners brooded a warlike application of the ancient dream. Yet these movements, under normal conditions, should no more have led to bloodshed than the Oxford Movement have terminated in a Gunpowder Plot. But modern Ireland is not normal.

The movement developed the first signs of literary criticism in Ireland. The Battle of the Books was reflected in almost every walk of life. Every class and profession was touched by an almost religious desire for native productions. Poet and scribe demanded Irish paper and Irish ink. There arose a passionate request for Irish cloth, Irish tobacco, and even Irish rosaries and sermons. Charwomen charred happier with native soap, and Celtic characters at the crossroads became equally the traveller's joy and perplexity. Above the turmoils sat the Irish literary olympians—George Russell, Yeats, and Douglas Hyde. Only on occasions did they descend like the deities in Homer to do battle in the street. The same Douglas Hyde, who collected the exquisite Love Songs of Connaught, won the triumph of compulsory Irish by a fervid campaign through Ireland and America. George Russell

The Irish Scene

descended from the opal heights of Indo-Hibernian poesy to take a fleeting part in the strike that proved more than an economical dispute. Its suppression created the first idea of a Citizen Army. Yet these strikers were neither unjust nor criminal. Those who know Dublin know that the conditions of the Dublin poor are sordid and sorrowful beyond belief. Dublin, the one capital in Europe which should have had the faith to build up the old Guild Life of masters and men in religious harmony, produced an armed Trades Union encamped in a fort, which has since been demolished by a vessel of war.

During the 'eighties and 'nineties of the last century, Parliament afforded a safety valve to Nationalism; but after Parnell's death various movements came to the surface, which the Irish Party failed to harmonize. There were times when the slow achievement of Home Rule proved an irritant in the country. Delays and postponements, however, political or judicious, do not satisfy the Celt. Time is never on the side of sedative or solution in Ireland. Events must correspond to the feelings of the movement and results keep pace with demands. The oft-repeated sop of "Home Rule at no distant date" became a by-word synonymous with the Greek or Celtic Kalends. Once the Land and University questions had been handsomely settled, electrical energies began to gather and ferment. It was only Mr. Redmond's handling of Home Rule as a lightning conductor that averted collisions. But Time and Destiny and English bureaucracy—an inexorable trio—tended to neutralize his gallant efforts, both before and after the outbreak of war. Once the dissentients had quarrelled with the Irish Party, they went their own way leaderless. The men who had raised them were quite incapable of direction. A multitude they could summon, but not lead. What is not yet known for the purposes of History is, when the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood arose like a ghost out of the past and assumed control. When did the literary movement become Republican? When did these highly endowed young men join hands with elements that could only lead to destruction?

The Irish Scene

These men rose blindly and wrongly but for ideals which Germany is attempting to crush. With suicidal gesture and distorted phrase they nevertheless were pleading for a small nationality. They died unnecessarily, superfluously, and wantonly, on behalf of that Liberty, which a hundred thousand of their own kindred had found a surer and brighter way of achieving in the trenches that guard Celtic France and ensure the redemption of Catholic Belgium—that Liberty of which, religiously as well as politically, Germany, and not England, is the dire historic foe.

SHANE LESLIE.

RECONSTRUCTION:

An Echo from the War-Literature of France

La guerre est une folie dont le cerveau détraqué de quelques pessimistes a engendré l'idée, et je m'endors . . .

Vers minuit je m'éveille en sursaut, comme si l'on m'avait secoué brusquement . . .

C'est la trompette sonnant au rassemblement qui sonne aussi le lever de la grande aurore, et, laissant derrière nous les années vides, nous entrons au galop de nos chevaux dans l'ère de la bataille éternellement livrée entre la vie et la mort.

CHRISTIAN MALLET, *Étapes et Combats*.

IT is with feelings of stupefaction that we read, or re-read, to-day a book like *L'Elève Gilles*, written by André Lafon in 1912; and we ask ourselves whether that kind of literature can possibly reproduce itself, in France, after the war. Not that it lacks charm. Alas, too far from it. Under its spell, the soul's eyes swim; horizons disappear; and the will finds itself flagging, and the hands droop nervelessly. All the pessimism of the fatal East enters, with a tale like that, our European atmosphere; where free choice should act powerfully, and human purpose reduce the chaos of things to order, and govern and co-ordinate their tendencies towards a goal.

The little Gilles tells the story of his earlier boyhood with an accuracy to compare with which we have little, in England, save *Sinister Street*. But at least Michael Fane is active; he has enterprises; he hopes; he tries to *manage* the scenery and properties of his life. Jean Gilles looks on at the vaguely stirring phenomena amid which he drifts or tosses, with the eyes, as it were, of a tired little faun, understanding nothing, foreseeing no explanation, and accepting home and school (save once) with a docility far more pathetic than revolt. Desolate, and at times sordid, and always trivial, is the world in

Reconstruction

which this little living thing observes itself ; all around him lies colossal misunderstanding ; at the back is surmised, throughout, the sinister figure of his father, whose gathering melancholia could but lead to suicide. The only violent scene of this mournful book—which is essentially *not* meant to be tragic, or an indictment, or a thesis—puts you in contact with that suicide. Here, too, the characters—the repressed, mysterious mother ; the widowed aunt, *dévoté*, absorbed in tiny details of the country—resign themselves ; and if the atmosphere is relieved of something of that old panic, it is but the heavier with loneliness and an acquiescence which is not patience. Gilles returns to his school—that mean place, of whose very meanness, though, you are made to feel the inevitability ; and it is quite idle to expect that his childish hope, that so his mother may best be served, will be capable of consoling his apprehension that “ the whole antagonism of life was awaiting him there, at the garden-gate where he would say good-bye.”

“ L’hostilité de la vie ! ” “ La peur de vivre,” as M. Bordeaux, too, entitled a memorable book, in which there shone, however, a light of dawn, revealing a firm road, through the morass, towards eternal hills.

We want to say that all this spirit of pessimistic *laissez-faire*, even of unjudging observation, is thoroughly alien to the new spirit of France, resurgent well before the present war. Few will have failed to read M. Dimnet’s substantial book, *France Herself Again* ; many, perhaps, will have happened on that valuable compilation put together by the two distinguished professors whose shared pseudonym is “ Agathon,” entitled *Les Jeunes Gens d’Aujourd’hui*. This supplies immense and varied reinforcements of evidence for M. Dimnet’s main thesis, which is, that the period of disintegration is over, and the positive and constructive era has already passed its childhood. He paints for us the appalling picture of the disruption of the national France, political and social, financial, educational, and religious, naval and military, which, fifteen years ago even, had struck so deep as to

Reconstruction

engender a seemingly universal and irremediable pessimism. Internationalism and pacificism, based on atheism, were assuredly mere solvents. And, by this disintegration, the vital parts of France seemed to have been attacked. The incident of Agadir revealed the fact that this was not so. Agadir was, it is insisted, a revealing incident, far more than a cause, though certainly it imparted a stimulus almost to be dignified, so strong was it, by the name of cause. Anyhow, from that time especially a new spirit, hitherto a spasmodic and feeble phenomenon, could easily be diagnosed. The time for analysis, criticism, breaking down of differences, and doubt was over. If ever those methods had had their value, here and now they had proved themselves disastrous, almost fatally so. There is a point at which a weakening organism cannot reconstruct itself. That point, however, had not yet been reached, save perhaps in the political department. It will, in fact, be of supreme interest and anxiety to see whether, after the war, the criminal methods of European politics can be maintained by those whose selfish interest is alone responsible for them. Meanwhile, a craving for the positive, the synthetic and constructive, the downright dogmatic, delineated itself in widely different classes of French society. A new literature sprang up, a new militarism, and a new nationalism. And the whole of this looked towards Catholicism, the Church being the one European institution which survived even crowns, and which alone was likely to contribute a system of thought and action to a chaotic world. And the necessary corner-stone of the Church was Rome. Hence, in "Agathon's" book, it was without surprise that one might read of the amazing renaissance of dogmatic faith in the least expected quarters, the *écoles normales*, the *lycées*, and the medical profession. A future of Catholic, assertive (and therefore belligerent) nationalism was foreshadowed. The war, and the intoxicatingly splendid demeanour of France throughout it, have proved how M. Dimnet and "Agathon" might have spoken louder and more categorically still.

Reconstruction

In the DUBLIN REVIEW admirable articles have related the spiritual and devotional resuscitation of so much of French life since the Separation; the poets, too, who sang the new world for us, since it announced itself—Péguy, especially, Claudel and Jammes, have been written of.

In the following pages I wish to allude to a few books by prose-writers, who trace in realistic outline, yet with French penetrative intuition, some features of that singular process of conversion, in which Army and Church are spiritually linked, and which must so gravely intrigue a careful yet still alien onlooker. There are many other books I had hoped to mention; owing to the difficulty of getting material speedily from France, I have had to finish these paragraphs without their aid. Here I have hoped for scarcely more than to indicate certain tendencies with a view to a surer diagnosis much later on, and to suggest to those who may be inclined to judge French war-conversions as things of the emotions mainly, atavistic revivals, and, if not transitory in the individual, valueless at any rate for the future and the race, that they are no such thing.

In pre-war days, M. Paul Acker wrote *Le Soldat Bernard*, a book leading up to a conclusion which it draws only in part, quite explicitly telling you to look to a future of more complete development. It relates in a very straightforward, yet thoroughly substantial and also subtle fashion, the conversion of a young anti-militarist fanatic, in the course of his two years' compulsory service, to military, and thereby sound city-building, ideals and will.

The art of the book is, I believe, precisely in that it does not confront theory with theory, but with life, so that to the end Bernard could scarcely tell you why exactly the anti-militarist system which hypnotized his earlier manhood has shrivelled, crumbled, and been blown into dust; but that this has happened, as it were automatically, once he has gone through his military training, he cannot even begin to deny. He had always, perhaps, been under spells. The austere Internationalist, Menguy, editor of

Reconstruction

the anti-militarist *Feuillet*s, had at first held him in the thrall of a friendship, for, indeed, it was no *mere* discipleship, though in it sentiment, or expression of affection, had absolutely no part. Pauline, a member of Menguy's staff, still little more than a child, a girl virtuous yet utterly emancipated from all traditional beliefs, brings into his terribly grim environment a romance to which he surrenders utterly, while she subordinates the immediate and individual relation, quite easily, to abstract notions. He leaves for his two years' military service, resolved to act, in barracks, as an apostle of all anti-militarist and anti-nationalist ideas. Now the barrack-life is not in the least whitewashed. True, Bernard finds it less corrupting, a good deal, than his *lycée* had been; yet the soldiers are not saints; and as for the officers, you have the narrow rigorist; the fussy type; the deplorable, timid yet unscrupulous type, fostered by conditions now done with, we may hope, for ever, in which a man, longing for promotion yet harassed at every turn by fear of politicians and journalists, has little choice but to tamper with his convictions and even with ordinary honesty. One only, Herbel, is the ideal type—just, stern even, but endlessly devoted to his men, and by sheer personality winning their devotion. It is to this revelation of what an officer may be that Bernard succumbs; but his gradual conversion is aided by others among his fellow-soldiers—Surot, who hates the army just because, coarse anarchist, he prefers hatred, at all points, to love; Leprince, who hates it because, simply and selfishly, he prefers, equally at all points, his own ease; Morvan, the rather clumsy, very lovable *bleu*, the butt of his *chambrière*, whose slow-moving mind is quite capable, however, of demolishing utterly Bernard's cultured arguments.

Morvan supplies M. Acker with a scene of true pathos and most subtly insinuated doctrine. He was reading a letter, and Bernard saw that his eyes were wet :

— Tu as de mauvaises nouvelles de chez toi? — Morvan secoua la tête.

— Oh! non.

Reconstruction

- Alors, pourquoi es-tu triste ?
- C'est ma mère qui m'écrit ; elle me parle du pays . . .
- C'est beau chez toi ?
- Je ne sais pas ; c'est chez moi.

I should not wonder if those were the most beautiful lines of the book. And have we ever possessed, in England—at least since the Reformation—anything of that adoring love for a man's own *pays*, his circumscribed *coin de terre*, which is so splendid still in France ? A man's love for "England," even for his "home," is different utterly in spirit. Perhaps in hidden and ultimate corners and nooks it exists ? In Cornwall ? In Westmorland ? Mr. Belloc and his Sussex are not even the exception which proves the rule.

"Il n'y aura plus jamais de guerres," was the absurd climax of the doctrinaire's harangue. Morvan knew human nature better, even if he could not explain it. What shook Bernard most of all was the loathsome revelation of the ordinary anti-militarist editor, lying, spying, twisting and inventing evidence for his cynical propaganda, and expecting the honourable young idealist to go and do likewise. A strike broke out in the garrison town ; the military would be called for to protect the employer against the employee, and perhaps would have to shoot. All Bernard's conscience was by now on the rack. Pauline deals the worst blow. She visits him, and tries to make traffic of their love to persuade her fiancé to mutiny. If he renounces his *ideas*, she will have none of him. The edifice falls : Bernard knows he wanted *her*, and would want her whatever her ideas might alter into ; he wants her to want *him*, too, not his notions . . . In the strike he plays his part ; already the manœuvres have taught him that to command men is part of his duty who *can* command ; here, he learns that it may be right and glorious to fight and conquer men. Morvan is killed, and Herbel. In the hospital, scenes of frightful irony, tragedy, and triumph are witnessed. The politicians go the round of the beds ; the little socialist and anti-clerical ministers have to do homage to the sisters ; have

Reconstruction

to pin the military medal to Morvan's dying breast ; are fain to shake hands with Bernard, whose refusal has to be put down to delirium.

Une sourde colère s'amassait dans son cœur. A quelle comédie venait-il d'assister ! Un homme, à grand renfort de troupes, avait chassé de la France des religieuses, et cet homme aujourd'hui s'inclinait respectueusement devant quelques sœurs oubliées à Vouzion ; un homme avait prêché la grève générale, le droit pour les ouvriers de s'emparer du capital par la force, et cet homme aujourd'hui décorait le cadavre d'un soldat mort pour s'être opposé à cette grève et pour avoir défendu le capital. Mais ce que lui, Bernard, avait au moins pénétré, c'était le mensonge de tous ces politiciens auxquels il avait cru bêtement . . . traîtres à leurs doctrines, traîtres à ceux qui les avaient élus, traîtres à leur conscience.

At last allowed to visit Morvan's dead body :

il ne pleurait plus, soudain apaisé, parceque soudain il voyait clair en lui. Un soldat obscur qui dort dans l'éternel repos, et un officier qui dans une chambre voisine, finit de mourir, tous les deux tués sans gloire et par des Français, et c'est toute la douloureuse grandeur de l'armée qui éblouit Bernard, toute sa noblesse, toute sa sérénité, puis qu'elle seule cultive encore ce qu'il y a de plus généreux dans l'homme, le mépris de l'intérêt privé, le mépris des injures et le mépris de la mort, le naturel accomplissement de devoir et le don spontané de soi-même au pays.

That ideas and emotions like these have been forcing their splendid and painful way through the brains and hearts of Frenchmen, explains much of what we had hardly dared to hope for, but have enthusiastically watched in the war which after all *has* come. It is not even hinted that Bernard became a Christian ; still :

Lentement, durement, cruellement, l'image de Pauline et de Menguy s'effaçent de son cœur. Il va à d'autres destinées.

Beside this story of a soldier "converted" by his officer, may be set that of the officer who converts the conscript.

Ernest Psichari was born in 1883, and was the grandson of Renan. His scholastic career was brilliant ; but the

Reconstruction

spell of the army revealed itself in his year of military training, and, on his return from the Congo, where he served under Colonel Lenfant, he was awarded the military medal. In 1909 he again left for Africa, where his military qualities were only to be measured by the ardour of his *reflection* on what he was experiencing. On his return he became a Catholic, and produced two books which created an extraordinary sensation, *L'Appel des Armes* and *Le Voyage du Centurion*. He fell gloriously at Rossignol in Belgium, on August 22nd, 1914; aged thirty.

We are glad to hear that there is some probability of translations of these two books being prepared for those who like translations. The work will be a difficult one. An Englishman's thought is sometimes hard to follow because of its vagueness; Psichari is as logical as any Latin; but his mind moves at a great pace, and leaps from point to point, leaving much of the very firmly constructed argument quite implicit. Anyhow, it would be out of place in this article to attempt any adequate *résumé* of these two quite extraordinary books. *L'Appel des Armes* appeared in 1912, and created a violent sensation, due by no means only to its author's pedigree, but to what M. Bourget called nothing less than its revelation of a surpassing literary talent and an extreme novelty of style. And that great psychologist himself diagnosed in Psichari "an incomparable subtlety of psychological analysis." *L'Appel* is not yet a Christian book exactly; but its protagonist, Nangès, an officer who adores and understands the army and can grasp its entire symbolical value and spiritual function, is, well in his own despite, forced to acknowledge that whatever he can find to approve in and say about it, applies equally, and on a higher plane, to the Church. The only elements of stability and development in France are, he perceives, the soldier and the priest. In action and in thought, territorially, socially, and spiritually, it is through them that the vital current runs. Of course the soldier is the type on which Psichari here concentrates. A hierarchy

Reconstruction

of command and obedience ; the principle of order through authority, and the reduction, thus, to coherence of thought, feeling and behaviour ; the verification of origin, course and goal, and the introduction into all life of a *meaning*, is what he considers himself, by this method, to have gained. The human interest is ever present, too ; Nangès converts to his way of thinking the son of a village schoolmaster, whose internationalist pacificism was issuing into that revolt which led nowhere but to anarchy. And that pity may not be lacking—as it can never be, for one who bravely contemplates the bitter-sweet spectacle of humanity's brave yet unsuccessful struggle within its unaided self—you have the spectacle of the officer's own enslavement to dictates of his lower, anarchic self, and his very gradual disillusionment and emancipation (you foresee) by succours not earthy and of the earth—and even human thought, in this sense, is “ earthy ” . . .

Le Voyage du Centurion, of which the circulation in France has been enormous, is frankly mystical from its title onwards. This alludes, of course, to the centurion of Matthew viii, who appeals, by allusion to his own hierarchical position in the Roman army, to the authoritative intervention of our Lord. Educated by a sceptical and cultured father, the young soldier, who this time is the only character of the book, has ended his youth of anarchic thought and sentiment in a profound disgust which rises to revolt ; he loathes his life, and the France which (he fancies) is responsible for its disarray. A military expedition northwards from Senegambia, through the Sahara, acts as a sort of retreat for him. Solitude and silence thrust him remorselessly back upon himself and upon ultimate considerations. Gusts of thought and passion drive him to and fro in the soul's field of possibilities ; but his zig-zag course maintains a general direction ; he is too much of a man to acquiesce in negation, destruction and defeat, and ends with the Our Father. Here, too, purification comes along with an *increase* of life, not its diminution. Solitude, silence, and pain are only conditions of a triumphant and positive

Reconstruction

result ; and the army, France, the Church, his soul, and Christ are interconnected forces which operate each in function with the others, and construe the planes of the universe.

Naturally these tendencies were immensely accelerated by the outbreak of war in 1914. Yet even so, a spiritual movement cannot be hurried. *Etapas et Combats* is a collection of incidents and reflections which in no sort of sense professes to enshrine a thesis, and may be regarded just as a most precious document of those first dreadful and splendid months. Still, I find it significant, though so many of its guiding notions are but twilight-stars. M. Christian Mallet, who, owing to the continually enforced inaction of the cavalry, transferred from the dragoons into an infantry regiment, is one of those whom the war is helping to find himself, but whose discovery is not yet complete. Here and there, exquisitely tinted sketches of priests and nuns are to be found in the pages of his *Etapas et Combats*, from which I take the paragraphs at the head of this chapter (transposing their order, and thereby allegorizing, I confess, that which stands first), yet these are fugitive like his delightful and flash-swift encounters with English soldiers who, at sight of him, change their "Tipperary" (and how that tune, now a memory, sweeps back the whole ache of hope and loss, incessant during those distant first months of the war) for the Marseillaise, or of the bagpipes skirling at Lord Roberts's funeral. *Le Destin* still replaces for him the Name of God : *il était écrit* is his refrain. But he is learning, assuredly, that no *Schicksal-motif* is to make intelligible any future harmony ; the blind eyes of Fate, like the masks on the brutal colossal Leipzig Denkmal, hold no promise and no answer. Great ideas glow through the opening paragraphs of his wonderful book, but they are blotted out by the horrible and immediate scenery of its later and more violent episodes, and for the moment he has lost the light. But he is coming straight *a riveder le stelle*. "Il s'avance à d'autres destinées." Even so, why have we, in England, despite

Reconstruction

Ian Hay and a very few others, no war-literature like that ?

The same line of thought is followed by M. Bourget in his *Sens de la Mort*, only there the solution of the problem does not issue into external and hierarchical consequences so much as spiritual and ethical, because his theme is interwoven with, and indeed is throughout in subordination to, the much deeper problem of pain, with its concomitant of waste, and its end in death. It is now long since M. Bourget himself became a Catholic ; but, after all, there are few among those who, in the household of the faith, are also endowed with the natural gifts of psychological insight and literary expression, and have dared fully to confront that terrible question—*Why*, if God is good, can this appalling fact of the war have been permitted ? M. Bourget incarnates, of course, his problem, and, in the concrete, offers its solution in the person of a soldier and through the medium of the most dreadful consequences of the war itself. Our reflection upon his method and results will be very brief, and may be permitted only after a *résumé*, as succinct as possible, of his romance.

The scene, throughout, is a Paris military hospital. A doctor, Marsal, tells the story. His rather hesitating character has been helped by his training. He has become a sort of experimental pragmatist, and seeks for laws by observing what will work, to what hypothesis life can best *adapt itself*. He is working under his old professor and friend, Ortègue, a man of unmitigated objectivism, who sees in Marsal the unsatisfactory product of a father who had been "a metaphysician dashed with vitalism" and a Catholic mother. "Primo purgari," he rather brutally will quote. Cleanse yourself of that hereditary taint ; then your brain will be free for facts. But Ortègue has his charm ; he is austere in his vocation ; an art-connoisseur, too ; and passionately in love with his wife, much younger than himself. She, too, emancipated in thought and no less in love with him, serves under him in the hospital, wholly sympathetic both in thought and

Reconstruction

feeling. Ernest Le Gallic, her kinsman, passes there, back from his infantry regiment at the front, Breton, Catholic, altogether masculine, honourable, not too intellectual, and but half aware how much he loves his cousin. He arrives, his simple soul bursting with enthusiasms, military and religious. In that unsympathetic atmosphere he cannot but sing the praise of army and of God. Almost naïf, altogether French, but wholly (we are assured) true to fact—"vous ne sauriez croire (I was told) combien ils reviennent exaltés des tranchées"—is his panegyric. Naïf or not, he was no hothouse product; he had been fighting, and was returning to more fights. . . . He exasperates Ortègue, and bewilders Catherine. Infuriating had been his view of death and suffering. These were enough, to the surgeon, to disprove the hypothesis—anyhow unprovable—of a God. By the soldier, they were interpreted as payment—for one's own sins; then, for those of others. As such, they could be welcomed and used. Else, what meaning had they? "*None*," answers the surgeon. Such was the strengthening which science could give to the man on his way back to the trenches. But in Ortègue's own person was to be set anew the problem flung down before Europe by this war, with its surviving armies of the blind, the paralytic, and the insane. He had already perceived himself to be doomed to death by cancer. Furious with the "fluke of life" which had originated his disease; contemptuous of aid idly sought by operation; impatient of offered sympathy; personally, passionately enraged by the "drugs" offered by religion, he resolves on suicide the moment the pain shall cripple him or become intolerable. Meanwhile, he keeps it at bay with morphia. . . . Hereupon, the first convoy reaches the hospital—"a complete set of specimens" of the divine goodness, Ortègue sneers. He works frantically; the morphia fails to bite. In agony, he collapses during an operation. His wife, on her knees beside him, swears she will not survive him, but be loyal, as in love, so too in death. Selfishness? Cowardice? They see no hint of that. There is no God, and for them,

Reconstruction

in their misery, the world has ceased to matter. Marsal has nothing with which to resist their compact. Their flood of passion would sweep away stock-arguments; to the torrent of their personality, personality alone could be opposed, and his was insufficient. Yet instinct told him that here was a disaster and a crime.

Le Gallic supplied the personality. He returns to the hospital, wounded in the head; mortally, he feels, though Ortègue foresees recovery. Amazing pages display Ortègue, dying in despair and agony, forced to treat the man whose serene, outspoken utilization of the Cross infuriates him. For nurse, the soldier must endure the woman whom he loves and, doubly, is denied. Death, and dense and denser suffering, bear down upon the consciousness of this woman and these three men. Soon enough, it is clear who can cope with these horrors; which set of ideas enables the human organism to adapt itself to facts. See then in Le Gallic the centurion after Christ's own heart. "La parole du militaire, le prêtre la répète tous les jours à l'autel, avant la communion. C'est l'Armée qui a le dernier mot au Saint Sacrifice." Le Gallic, calmly using his interpretation of pain, refuses morphia. The doctor, by doubled and redoubled doses, ensures the final wreckage of his self-control. Hideous altercations occur. His wife watches these two human documents. From a deepening bewilderment, emerges a truer understanding of Le Gallic and of herself. In a moment of horrible illumination she sees that her love for her husband has weakened into pity, and when the hour of his suicide is guessed by her to be imminent, she finds she has not strength for the accomplishment of her own. To Ortègue, Marsal reveals her anguished impotence. Now, indeed, most desolate, he rises to his loftiest, forgives her, sends for her, wills that she should live. But all else in him has crumbled; he can bear no more, and kills himself. Almost she is driven, again, to resolve on suicide; her hand grips the poison bottle even as Le Gallic, who is dying, grasps the Crucifix. The Crucifix just conquers. She lives on, stunned, but serving. The

Reconstruction

soldier dies. Was the problem solved? Had any of these three found a meaning for life and pain and death? Marsal, hesitating ever, pauses at the verifiable facts. Ortègue had had to confront death. For him, it had involved revolt, defeat, disintegration, despair. To the soldier, too, death came. For him, it was manageable, constructive, expansive, and therefore, since with action comes reality, with reality, life, and with life, joy, death itself was joyful. He had found its *meaning*. But since the French word *sens* stands not alone for "meaning," but for "direction," *whither* had that sacrifice, that action, gone? *To whom . . . ?*

The relentless logic of the thesis is scarcely more disguised in the book than in this *résumé*. Yet, its inevitability has about it only the cruelty, if such it be, of nature. Of course, a reader is at liberty to retort that here is only an individual case: another Catholic *might* have failed in his temptation. An atheist *might* have borne his burden through. M. Bourget, who is a great believer in types, could reply that the two men are typical. And, further, that the soldier was so ordinary and average in his type, that he might have been forgiven even had he but imperfectly illustrated it; while Ortègue was so supremely perfect in *his* type, that success in his enterprise might have been predicted had he *in any way* possessed the requisite qualities, the *kind* of vital force, necessary for that success. Marsal, at any rate, is bound to own that pragmatically the officer's theory has worked, against the probabilities, and that the surgeon's has failed, with everything to help it. He is bound, therefore, to attach the greater value to the Christian hypothesis, even if he cannot, in his philosophy, accord it a universal and absolute value, and transvaluate it into a certain law.

I think had he mixed much with the men whose letters, tattered and often bloodstained, have been edited by M. L. de Grandmaison in a volume entitled *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats*—and that is only one of many such books—he would have found an enormously preponderating weight of evidence.

Reconstruction

Our English chaplains have not yet had time, perhaps, to publish any similar "impressions." We pray that such publications may not tarry. *Prêtres Soldats* is not a book that one can summarize : its stories and its reflections are more for meditation almost than for consecutive reading. And while we are lost in admiration of the supernatural spirit which animates these priests to deeds of heroism, we will confess that what they brought, they found ; that what they asked, was given them ; and that again and again among the simplest soldiers, revelations of supreme Christian virtue were offered ; and this on the widest scale and in the most intense degree. And these supreme flights of the soul were accompanied, almost always, by a gaiety, a zest, a gallant cheer, indeed, a crisp sense of the most boylike humour, which is lacking, we frankly own, in the brooding novelists. Full credence can be given to these "impressions." Those whose privilege it is to know many among their authors, and their admirable editor, are aware that exaggeration, sentiment, or manipulation of truth for the sake of edification, would never have claimed admittance, or have been tolerated, in those pages. The propaganda by Germany among Catholics has long been energetic and its results are devastating. Books like M. de Grandmaison's, and other literature, such as Mgr. Baudrillart is collecting and disseminating, ought to be scattered in tens of thousands among the nations, so that the lie which tells how France is atheist, and how heretical England has, for that, the more gladly made herself her ally, may be the swifter stifled.

We clearly see that we have scarcely touched upon the problem which first of all had tempted us—what exactly it is, in France, that has been responsible for the strong set towards Catholicism, antedating the war not a little, and issuing into a stream of conversions so unintelligible to the Englishman, when he happens to hear of them. He may be inclined to set them down, as they would often be in his case, especially when happening in war-time, to sentiment and scare. All talk of sentiment must be ruled out. Passion there is, in plenty ; but sentiment must not

Reconstruction

be confused with passion, though the Englishman is always doing it, being himself sentimental, and further confused by romanticism. Sentiment, then, belongs much more to ourselves and to Germans, than to any Latin race. As though to compensate, it will be said that these soldier-philosophers make religion into a theory, by which to construe life and the world. Deny their premises—for instance, that obedience to authority is good—and the theory falls, and religion is ruined at the base. They might answer that life maintains the premises ; but would most of all deny that religion *is* the theory, alleging, however, that if it is true it must be capable of schematization, and of functioning around an intellectual skeleton or framework. Few ordinary Englishmen would dream of submitting their traditional pieties to the test of intellect or of examining the relation their worship bears to formulas of belief, with which their reason should not be out of harmony. A theory, rigidly interknit, and corresponding to all of life accurately, would be an alarming thing for most Englishmen even to consider. But a Frenchman needs it and exacts it.

Reckless imagination, artistic fancy, a transcendentalism not to be tested, would again be laid to the charge of a Maxence, Psichari's centurion. A mystic he certainly is ; but Catholic mysticism has nothing to do with art, the fanciful, or the mysterious merely. It *has* to do, certainly, with the supernatural ; and of the supernatural in the Catholic sense Englishmen have, it is true, lost even the memory of the meaning. No harder task can possibly be proposed to a Catholic priest than to convey to a non-Catholic exactly what he means by grace and the supernatural order. A "throw-back" to an earlier stage of mental development is, again, diagnosed in these French conversions by puzzled and irritated onlookers. That explanation has in it this of value, that France, for all her delinquencies, has Catholicism in the blood of her soul, and at least knows what the Church is talking about and seeking for and ordering. France may violently apostatize ; England has drifted away ; and even in their indifference,

Reconstruction

the two countries are wide apart. The Frenchman may have hated the Cross, personally, almost as a living thing. To the Englishman it is too often just an ornament, with vague associations.*

And again and again we find the keen French convert rebuked for making, after all, such a fuss about it. "If he wants to lead a better life, why can't he do it, and hold his tongue." And it is assumed that "religion" means "leading a good life."

The end of the matter would seem to be that the whole notions of religion and of God differ substantially, massively, in the Catholic and non-Catholic mentalities, at least in the French Catholic's and the English non-Catholic's. It is in the direction of some such ultimate discrimination we should look, if we want to find what originates, develops, and ultimately constitutes that religious life now re-flowing so marvellously in France. For it is nothing less than a vital process meant to involve in its action every part of the individual soul, and to put it into a special vital relation with every part of the universe, visible and invisible.

The national philosophy, then, of this movement needs a very careful examination; and as careful should be the attention to the certainly unparalleled opportunity of the Catholic Church, not only in France but in our own country after the war. Not only the manifest failure of all other forms of religion to achieve anything at all of that which may be asked of a religion is a negative support and encouragement, but an enormously wide domain of the most varied departments lies open to her activities, and should bear miraculous harvests, if but her official representatives display themselves sufficiently well-informed, detached, humble and unhesitating.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

* A High Church chaplain at the Front was rebuked by his superior for showing a crucifix to a dying soldier. "We don't want these depressing topics introduced into the wards. Give him some tobacco and cheer him up."

THE PENITENTIAL PSALMS

THE majority of the Psalms are hymns of praise. But from very early times the Christian Church has set aside seven of them as peculiarly fitted to speak the sentiments of the repentant sinner. The Psalms thus set aside, and now known as the *Penitential Psalms*, are Pss. vi, xxxi, xxxvii, l, ci, cxxix, cxlii. The earliest writer known to us who expressly terms these Psalms "Penitential" is Cassiodorus, *d. circa* A.D. 580. "Remember that this Psalm (the sixth) is the first of the Penitentials"; he then enumerates the others and adds: "Nor imagine that these are said to be seven in number for some idle fancy's sake; for our fathers have told us that sins are forgiven in seven different ways, viz., by baptism, by martyrdom, by almsgiving, by forgiving our brethren, by converting a sinner from the error of his way, by abundant charity, and by penance; to which we might add an eighth way: by the Communion of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ if It be worthily received."*

But at a much earlier period we find St. Cyril of Jerusalem, *d. A.D.* 386, when treating of *Repentance*,† quoting four of the *Penitential Psalms*, though he does not call them by this name. Possidius, in his *Life of St. Augustine*, has left us a most beautiful picture of the Saint's last days: "He was wont to say, in his familiar conversations with us, that after baptism even praiseworthy Christians and priests should not depart this life without due and fitting penitence. And he himself gave us an example of this in his last sickness whereof he died. For he had had those very few of David's Psalms which treat of penitence copied out and the sheets set against the wall. And as he lay in bed during the time of his sickness he was ever gazing at them and reading them; whilst so doing he shed copious tears. Lest, too, his

* *Expositio in Ps. vi, Patrol. Latina, lxx, 60.*

† *Catechesis ii, Patrol. Graeca, xxxiii, 382-408.*

The Penitential Psalms

attention should be distracted by anybody, he asked us some ten days before he died to let no one enter his room save at the hours when the physicians came to visit him or when food was brought him. This was arranged, and during the whole of that time he gave himself up to prayer.”* Possidius does not tell us which were these “very few Psalms of David which treat of penitence,” but since Cassiodorus, in the next century, speaks of “the Penitential Psalms” as quite an acknowledged term, we may well suppose that St. Augustine referred to those seven which we know as the *Penitential Psalms*.

“What could be sweeter?” asks Cassiodorus, “What more healthful for our soul, than to praise God and yet ever declare oneself a sinner?”† This is precisely the feature of the Penitential Psalms upon which the Church has seized. As Cassiodorus would express it: “Although we ought to apply ourselves to the study of all the Psalms, yet I think that the Penitential Psalms most call for study since they afford a fitting medicine for the human race. For in them we find the life-giving laver of our souls, dead to sin we learn from them to rise again, from them we learn to mourn and so to come to eternal joys. These Psalms form as it were a judgment seat before which the accused stands in his Judge’s sight; there he washes away his sins in his tears, and by confessing them annuls them; there he offers the most efficacious defence, that, namely, of self-condemnation. At this tribunal there is no accuser from outside, the accused is his own accuser. He deserves pardon, for he makes no excuse for his fault; indeed, he could make none in the presence of such a Judge; for before Him it would avail no one to deny his guilt. Before this tribunal there is no place for conjecture; here there is no asking the reason of our acts; here every species of qualification vanishes, for all things lie bare in their naked truth. The sole thing called for, then, is what is termed acknowledgment, when, that is, the accused defends not what he has done, but craves for

* *Vita B. Augustini, P.L.*, xxxii, 63-4.

† *Expositio in Ps. xli, P.L.*, lxx, 303.

The Penitential Psalms

pardon for it. O inestimable kindness of our Creator ! The guilty one compelled Him to declare sentence in his favour by the very vehemence of his self-accusation ! ”* This feature of the Penitential Psalms, their combination, that is, of overwhelming sorrow with tranquil confidence in the Divine mercy, appears in the striking fashion in which they all begin with grief but end with joy. Cassiodorus frequently alludes to this, so also does St. Thomas.†

One more quotation from Cassiodorus and we have done. He is commenting on the *Miserere*, the fiftieth Psalm : “ While we are taught that in this Book of Psalms there are seven Penitential Psalms, it is the received custom of the Churches that whensoever we crave pardon for our sins we make use of this Psalm in our supplications to the Lord, and fittingly. First of all because in no other Psalm is such depth of humility displayed, a virtue which is most called for in penitents. For here we have a mighty king, one crowned, too, with the Prophetical office, who hastens, as though the least of all men, to bewail his sins. Secondly because, despite the promised absolution from his sin, he felt himself compelled to shed such floods of tears, as though his sin had never been forgiven.”‡

We have translated from the Hebrew text with the assistance of St. Jerome’s rendering of the same. St. Jerome twice corrected the Latin Psalter by the Greek text ; the first of these corrections is known as the Roman Psalter ; it is in use in the Vatican and in St. Mark’s at Venice. The second is the Gallican Psalter, so-called from the fact that it was first introduced into general use in Gaul. St. Jerome also translated the Psalter from the Hebrew, but this translation never came into use in the Church.

* *Expositio in Ps. vi*, P.L., lxx, 65-6.

† *Expositio in Pss. l, ci, cxlii*, P.L., lxx, 371, 706, 1014 ; St. Thomas, *Expos. in Ps. vi*, *Opera*, Venice, vol. xiii, p. 6.

‡ *Expositio in Ps. l*, P.L., lxx, 371.

The Penitential Psalms

PSALM VI

There is no reason for supposing that the Psalmist is here complaining of bodily sickness save as the effect of some Divine visitation. Some great grief has befallen him, his soul is in anguish and his bodily frame suffers proportionally. The three main thoughts of the Psalm are clearly brought out : God alone can so afflict him ; God alone can relieve him ; God actually has heard his prayer. In the concluding stanza we see that his troubles are not wholly from within ; his enemies have apparently taken occasion from his illness to mock him, much as did Job's friends. It is the old problem of the Book of Job : Does adversity prove that a man is a sinner ?

PSALM VI

Domine, ne in furore Tuo arguas me . . .

*(For the Chief Cantor, on Neginoth, set to the Sheminith,
a Psalm of David)*

I

A plea for mercy ; God is severe with him.

1. O Lord in Thy wrath reprove me not,
And in Thy hot anger chasten me not !
2. Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am weak,
Heal me, O Lord, for my bones tremble.
3. And my soul trembleth exceedingly,
But Thou, O Lord, how long ?

II

He urges God to show mercy ; he sets forth his sufferings.

4. Return, O Lord, deliver my soul,
Save me for Thy mercy's sake.
5. For in death there is no remembrance of Thee,
In the grave who shall praise Thee ?
6. I have toiled in my groaning,
All the night long I drench my bed,
My couch I soak with my tears.

The Penitential Psalms

7. Mine eye hath wasted away through grief,
It hath grown old by reason of all them that afflict
me.

III

God bears his prayer ; therefore he triumphs.

8. Depart from me all ye workers of iniquity,
For the Lord hath heard the voice of my weeping.
9. The Lord hath heard my supplication,
The Lord hath received my prayer.
10. All mine enemies shall be ashamed and be put to
dire confusion ;
May they be turned back and withered up on a
sudden !

NOTES

The *Title* : It would take us beyond our limits were we to discuss here the question of these titles prefixed to many of the Psalms. Suffice it to say that they are exceedingly old, older than the Greek version which may date from the third century B.C. Indeed, they are so much older than this version that the translators did not understand the terms used in them and often present a different text, e.g., Pss. lx and lxvii (Hebrew numbering). In the present title we can distinguish four constituent parts : the recipient or singer ; the instrument on which it was accompanied ; the air to which it was to be set ; the author. At the same time, it is only fair to say that all of these four points have been and are the subject of controversy.

Ver. 5 : The Hebrews did not write with the full light of the New Testament upon them. Hence the undoubtedly gloomy view which they took of death and the grave ; cp. Pss. xxix. 10, lxxxvii. 4-7, 11-13. Only when alive could man sing God's praises ; cf. Pss. cxliv. 7, cxlii. 25 (in Heb. cxv. 17), and the Canticle of Ezechias, Isaias xxxviii. 18-19. *In the grave . . .* The more correct rendering would be "Sheol," the Hebrew term for "Hades" ; we have a graphic description of it in Isaias xiv. 9-20. This was the "underworld" or, as we should

The Penitential Psalms

describe it, the "Limbo of the Patriarchs." From it there was no deliverance ; but that such deliverance should one day be wrought was prophesied by Micheas ii. 13 ; cp. St. Peter's speech, Acts ii, and especially ver. 24. That deliverance Christ wrought, and He was its "first-fruits"; I Cor. xv. 23, see the entire chapter.

PSALM XXXI

This Psalm may serve as a commentary on St. Paul's words touching the Divine election : "It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy," Rom. ix. 16, and so indeed the Apostle quotes it, Rom. iv. 6-8. Hence St. Augustine opens his Sermon on this Psalm* by saying : "Presume not that you will win the Kingdom by your own righteousness ; presume not that you may sin because God is merciful. But you will urge : What, then, am I to do ? This Psalm teaches us ; when we have read it through and explained it, I think that with the assistance of God's mercy we shall see the way on which we are either now walking or which we ought to hold to. Let each one listen according to his individual capacity and, according as his conscience shall show him, let him either stand corrected and so grieve, or stand approved and so rejoice. If he finds he has erred from the path, let him return and walk in it ; if he finds he stands in the path, let him so walk in it that he may attain the journey's end. Let none be haughty if he is off the path ; let none be sluggish if he is on it."

PSALM XXXI

Beati quorum remissae sunt iniquitates
(Of David, Maschil or "Understanding")

I

The Burden of Sin.

1. Blessed he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered !

* *Enarr. in Ps. xxxi*, 1 ; *P.L.*, xxxvi, 258.

The Penitential Psalms

2. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity,
And in whose spirit there is no guile !
3. When I was silent my bones waxed old,
Whilst I cried out all the day long.
4. For day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me,
My moisture was turned into summer's drought.

II

He confesses his sins.

5. I have acknowledged my sin to Thee,
Mine iniquity I have not concealed.
6. I said : I will confess my transgression to the Lord ;
And Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of my sin.
Selah.

III

The joy of forgiveness.

7. For this shall all that are holy pray to Thee,
In the time of finding.
8. Surely in the flood of many waters,
They shall not touch him !
9. Thou art my hiding-place,
From tribulation Thou wilt preserve me,
Songs of deliverance—Thou wilt encompass me !
Selah.

IV

The Divine answer.

10. I will give thee understanding,
I will enlighten thee in the way in which thou shouldst walk,
I will counsel thee with Mine eye !
11. Be not like the horse and the mule,
That have no understanding.
12. With bridle and bit bind fast their jaws,
Else they will not come nigh to thee.
13. Many are the sorrows of the wicked,
But mercy shall encompass him that hopeth in the Lord.

The Penitential Psalms

V

Conclusion.

14. Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice ye just,
And glory all ye upright of heart !

NOTES

Vers. 1-2 : Note the three terms used to describe man's offences—"transgression," "sin," "iniquity"; cp. Ps. l. below and the notes. Similarly note the three terms expressive of the sinner's reconciliation with God: the actual transgression of the commandment is "forgiven" or condoned; the sin, or falling short, is "covered," viz., it no longer appears in God's sight and calls for punishment; lastly it is no longer "imputed" to him as a debt demanding payment. And the foundation of all this—that in the repentant sinner's heart "there is no guile."

Ver. 5 : Three terms have been used to express the state of sin, three to express God's remission of it; so, too, three terms are used to express those acts of a repentant man which win for him this remission, viz., "acknowledgment," "non-concealment," and "confession." Sacramental confession to a priest was apparently no part of the Mosaic Law, yet that it had its roots in that same Law is clear from Num. v. 6-8, cf. xxi. 7; for the New Testament see John xx. 22-3.

Ver. 6 : "Holy"; this term for the "Saints" is of interest; after the Restoration it became the title of a sect, the Assideans, cf. 1 Macc. ii. 42, vii. 12-13. *Chesed*, or "mercy," is the essential Covenant attribute of God, hence the *Chasidim* (in the Greek translation *Assideans*) seem to have arrogated to themselves the title of "the godly"; from them sprang the Pharisees of the New Testament times, who claimed to be especially "godly," but who can hardly claim to have been especially "merciful." *In the time of finding* . . . perhaps when sin "finds them out," cf. Num. xxxii. 23, Pss. xvi. 3, lxviii. 13 and xc. 7-8.

Ver. 9 : *Songs of deliverance* . . . It is not clear whether this is an exclamation: "Oh, joy!" or whether it is an

The Penitential Psalms

elliptical expression : “ *with* songs of deliverance Thou wilt encompass me ! ”

Ver. 10 : *Counsel thee with Mine eye . . .* Literally : “ I will counsel, upon thee Mine eye.”

Ver. 12 : *Bind fast . . .* Literally : “ With bit and bridle their jaws are for binding.”

Ver. 12 : *Lest they come nigh . . .* The context would seem to demand “ *Else* they will not . . . ” i.e., these animals have no understanding ; unless, then, you use bit and bridle they will not obey you. But it is not easy to find an instance of such a use of the Hebrew conjunction here employed ; in Ps. x. 18 (Hebrew) we have a parallel instance, “ that man may no more presume.” This rendering would make the Psalmist refer rather to the natural savagery of animals than to their want of docility.

PSALM XXXVII

This Psalm calls for little in the way of Introduction. The stanzas into which it naturally falls, each marked by an appeal to God, set forth its main features clearly enough. Bodily sickness and mental sickness combined to humble the writer, and therefore he calls upon the Lord. The title “ for remembrance ” is generally explained in the sense of a record of sufferings or as a reminder to God. But that it is a liturgical title is clear from Lev. ii. 2, xxiv. 7, 38, and especially from 1 Paral. xvi. 4, where it is associated with the idea of offering incense. The whole tone of the Psalm recalls the prophetic description of the Man of Sorrows in Isaiah liii.

PSALM XXXVII

Domine ne in furore Tuo arguas me . . . !

(A Psalm of David : for Remembrance)

I

He describes his sufferings of body and soul.

1. O Lord, in Thine indignation reprove me not,
And in Thy hot anger chasten me not !

The Penitential Psalms

2. For Thine arrows are fastened in me,
And Thy hand is fastened upon me.
3. There is no soundness in my flesh because of Thine
anger,
There is no peace in my bones because of my sin.
4. For mine iniquities are gone over my head,
As a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.
5. My sores stink and fester
Because of my foolishness.
6. I am afflicted, I am bowed down exceedingly,
All the day I go mourning.
7. For my loins are filled with burning pains,
And there is no soundness in my flesh.
8. I am benumbed and humbled exceedingly,
I have cried out for the moaning of my heart.

II

His friends desert him ; his enemies threaten him.

9. Lord, all my desire is before Thee,
And my groaning is not hid from Thee.
10. My heart throbbeeth, my strength faileth me,
And even the light of mine eyes is not with me.
11. They that loved me, that were my neighbours, stand
off from my plague-spot,
And my kinsmen stood off from afar.
12. And they that seek my soul deal violently,
And they that seek my hurt speak deceits,
And all the day they meditate treachery.
13. But I, like a deaf man, did not hear,
And became like a dumb man that openeth not his
mouth.
14. And I became like a man that heareth not,
That hath in his mouth no answering reproof.

III

He pleads for deliverance.

15. For in Thee, O Lord, do I hope,
Thou wilt answer, O Lord my God !

The Penitential Psalms

16. For I have spoken lest they should rejoice over me ;
When my foot slippeth, they triumph over me.
17. For I am ready for calamity,
And my sorrow is ever before me.
18. For mine iniquity I will tell out,
I will repent of my sin.
19. But mine enemies are living, they are strong ;
They are multiplied that hate me wrongfully.
20. They that render evil for good are mine adversaries,
Despite my pursuing what is good.

IV

Concluding prayer.

21. Forsake me not, O Lord,
Remove not far from me, O my God !
22. Make haste to my help, O Lord my salvation !

NOTES

Ver. 3 : Compare Isaias i. 5-6, where all Israel is described as similarly afflicted.

Ver. 8 : Literally, "roared."

Ver. 11 : The word here used for "sore" is also used of the sore of leprosy, see Lev. xiii. 3. They stand afar off from him as though he were leprous ; cp. St. Luke xvii. 12, where conformably with the rule, the lepers "stood afar off."

Ver. 17 : Cp. Ps. l. 3.

Ver. 20 : He means that he has done good *to them* and that they are basely ungrateful. Cp. Ps. xxxiv. 12.

PSALM L

The title prefixed : *A Psalm of David, when Nathan the Prophet came to him after he had sinned with Bethsabee*, sufficiently indicates the character of this Psalm. It is a hymn of repentant sorrow for two of the gravest sins a man could commit : adultery and the deliberate murder of the outraged husband. "With sorrow we read it (viz., the title)," says St. Augustine*, "and we tremble as we

* *Enarr. in Ps. l, P.L., xxxvi, 586.*

The Penitential Psalms

read. But God wills not that we should be silent about what He willed should be written. I will speak then, not because I wish to but because I am compelled to ; I will speak, not exhorting you to imitation but to instruct you unto fear . . . For many would like to fall with David but would not like to rise with David. Yet for this reason is it set before us, for this reason is it written, for this reason is it so often recited and sung in the Church. Let them listen who have not fallen, lest they should fall ; let them listen who have fallen, that they may rise. So great a man's sin is not shrouded in silence ; it is declared in the Church."

PSALM L

Miserere mei Deus . . .

(For the Chief Cantor ; a Psalm of David ; when Nathan the Prophet came to him, after he had sinned with Bethsabee)

I

He confesses his sin and prays for cleansing pardon.

1. Be gracious to me, O God, according to Thy mercy ;
According to the multitude of Thy compassions
blot out my transgressions.
2. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity,
And cleanse me from my sin.
3. For my transgressions I know,
And my sin is ever before me.
4. To Thee, to Thee alone have I sinned,
And this evil in Thy sight have I done ;
That Thou mightest be justified when Thou speakest,
That Thou mightest be shown righteous when
Thou judgest.

II

He sets forth the inborn corruption of his nature, but is confident that God can cleanse him.

5. Behold in iniquity was I born,
And in sin did my mother conceive me.

The Penitential Psalms

6. Behold Thou desirest truth within,
And in the hidden chamber of wisdom Thou wilt
teach me.
7. Thou shalt purge me with hyssop,
And I shall become clean.
Thou shalt wash me,
And I shall become whiter than snow.
8. Thou shalt make me to hear joy and gladness,
The bones Thou hast humbled shall rejoice.

III

Once more he prays for a true inward cleansing.

9. Turn away Thy face from my sins,
And blot out all mine iniquities.
10. Create a clean heart in me, O God,
And make new a steadfast spirit within me.
11. Cast me not away from Thy face,
And take not Thy Holy Spirit from me.
12. Restore unto me the joy of Thy deliverance,
And a generous spirit shall sustain me.

IV

Then his shall be a grateful service, and he will offer the true sacrifice, that of the heart.

13. I will teach transgressors Thy ways,
And sinners shall turn to Thee.
14. Deliver me from the stain of blood, O God, the God
of my salvation,
My tongue shall extol Thy righteousness.
15. O Lord open Thou my lips,
That my mouth may declare Thy praise.
16. For Thou desirest not sacrifice ; else would I have
given it ;
In holocausts Thou wilt not take pleasure.
17. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit,
A broken and a humbled heart, O God, Thou wilt
not despise.

The Penitential Psalms

A liturgical closure.

18. Deal favourably in Thy good pleasure with Sion,
Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem !
19. Then wilt Thou take pleasure in sacrifices of justice,
holocaust and burnt-offerings ;
Then shall they offer bullocks on Thine altar.

NOTES

Ver. 1: *Be gracious to*; so, too, the Hebrew word should be rendered in 2 Kings xii. 22, where our version, following the Vulgate, has "may not give him to me," but the Greek version more correctly "may have mercy upon me."

Mercy, the word used here is the Covenant word, i.e., the foundation of all God's dealings with His chosen ; cf. especially Exodus xx. 6.

Ver. 2 : Note the three distinct words, "transgression," "iniquity," and "sin" ; a sinful act involves a "transgression" of God's commandment ; "iniquity" denotes the resulting state of perversion from God, while "sin" denotes the failure, the missing of the mark, cf. Rom. iii. 23. Moreover the Psalmist makes use of three distinct verbs to express the Divine action in removing sin : "blot out" the transgression, i.e., regard it as non-existent, cf. Isaias xxxviii. 17, where Ezechias, in his *Canticle*, says : "*All my sins Thou hast cast behind Thy back*"; the word rendered "wash" is peculiarly forceful, it means to wash by treading out with the feet, hence the term for a fuller ; see the reference to "the fuller's field," in 4 Kings xviii. 17. The word translated by "cleanse" means to "make to shine," hence "to purify," it is the term used for the ritual purifications in the Levitical rite.

Ver. 4 : *To Thee alone* . . . David cannot mean that he had not wronged Urias the Hittite, but that in appealing for mercy he is appealing to the Supreme Judge from whose sentence there is no appeal. A human judge would sin against justice were he to condone an offence whereby other men's rights or those of the community

The Penitential Psalms

were impugned ; but God has no superior, He is the One Supreme Good of the universe. Consequently, since every sin is fundamentally an infringement of Divine justice and thus a sin against God, He alone can condone it without doing injustice ; cf. Rom. xi. 32-6, and note David's acknowledgment to Nathan, 2 Kings xii. 13, "I have sinned against the Lord !"

Speakest . . . The parallel "judgest" shows that "to speak" here means to pass judicial sentence.

Ver. 5 : The fact of original sin could hardly be more plainly stated even though the Psalmist himself may have had but a dim sense—if any at all—of the meaning which the Holy Spirit intended to convey through his halting words. All the Psalmist is immediately concerned with is the incontestable fact of man's innate proneness to evil.

Ver. 6 : The inward purity which God demands.

Ver. 7 : The outward purification which is symbolical—and in the case of the Christian Sacraments effective—of the change within. The progress in thought is instructive : inward truth with consequent divinely-bestowed wisdom ; external purification with corresponding internal cleansing from sin ; gladness of heart overflowing even to the body.

Ver. 7 : *Purge me . . .* This must not be rendered "sprinkle," as is so often done. It is true that in the Levitical ritual a bunch of hyssop, cp. 3 Kings iv. 33, was used for sprinkling the blood of the sacrifices—Exod. xii. 22, Lev. xiv. 6, etc. ; but the verb used here is the same as the word meaning "to sin," only in the form which means "to expiate a sin" or "cleanse from sin."

Whiter than snow . . . cf. Isaías i. 18.

Ver. 9 : *Turn away Thy face . . .* Literally, "hide Thy face . . ." See the note on Ps. xxxi. 1.

Ver. 10 : *Create a clean heart . . .* The same word is used here as in Gen. i. 1, of the creation of the earth out of nothing, cp. Jer. xxxi. 22. Hence a new and wonderful thing is meant ; see Numb. xvi. 30. This promise of a "new heart," as bestowed by God, is frequently repeated, e.g., Jer. xxiv. 7, xxxii. 40, etc. It shows us the radical

The Penitential Psalms

character of the Divine cleansing of a repentant sinner.

Make new . . . not "renew," but as a parallel to "create."

Steadfast . . . not "right." The same word appears in Ps. xxxviii. 17, "I am *ready* for calamity," i.e., "firmly established and thus prepared to resist."

Ver. 11: *Cast me not away* . . . The Divine promise had been that David's house should be faithful (2 Kings vii. 14-16), yet here the founder of that house had fallen away. David must have feared lest he had by his infidelity imperilled the fulfilment of those promises.

Thy Holy Spirit . . . This is one of those Old Testament passages which anticipate the clearer light of the New Testament. God's Spirit is here spoken of as at least an indwelling principle; cp. Ps. cxlii. 10, *below*.

Ver. 12: *The joy of Thy deliverance* . . . Not precisely the same word as in ver. 14. Repentance means a corresponding sense of Divine forgiveness and consequent joy; cp. 2 Kings xii. 16-23.

Generous spirit . . . A "willing" spirit; the same word is used of the spontaneity with which the Israelites offered gifts for the furnishing of the tabernacle, Exodus xxxv. 2, 21.

Ver. 13: *I will teach* . . . From a repentant and pardoned sinner he becomes an apostle.

Ver. 14: *The stain of blood* . . . All sin may be spoken of as a shedding of blood, cf. Ezech. iii. 18, but this is peculiarly so in the case of David's sin; he had actually shed the blood of Urias.

Extol . . . not "exalt"; *exultabit*, not *exaltabit* as some think. Hence "extol" in the sense of "singing aloud," cp. *gloriamini omnes recti corde*, Ps. xxxi. 13, where the same Hebrew verb is employed.

Ver. 16: *Thou desirest not sacrifice* . . . Not that God does not desire the sacrifices which He Himself had commanded, but that those same sacrifices were only desirable in so far as they were indicative of a state of mind, viz., faith and a corresponding change of heart, cf. Pss. xl. 7-8, xlix. 7-14, 21-3, Amos v. 21-7.

Vers. 18-19: It is generally conceded that these verses

The Penitential Psalms

form an appendage. They do, indeed, sum up correctly the doctrine of the latter part of the Psalm, but the sudden transition to the material walls of Sion comes as somewhat of a bathos after the exalted spiritual tone of the foregoing verses. Hence the view that they constitute a liturgical appendix. At the same time it is possible to conceive of David making this transition, for the royal city of Jerusalem was the outward symbol of the promises made to him and his stock in 2 Kings. vii. These promises he had forfeited by his sin ; they were confirmed to him on his repentance. The Biblical Commission does not forbid the view that such appendages were made, thus an affirmative reply is given to the questions : " Can we admit the view held by some, namely, that certain Psalms—whether by David or by other authors—have, for liturgical or musical reasons, or through the carelessness of copyists, or for other unexplained reasons, been divided—or even welded together ? Further, can we hold that some Psalms, e.g., the *Miserere*, have, for the sake of better adaptability to historical circumstances or Jewish Festivals, been slightly remoulded or modified, either by the removal or the addition of one or two verses, without the inspiration of the whole Sacred Text being thereby affected ? "

Reply : Affirmatively to both questions.

PSALM CI

The title of this Psalm is unique : *A Prayer* ; for the Psalms as a rule are not so much prayers as hymns of praise. Two main thoughts find expression : the transitory stage of men and the unchanging eternity of God. It is clearly a prayer for the Restoration of Israel from the Captivity, vers. 13-14, and in this sense it is the prayer of an individual not simply for himself but for his afflicted nation. In vers. 16, 17, 19, it is not clear whether the perfect tenses refer to the past, namely, to God's historical appearances in His temple, cp. 3 Kings viii., or whether they are what are called prophetic perfects expressive of the certainty of the Divine intervention, though this is as yet still future.

The Penitential Psalms

PSALM CI

Domine exaudi orationem meam . . .

*(A Prayer of an afflicted man when languishing and pouring
out his lament before the Lord)*

I

He prays for a speedy hearing ; his distress is extreme.

1. Lord, hear my prayer,
And let my supplication come before Thee.
2. Hide not Thy face from me.
In the day when affliction comes to me,
Incline to me Thine ear ;
In the day when I shall call,
Make haste to answer me.
3. For my days are consumed like smoke,
And my bones are burnt like a brand from the fire.
4. My heart is smitten and withered up like grass,
For I have forgotten to eat my bread.
5. Because of the sound of my groaning my bone
cleaves to my flesh.
6. I am become like a pelican of the wilderness,
I am like the owl of the ruins.
7. I am wakeful,
So that I am become like a bird solitary on the
roof-top.
8. All the day long mine enemies reproach me,
They that flout me are leagued together.
9. For ashes instead of bread have I eaten,
And my drink have I mingled with tears.
10. By reason of Thine anger and Thine indignation—
For Thou hast lifted me up and Thou hast cast
me down—
11. My days are like a shadow that fadeth,
And I like grass wither away.

II

But God is mighty and is eternal.

12. But Thou, O Lord, abidest for ever,

The Penitential Psalms

And Thy memorial is from generation to generation.

13. Thou wilt arise, Thou wilt compassionate Sion,
For it is time to be gracious to her, for the appointed time approacheth.
14. For Thy servants take pleasure in her stones,
And for her dust they yearn.
15. And Nations shall fear the Name of the Lord,
And all the kings of the earth Thy glory.
16. For the Lord hath built Sion,
He did appear in His glory.
17. He hath regarded the prayer of the destitute,
He despised not their prayers.
18. This shall be written for a generation that is to come
And a people that shall be shall praise the Lord.
19. For He hath looked down from His high sanctuary,
The Lord from heaven hath beheld the earth ;
20. To hear the groans of the prisoner,
To set free them that are appointed unto death ;
21. That they may declare in Sion the Name of the Lord,
And His praise in Jerusalem,
22. When the peoples shall have been gathered together,
And kingdoms to the service of the Lord.

III

Man decays away ; God is unchangeable.

23. He hath weakened my strength 'in the way,
He hath cut short my days.
24. I said : My God, take me not away in the midst of
my days !
From generation to generation are Thy years ;
25. Of old the earth Thou didst establish,
The works of Thy hands are the heavens ;
26. They shall perish but Thou shalt stand,
And all of them like a garment shall grow old ;
27. Like a cloak shalt Thou change them,
And they shall be changed.

The Penitential Psalms

28. But Thou art the self-same,
And Thy years do not fail.
29. The children of Thy servants shall continue,
And their seed before Thee shall be stablished.

PSALM CXXIX

The best-known of all the Psalms since the usage of the Church has consecrated it to the dead. It is a cry of hope from out the depths of profound depression arising from a sense of sin. In 2 Paral. vi. 40-2, a verse from this Psalm is combined with passages from Ps. cxxxi, *Memento Domine David*. Nehemias expresses very similar sentiments in his prayer for the redemption of Israel from the Captivity, Neh. i. 4-11.

PSALM CXXIX

De profundis clamavi . . .
(*A Song of Ascents*)

I

God does pardon.

1. Out of the depths have I cried to Thee, O Lord,
2. Lord, hear my voice,
Let Thine ears be attentive to the voice of my supplications.
3. If Thou shouldst mark iniquities, Lord,
Lord, who shall stand ?
4. But with Thee there is forgiveness,
That Thou mayest be feared.

II

Therefore the Psalmist waiteth on the Lord.

5. I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
And in His word do I hope.
6. My soul waiteth for the Lord
More than they that watch for the dawn,
That watch for the dawn !

The Penitential Psalms

III

All Israel shall await His Redemption.

7. Israel shall hope for the Lord,
For with the Lord there is mercy,
And with Him is plenteous redemption.
8. And He shall redeem Israel from all his iniquities.

NOTES

Ver. 3: *Who shall stand . . . !* Not "who shall stand it?" as in so many current renderings of this verse; the verb is intransitive.

Ver. 4: *That Thou mayest be feared . . .* Both the Roman and the Gallican Psalters of St. Jerome have *Et propter legem Tuam sustinui Te, Domine*; St. Jerome's translation of the Hebrew has *Cum terribilis sis*. In either case the sequence of ideas is difficult to seize. In the unpunctuated Hebrew text the rendering *propter legem* would be intelligible though hardly justifiable. As the text is now punctuated it seems necessary to render: *That Thou mayest be feared* rather than with St. Jerome, *Since Thou art terrible*.

Ver. 6: The Roman and Gallican Psalters have *A custodia matutina usque ad noctem*, but St. Jerome translates: *A vigilia matutina ad vigiliam matutinam*; it is difficult to justify this from the existing Hebrew text though the repetition in our rendering seems weak. The reference is to the priests who watched for the dawn when on the night watch in the Temple, cf. Ps. cxxxiii.

PSALM CXLII

This Psalm is a most beautiful prayer of trustful repentance. In a series of contrasts the singer sets forth his own pitiable state and the unfailing mercy of God. According to the title, David was its author, and, according to the Greek version, the Psalm was composed when his son Absalom was pursuing him. The remarkable resem-

The Penitential Psalms

blance between many of its passages and earlier Psalms has led to the view that this Psalm is a late composition.

PSALM CXLII

*Domine exaudi orationem meam, auribus percipe
obsecrationem meam . . .*

(A Psalm of David)

I

He asks for mercy.

1. O Lord hear my prayer,
Incline Thine ear to my supplication in Thy truth,
Answer me according to Thy righteousness.
2. And enter not into judgment with Thy servant,
For no man living shall be held righteous in Thy sight.

II

He describes his woes.

3. For the enemy pursueth my soul,
He crusheth my life to the ground,
He maketh me to dwell in dark places like the dead of ages.
4. And my spirit hath languished within me,
In my affliction my heart within me is appalled.
5. I recall the days of old,
I meditate on all Thy deeds,
I reflect on the works of Thy hands.
6. I stretch forth my hands to Thee,
My soul is like a thirsty land before Thee. *Selah.*

III

He pleads for succour.

7. Make haste to answer me,
O Lord, my spirit faileth,
Hide not Thy face from me,
Lest I be made like them that go down to the pit.
8. Let me hear Thy mercy in the morning,
For in Thee have I hoped,

The Penitential Psalms

Make me know the way in which I should walk,
For to Thee have I lifted up my soul.

9. Deliver me from mine enemies, O Lord,
With Thee have I hidden myself !
10. Teach me to do Thy good pleasure, for Thou art my
God,
Thy Good Spirit will lead me into the land of
equity.
11. For Thy Name's sake, O Lord, quicken Thou me in
Thy righteousness.
Bring my soul out of affliction.
12. And in Thy mercy Thou wilt cut off mine enemies
And destroy all them that afflict my soul ;
For I am Thy servant !

NOTES

Ver. 10 : *Teach me to do Thy good pleasure, for Thou art my God.* St. Augustine has a most beautiful comment on these words : " What an acknowledgment ! What a prescriptive law ! *For Thou art*, he says, *my God.* I should be running to some other for my refreshing were I made by any other. Thou art mine all ; *for Thou art my God.* Shall I seek my Father for His inheritance ? *Thou art my God*, not merely the bestower of an inheritance, but that very inheritance itself : *The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance.* Shall I seek the Lord for my redeeming ? *Thou art my God.* Shall I seek a patron to deliver me ? *Thou art my God.* And, lastly : I am created, do I desire to be re-created ? *Thou art my God*, Who art my Creator, Who hast created me by Thy Word and re-created me by Thy Word" (*Enarr.* in Ps. cxlii. 17 ; *P.L.*, xxxvii. 1855).

Note, too, the comment of Saint Gregory : " O good Jesus, Word of the Father, splendour of the Father's glory, on Whom the Angels desire to look, teach me to do Thy will so that led by Thy good Spirit, I may come to that Blessed City where reigns eternal day and one spirit is in them all, there where there is sure security, secure eternity, eternal tranquillity and tranquil bliss, blissful

The Penitential Psalms

sweetness and sweet happiness, where Thou, O God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit livest and reignest for infinite ages of ages." (*In Septem Psalmos Poenitentiales Expositio*, P.L. lxxix., 658, a work probably to be attributed to St. Gregory the Great.)

HUGH POPE, O.P.

FREE NATIONS AND GERMAN CULTURE

German, Slav, and Magyar. By R. W. Seton Watson. (Williams & Norgate.)

The History of Freedom. By Lord Acton. (Macmillan.)

Les Slaves. Par Adam Mickiewicz. (Republished 1914. Paris.)

IN Mr. Seton Watson's timely book, which throws a strong light upon the actual situation and prospects in the future of Central and Eastern Europe, one thing comes out clear. It is the struggle for existence, so to call it, between "States" aiming at supremacy and "Races" which will not consent to be absorbed and to disappear in a larger whole where they would lose their character as sovereign units, or at least as individual self-conscious types. This again, in the writer's opinion, is an interest common to nations and democracies, so that if we speak of democracy as a principle in Europe since the French Revolution, we should look for it as realized in the nations that the modern appeal to freedom has restored, after centuries of servitude, to a place among acknowledged Powers. Such would be Belgium, Greece, Italy, Rumania, Serbia, Bulgaria. These countries each offer us an ideal which is become incarnate in a race self-governed. The nation is nothing but the race politically independent, free to make its own laws, to speak its mother-tongue, to wear its distinctive dress, to practise religion in its own way—in brief, to be completely and unmistakably itself.

Now, so long as we are listening to Mazzini, whose Republican creed was only another aspect of his devotion to Italy—then altogether in his eyes "unredeemed"—or while we watch in amazement the torrent outpoured of eloquence which that most moving poet, Mickiewicz, uttered at the Collège de France in 1842-4, by way of defending Poland from extinction, our sympathy is not difficult to arouse, for reason seems to justify the claims

Free Nations and

put forward by patriotism. Italy delivered over to strangers, to the "Barbarians" whom Pope Julius II would have chased beyond the Alps, awakens in the cultivated Western mind a chord of indignant protest, echoing the sad, proud music of Filicaja, of Leopardi. That a mere political juggler like Prince Metternich should have waved our Italy—for ours it is by a hundred titles—out of the world's debate, as no more than a "geographical expression," we feel to be an outrage on humanity. What wonder if the nineteenth century avenged the insult with compound interest on the House of Hapsburg and its confederates! Or, in the parallel case of Poland the unhappy, can we hesitate to perceive in its repeated partition a crime so fearful that its consequences have left the European balance of power trembling ever since it was perpetrated? Italy and Poland seem to prove, while they illustrate Mazzini's contention, that a people should be always a nation, and every nation a State. The widespread liberating movement, thrown into abstract formulas by Americans in 1776 and by the French declaration of the Rights of Man in 1789, was turned by resistance to Napoleon's dream of a world-empire into the paths of nationalism, from which down to this day it has never wandered. Sects, indeed, of philosopher-Anarchists hang upon its flank; but these, like Tolstoy in the cognate sphere of religion, dissolve the bonds whereby social order is kept and leave men isolated except when and while they choose to associate. Contemplating recent history in its broad outlines, we have to declare that in the battle of Freedom two ideas war against each other: the idea of the nation—be it Bohemia, Ireland, or those already named—and the idea of the State or the Empire. And this conflict of rival theories, armed with modern weapons, has come to its height in the War now shaking the world. "The movement which calls itself Liberal," said Lord Acton in July, 1862, "is essentially national."

That it was such in the uprising against Napoleon cannot be denied. For one heroic hour of combat Germans

German Culture

themselves, hitherto split up into scores of petty prince-dom, discovered that Prussian, Bavarian, Austrian, had a common Fatherland "wherever the German tongue was spoken." But the Congress of Vienna took no heed of nations or races. It went back to the old European system, in which "the interest of the reigning families, not those of the nations, regulated the frontiers"; and thirty-three years of "Mitternacht" followed, governments undermined by conspirators and striking back blindly in turn, as when Silvio Pellico was thrust into the Spielberg and given matter to stir the universal conscience by his gaol-journal, *Le Mie Prigioni*. The explosion came in 1848. Revolution, liberal and national, swooped down on Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and cast Hungary and Italy into a fever of revolt. But the old system, after a severe struggle, conquered once more. It was not until Napoleon III, "willing with unwilling mind," made Italy, that the "sacred right" of a people to Home Rule, free from every alien yoke, was admitted to a sort of equality in statecraft with Imperialism. Public opinion has never decisively pronounced for either. Prince Bismarck, seizing the cue like an accomplished actor who means to make his own part, talked of the German Nation but set up the Prussian Empire. By way of showing his respect for the principle of nationality this most famous of all Junkers had begun by cutting the Danes of Schleswig out of Denmark. He went on to tear Alsace-Lorraine, despite its heart-rending protest, from France. And he pursued with Satanic deliberation the policy of creating a second Ireland in Poland. The irony of a programme edged on one side with "Deutschland, mein Vaterland," while on the other is written, for comfort of the Prussian Poles, "Non licet esse vos," gave Bismarck, I do not doubt, occasion to smile often at the genial hour of his "early beer." It was more than a play upon catch-words or an exploiting of newspaper clap-trap. That united Germany should be secured from Slav and French invasion by alliances, by endless intrigues, by conscription of all resources, physical, economic, intellectual, was a

Free Nations and

necessary inference from the scene at Versailles on January 18th, 1871, when William of Hohenzollern became the German Kaiser. But that German "Kultur" should hold in its grip and transform inferior peoples, like the Poles, the Southern Slavs, the Czechs, was just as imperative. For Kaiser and Kultur respond to the full idea which once before found embodiment in Divus Cæsar and Dea Roma.

This sudden emergence of the old Imperial religion or policy (it was, in fact, both) on the scene of latter-day Europe may astonish, but deserves our attentive thought. Lord Acton, in the year of Prussian crisis, 1862, wrote with unconscious significance, now quite real for us and the Allies, "Western Europe has undergone two conquests—one by the Romans and one by the Germans, and twice received laws from the invaders." A third conquest is now threatened; it is inevitable, unless the nations combine not only against the Teuton Kaiser but against the Kultur of which he is, in his own brutal language, the "mailed fist." When he reiterates that he is waging a war of defence, he has a double object in view; he means to keep out of his Empire the liberal and national ideas which the peoples around believe in, while he smites Frank and Slav and Briton into a long impotence. His Kultur implies and rests upon an all-embracing State-authority, controlling business, commerce, schools, universities, press and pulpit, under which the nation is nothing else than so many detachments of one great army with Hohenzollern as its Lord of War. How could liberty survive when no independent organ of justice, right, or religion, was anywhere to be seen? Or what native spring of inspiration was left in those races which might no longer teach their children the language of their forefathers, and were condemned even to pray to God in a strange tongue? "It is in general a necessary condition of free institutions," said J. S. Mill, "that the boundaries of governments should coincide in the main with those of nationalities." We can see the reason why. Every State moves forward on certain ideals; and if these

German Culture

do not so far agree with what the conscience and approved customs of the people at large can assimilate, the outcome will be tyranny on the ruler's part, misery and degradation on that of the nation which he will coerce in vain.

England affords an example of success balanced by one of failure not less absolute, in the carrying out of an imperial policy among races unlike her own by temperament, history, and cast of mind. For seven hundred years she governed the Irish people on a system identical with Germany's principle of compelling the lower race to accept the higher "Kultur" or to be made an end of. The Irish remnant, Catholic and more or less deemed Celtic, subject to Dublin Castle, do not number four million. But at the most critical moment of a war for the liberties which Ireland demands but cannot get, some thirty or forty thousand of British troops are, so to speak, held up within its shores, and the Sisyphus problem begins again with its huge rock of Home Rule lying immovable at the bottom of the hill. Do we ask why? The reason is plain. The British State has ruled and reckoned with little or no regard to the Irish race.

So much on England's failure in imperial wisdom, copied to the last item and in its most tragic form by the Government of the German Reich, determined to change its Poles into good Prussians or to ruin them and root them out until not one of them is left. We might advise these haughty chancellors—and some German Catholic newspapers could do it, if they chose—to turn away from the horrible record of English mistakes in Ireland, after they had learned the moral writ large in them, and to fix their gaze attentively on England's unparalleled success, which will be known to all future time as its Indian Empire. The machine at Westminster nearly falls to pieces in attempting to govern less than four millions of Europeans across St. George's Channel. It works with miraculous smoothness when there is question of ruling more than three hundred million Asiatics, removed by six thousand miles of land and water from Great Britain. In what does the miracle consist? I answer, in a just code of laws

Free Nations and

impartially administered ; and in leaving to every distinct Indian group—call it tribe, kingdom, cult, caste, inherited civilization—its language, religion, and customs. Where an exception has been made, as in the putting down of suttee, the thing abolished was so manifestly inhuman that it could find no defence. When, therefore, England's hour of trial came, and Germans prophesied that India, Mohammedan as well as Hindu, would break into open rebellion, we saw previous miracles outdone. The whole of the British forces were withdrawn. Native princes and native regiments vied with one another in offering their services, nay, all that they possessed, to defend the Paramount Power. An enormous army thus eager to help us landed at Marseilles and fought by our side in the campaigns of France. India, meanwhile, was left in its own hand until our newly raised levies could be transported thither. But the country, if I may apply one of Wordsworth's happy figures, " was tranquil as a resting wheel." Dublin saw blood shed in its streets, and its public buildings laid in ashes ; but Calcutta, but Bombay, needed less of military precautions than Cork or Kilkenny. Yet, again, we must not overlook the amazing fact that the very men who understand how to govern India forget their principles and come to grief in their policy when they land at Kingstown. They fall back to the days of Elizabeth, as if the most illustrious of Irishmen, Edmund Burke, had not once for all, and in language of unrivalled dignity, shown governments how a colonial and an imperial dominion may be maintained on the everlasting foundations of humanity and reason.

These foundations limit while they bear up the governing power. They are profoundly Christian, in that they allow for the endless differences between type and type. Hence an attribute of the State, without which it loses its right to command, is the restraint it puts upon itself in presence of rights more personal and sacred. We may well grant privileges to the highest forms of civilization, which is a God-given power and has its claims on all who are worthy to receive the same. But violence is not

German Culture

of its nature. What would England gain for herself, or the culture which she represents, if she set about compelling the Hindu to say his prayers in English, or the Mohammedan to recite lessons from the Bible instead of the Koran? She would gain exactly the reward which German efforts of a kind not unlike have won from Polish Catholics, and from the outraged conscience of the world looking on—a most deserved hatred and scorn. The little Polish children at Wreschen, who refused under stripes to pray in a tongue their fathers had not known, proved too much for Potsdam, while from one end of Europe to the other peals of merriment announced that German Kultur had made itself a laughing stock. But the unsoldierly incidents of Zabern, which fell out by and by, showed how reluctant, or perhaps how unable, the German mind was to learn that lesson. Yet, if it cannot be learnt, for the Kaiser to become Lord of Europe would bring with it a return to barbarism.

Many pages might be spent in dissolving the fallacies on which this identification of culture with German practice, and of the ideal State with such culture, has been set up. In the first place, if we understand by culture, as we surely ought, the most perfect standard of religion, philosophy, art, and conduct within our knowledge, Germany is here as elsewhere too late in the day with her contributions. The Western world owns an inheritance which was complete in all its elements when Tacitus wrote his celebrated tract, *De Moribus Germanorum*. At that date, early in the second Christian century, the Teutons had the qualities and powers which they exhibit now. But the humanities owe as little to them as does Christianity itself. Were the whole range of ideas and acquisitions blotted out which Germany desires to inflict on subjugated East and West, is there anything vital that mankind would lose? I am a student of its literature and life during full fifty years; and I answer without hesitation that, excepting in the sphere of music, we should be none the poorer. All we have which belongs to German thought or endeavour, be it late or early, we have *ex*

Free Nations and

abundanti, over and above our Hebrew religion, our Greek art and letters and philosophy and science, our Roman tradition of government and law. The fever-dreams of German metaphysics would be recoverable from Oriental meditations which enlarge and surpass them. I do not say that German studies are of no value; but their value is secondary and not in any way essential to the world's progress. There is a very true sense in which the German genius may be termed always Protestant; it comes on the scene after the Central Catholic tradition of our world has been established along its main lines. Hence it appears partly as a somewhat slow disciple, reproducing in uncouth forms the beauty and wisdom of the classics. And again it assails or denies the tradition which it could never have created. German philosophy, like the religion of Luther, is, taken all in all, a fierce negation. As the one destroys human reason by its doctrine of nescience (for that is the sum of Kantian method), so the other denies morality by its rejection of ethical freedom. We shall not need to lament if these open sources of scepticism are no longer visited.

Too late in the day, then, comes Kultur from Berlin to usurp the honours of Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome. But if the treasures of intellect, the wondrous works of art, and the sanctities of religion were, as they are not, in Germany's keeping, the way that she has of offering them would empty out their value. Athena is a goddess, not a drill-sergeant. The gifts of the spirit are communicated by influence and the charm they bear with them. Force is of no avail in convincing the mind; and light remains ever its own witness. Captive Greece taught Rome that Mummius at Corinth was a barbarian. Cicero learned to be eloquent from Hellenic masters who had no State importance whatever. Virgil without Greek models would not have written the Aeneid; but where in his day could he be told of Athenian or Spartan victories? The standing refutation, however, of this State-culture is given by Israel, which has planted its religion in the heart of civilized humanity, yet lost all it ever knew of sovereign

German Culture

rule twenty-five centuries ago. If the vanquished be the meek then that saying is verified of Greeks and Israelites, "Beati mites, quia ipsi possidebunt terram." We may be reminded of Alexander's conquests in Asia, which might seem to prove that the sword flashes light as well as slays on the battlefield. There is a solution at hand. Alexander colonized even more than he fought; the Greeks were already settled on the great trade routes and everywhere along the coasts of the Mediterranean and Black Sea. Beyond the bounds of the Roman Empire, no strong traces of Western civilization can be found in the countries traversed by Alexander. The method of teaching by the sword or the whip is as costly as, in the world's revolutions, it has been wicked and wasteful.

But something more must be said. On whom does the Kaiser aim at imprinting his State-religion, with himself for its prophet? On the nation of the French, admittedly the nearest approach to Athens and Athenian brilliancies now extant? On Italians, who transmitted to the West all that the Greeks brought to them, twice over, first in the Augustan age and afterwards at the Renaissance? On the English, who can claim Shakespeare, Newton, and Darwin? Or, if not on these nations, on the Poles and the Slavs generally? But the Poles are Catholics; their tradition is Latin; they have a fine literature of their own; and poetry, music, philosophy, do not lack very celebrated Polish names. As for the Slavs other than Poles or Lithuanians, if Russia may stand at their head, no literature shows more abundant signs of genius, and none perhaps more insistently charms the imagination of the West. Germany must bear to be told that charm is the secret of influence and is precisely the force we do not find in her words or deeds. Without exception the free peoples turn away from her in disdain or disgust. We can well fancy that nations worshipped Dea Roma. There were in that symbol the majesty of law, the equity of justice, the splendour of intellect; and in its presence peace for all the world. How little of these attributes do we perceive in a Kultur that has forgotten, or rather

German Culture

that never knew, the Roman wisdom, "*parcere subjectis et debellare superbos*" !

What we are witnessing is the fall of Germany. Even more than by fortune of war it has lost all claim on those qualities by which we are human ; the world simply refuses to live by " admiration, hope, and love " of that which Berlin holds out as a new and perfect epoch where the Kaiser shall reign. The nations want to be free ; but Germany knows only the freedom she takes to lay their cities waste, to carry off their precious things, to seize their sons and daughters and drive them into a strange land, there to do the vilest offices. Men want the Gospel of Christ ; they are bidden to fall down at the knees of Odin. They are sick of war ; and the teachers in German universities make war eternal. They ask to live their own lives ; the conqueror will not suffer them to speak the tongue in which they were born, to read their poets, to become acquainted with any history save a falsified Hohenzollern chronicle. And instead of the sacred Virgin of Poland, the Kaiser sets up at Czenstochowa his own image and likeness, before which the nation is to say its prayers. That is the final touch. Now we have been taught that Kaiser and Kultur are one. The State-God has revealed himself.

WILLIAM BARRY.

PROBLEMS OF MENTAL & SPIRITUAL HEALING

My Experiences in Spiritual Healing. By the Earl of Sandwich.
(Humphreys.)

Mind Cures. By Geoffrey Rhodes. (Methuen.)

Spiritual Director and Physician: The Spiritual Treatment of
Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples. From the French of
the Rev. Father Raymond, O.P.; Translated by Dom
Aloysius Smith, C.R.L. (Washbourne.)

WE have, in the first and second volumes quoted at the head of this article, two striking contributions to problems of spiritual and mental healing; and it happens that one work supplies a commentary on the other. The Earl of Sandwich, in the little book written shortly before his recent death, describes a number of cases "cured" by his personal ministrations. He does not always give details that make plain, even to a physician, from what the patients were suffering; but manifestly all of them were in discomfort, and a few had definite physical conditions as the basis of their ills. The one thing emphasized is that all of these patients were cured, or at least greatly relieved of their ills, through the personal presence of the Earl, or by some manipulation or suggestion originating with him. We are told that some cases failed to be benefited, but that these were few in number. There is even some doubt whether certain patients were not cured without recognizing the source of their healing. Many, indeed, had the habit of referring the improvement to some other agency.

For the Earl does not hesitate to suggest that he has been especially endowed with a "gift" for the healing of disease; and for this he expresses the most profound gratitude to Almighty God. The failure of recognition of his beneficent power, and the opposition which it has aroused, he sets down as a manifestation of the inherent contradiction in nature between good and evil, and

Problems of Mental and

rather as a confirmation of his mission and gift than as in any way a proper criticism of it. "Old friends so dislike the idea that they began by shunning all allusion to the subject and now avoid my society." Such sceptics are, however, to be classed among those who fail to believe properly in the Scriptures and, above all, who do not recognize the Mission of Healing that is in Christianity. He thinks that there may be many who possess the "gift of healing" without knowing it, and, therefore, by inference at least would suggest that those who feel any stirrings of it, in spite of the scorn and contumely which are to be accepted as part of the cross borne by those who do God's work, should persevere in the exercise of their heavenly power. And this is what he himself did, till his death last June, in spite of the scepticism of a materialistic generation. The testimony for the "cures" thus effected, as provided by those who actually experienced them, is rather meagre; but doubtless appeals to many as demonstrating that there must have been some wonderful therapeutic agency at work to bring about such benefits for sufferers. In order to be able to discuss such cures with any real understanding of their significance one needs to know something about the history of cures in general. A writer on the history of medicine has declared that the most important chapter in the history of medicine is that which concerns "the cures that have failed"; that is, the many remedies, chemical and physical, and the many modes of treatment, which have apparently worked wonders for a time in the curing of disease of one kind or another, and sometimes of many different kinds, and then after an interval, longer or shorter, have been given up entirely because they were proved to have no such curative efficacy as was at first confidently claimed for them. The cures that come and go in medicine are indeed legion. This is true, not only so far as popular medicine is concerned, but also in what is indeed considered to be scientific medicine. In twenty-five years of practice a physician has always had many disappointments in this regard, and he comes to

Spiritual Healing

appreciate very thoroughly what Hippocrates meant when he said that "art is long, and time is short, and judgment difficult." To which he might well have added that evidence is often either lacking or misleading.

At all times there have been all sorts of offered and reported remedies and modes of treatment which have cured diseases, though we still eagerly look for real remedies for most of them. Anyone who thinks that the credulousness which accepted such cures on insufficient grounds in old times has disappeared with the progress of education or the diffusion of information cannot be aware of conditions as they actually are. The United States Government recently announced that while the population has not quite doubled in the past thirty years, it now takes more than nine times as much patent medicine to satisfy the craving for drugs and the desire to be cured of something or other men either have the matter with them, or think they have.

All that we can discuss here is the career of men who have effected cures by their personal influence or contact in conjunction with some supposed remedial measure afterwards proved to have no physical effect. Often the testimony not only of the cured person, but also of relatives and friends, brought people from far and near to these healers, and many were actually rewarded by having the burden of their ills lifted from them. In not a few instances, the patients came to the healer after having consulted physicians by whom they remained uncured. I venture to say that it is perfectly possible to find half a dozen such healers in every century for the past three or four centuries; and two or three of them in each century occupy a considerable niche in history. We need not go back to the Middle Ages in order to find them. One of the most interesting was, of course, the famous Great-rakes—his name has many variants—who lived in the latter part of the Seventeenth Century. He was an Irish soldier who found himself, at the conclusion of a war, without an occupation. Something or other—he him-

Problems of Mental and

self declared it was a Divine call—led him to set up as healer. After the death of King Charles I, when there was a lapse of the Royal Touch for the King's Evil, Greatrakes announced that he had been divinely commissioned in a dream, thrice repeated on successive nights, to go and touch the people and cure them. Because this touching was usually accomplished by gently stroking the affected portion of the patient, he came to be known as Greatrakes the Stroker. Many were the cures effected by him, including chronic long-standing cases which had vainly made the rounds of physicians. Greatrakes made a large amount of money out of his practice; and whereas, in the days of the King's Touch, the King's patients were presented with a gold piece, in Greatrakes' practice the gold passed in the opposite direction. For it must not be thought that Greatrakes cured only the ignorant and the supposedly more superstitious classes. Many of the nobility and even educated persons came under his influence, and reported themselves either greatly benefited or completely relieved.

A little more than a century later we find a similar healer in America, though his ambition led him to go to Europe in order that the European countries might benefit by his powers. This was Elisha Perkins of Norwich, Connecticut, who invented what he called tractors—two pieces of metal about the length and thickness of lead pencils, but tapering gradually to a blunt point, with which he used to stroke people. He called his system tractoration. His tractors were supposed in some way to make the therapeutic virtues of electricity available for the cures of human ills. About a generation earlier, Galvani had discovered that if two pieces of metal in contact touched the exposed nerve and muscle of a frog's leg, twittings resulted. There had been much discussion of the significance of this phenomenon; and one theory was that electricity in some way was an equivalent of, or very closely related to, nerve force, or perhaps even to vital force itself. Perkins claimed to make Galvani's discovery available for the cure of human

Spiritual Healing

diseases by supplying through electrical energy for the vital force lacking in the diseased part. It was not long before he made a series of cures of chronic ills that had long resisted other efforts. An investigation was made by physicians, who declared that there was no energy, electrical or other, in Perkins' tractors; and he took advantage of this declaration to announce that physicians were jealous of his success, and feared he would take all their patients away. Having made a great success in his little American town, Perkins sighed for more worlds to conquer, and so he set out for Europe. The country selected as the next scene of his labours was Denmark. It has always been a mystery why Dr. Cook (of Arctic exploration fame) and Dr. Perkins both went to Copenhagen to obtain the first confirmation of their discoveries. They both did, however, and the event proved their perspicacity.

After success in Copenhagen, Perkins proceeded to London, where he was equally lucky. His first feat there was the cure of a Duke and a Duchess. So many patients followed that it became impossible for Perkins to accommodate them all. He sold his tractors for others to use at £10 a pair, a considerable sum of money in those days, the tractors costing at most but a few pence to make. Moreover he established in London a sort of rival of the Royal Institution and a competitor of the orthodox medical and surgical societies. Then came the return to America in order to exploit the European reputation. When he landed in New York an epidemic of smallpox was raging in Philadelphia, at that time the largest city in the United States; and Perkins, confident that his tractors would prevent disease as well as cure it, went over to that city. I feel quite sure that he thoroughly believed in his own tractors, and was convinced he had lighted on a wonderful natural force which did actually supply lacking energy to human beings. And it is when healers believe in themselves that they produce the most wonderful results. Poor Perkins, however, after making a sensation in Philadelphia, caught smallpox himself, and died of it.

Problems of Mental and

That was the end ; and now the tractors are to be seen only among other curiosities in a few museums.

Greatrakes and Perkins both produced their effects by influencing their patients' minds. Perkins himself, and those whom he healed, doubtless thought that electricity or magnetism was an intermediary, and the direct therapeutic agent ; whereas subsequent investigation showed there was absolutely no electrical energy of any kind exhibited by the tractors. Greatrakes effected his cures simply because people came to believe his declaration that he had a Divine commission to heal them ; and perhaps he believed that himself. If he did, then no wonder there were so many cures. All that is necessary in the history of mankind to have cures is that certain patients shall be made to believe that here at last is some force that will make them better. Then at once a great many of them get better of diseases often baffling the physicians.

Between these two, Greatrakes and Perkins, a century or so apart, there had come a number of other healers, who had cured a great many people of a great many ills by methods subsequently proved not to have any physical effect. The two best known are Pfarrer Gassner and Mesmer. The career of Pfarrer Gassner, of Elwangen, began after he had observed certain cures that were being effected by the well-known Jesuit astronomer and mathematician, Father Maximilian Höll, in Vienna. Father Höll, whose memory has been ably vindicated by Simon Newcomb from certain aspersions cast on his scientific accuracy and sincerity, found in the course of some experiments, that apparently the application of magnets relieved people of ills. After a time he made the magnets in the shape of the organs that were affected, and worked some wonderful cures. It was supposed that these magnets affected the magnetic condition, and hence the vitality, of the body. Above all, in this as in all other experiences of the kind, sufferers were cured of chronic pains and aches and of long-standing muscular disabilities. After seeing Father Höll's results, Father Gassner tried

Spiritual Healing

the same means with similar success, but soon discovered that he could effect the same cures more simply. He asked patients to make a good confession and to put all the evil of life far away from them, and, in return, he promised them a cure. A great many cures of what seemed physical ills followed. Father Gassner then evolved the theory, strangely like the basic principle of present-day Christian Science, that all evil, physical as well as moral, was not from God, but from the Powers of Evil. When, therefore, persons put off once and for all the moral evil in them, and were purged from sin completely, their physical evil dropped from them because the Power of Evil had no part in them. Only good came from God. Sickness and suffering, if not directly from the devil, were at least connected in some way both with original sin and the actual sins of the individuals. Purgation from sin then meant the cure of all sickness. The Christian Scientists deny that there is any such thing as evil. That, they say, is only an error of Mortal Mind, with at least hints that there are extraneous powers of evil in some way associated with it. As pointed out by Professor Münsterberg, Christian Science is scarcely more than a revival of the theories of this old German mystic.

Needless to say, the attention of ecclesiastical authority was soon attracted to his teaching, and it was not countenanced. Father Gassner was forbidden to continue his work on any such false basis. He seems to have submitted to the Church authorities, though a great many people regarded the cures as representing the blessing of Heaven on his activities. Both the sets of manifestations, those of Father Höll in Vienna and Pfarrer Gassner in Erlangen, remain as examples of the influence of the mind on the body in the curing of even chronic ills.

The next famous healer, Mesmer, was a very different sort of man, though he too received his inspiration from the therapeutic work of Father Höll in Vienna. Mesmer graduated at the University of Vienna in the Medical Department shortly after the middle of the Eighteenth Century. He saw Father Höll's cures; and, resolving to

Problems of Mental and

emulate them, settled down in Paris as a suitable place for the exercise of his art. Owing to the fact that the word Mesmerism came afterwards to be used for what we call hypnotism, there has been some confusion as to what Mesmer did for his patients, and how he effected his cures. Apparently Mesmer never put his patients into the hypnotic sleep. That practice came in a little later with one of his disciples, De Puysegur. What Mesmer tried to use was just such an electrical or magnetic power as Father Höll was applying in Vienna, or Elisha Perkins in Norwich, Copenhagen and London.

Mesmer's patients were seated around a tub containing, immersed in fluid, a series of bottles, filled with metallic fragments, out of which proceeded wires, distributed to the patients who sat around the room. This tub, with its bottles, was called a *baquet* or battery. Mesmer, after the patients had sat for some time, subjected to the influence of this battery—which electrically was *nil*—came into the room dressed in the garb of an Eastern seer; and, while soft music was played, and Eastern perfumes diffused, touched with his wand the members of the circle intent on their cure. Thereupon, the various hysterical manifestations took place, cries, tremors, convulsions, and the like, in the midst of which their pains and aches dropped from the sufferers like magic, and muscular disabilities disappeared as if by miracle. As Mesmer claimed to be exercising electrical effects, and his work was producing a great sensation in Paris, an investigation of his apparatus and methods was made by a committee appointed by the French Academy of Sciences. At the moment, Benjamin Franklin was in Paris as the Ambassador from the American Colonies, and he served on this committee of investigation. They pronounced Mesmer's apparatus to be totally devoid of electrical effects; and, as a consequence, he was forbidden to practise with it further. There is no doubt now that whatever effect was produced by Mesmer was mental, not physical. His place in the history of science is due to the fact that he attracted attention to what came to be called animal-

Spiritual Healing

magnetism, because there was supposed to be some mysterious force which flowed into patients, supplied the vitality in which they were lacking, and thus brought about their healing. Animal-magnetism had its beginning probably with Father Höll's experiments in Vienna; but, after Mesmer's time, the use of apparatus was eliminated, and it was supposed that one person could influence another, and that certain people had a larger store than others of personal magnetism or magnetic vitality to dispense. They could transfer it when they wished to do so to others in a properly receptive condition.

Of healers, we have had in our own time some very typical examples. Probably the best known was Alexander Dowie, an uneducated but strong-minded man of exaggerated egoism, who claimed to be Elijah returned to earth. Dowie himself boasted that by the touch of his hand he had cured 200,000 people. Remember that this was not in the Eighteenth or the Seventeenth Century, and not at all in the Middle Ages, but at the end of the Nineteenth and the beginning of the Twentieth Century; and the people cured were readers of newspapers—several editions every day—users of telephone and telegraph, of trolley cars and express trains. Many thousands of them were evidently not fools from a practical standpoint; for they were possessed of considerable sums of money, which they were quite willing to transfer to their benefactor. Indeed, many of them went to live with him in a city which he founded not far from Chicago—Chicago above all places—called Zion. People came from all over the country to be touched by him, and as the phrase "to touch a man" has come to mean, in American slang, to get money from him—Dowie touched them very effectively. Even Eddyism (for it is neither Christian nor scientific, so why talk of Christian Science?) has no place for poverty among the ills of mankind. That, too, is an error of mortal mind, so cures are rather for those who are able to pay the healers' fees.

What is amazing about these cures for a great many people is the fact that almost without exception they

Problems of Mental and

relieve pain. Now pain is ordinarily considered to be such a strictly physical manifestation, such a state of actual disturbance of tissues, that only something physical and having a strong bodily influence is supposed to be able to cure it. As a matter of fact nothing is so illusory in medical practice as pain. It is perfectly possible to hear a thoroughly well-meaning patient complain of suffering torture who is really labouring only under some slight discomfort that other people bear without a murmur, or at least with only a very slight disturbance of their peace of mind. If a patient is so situated as to have nothing to do but think of a discomfort that is present, as, for instance, when one is bedridden from some chronic disability or ailment, from cancer or the like, then he or she, and above all she, has but little diversion from constantly disturbing thoughts, so that even a slight pain may become unbearable. Two things happen when even a very moderate discomfort is dwelt on. First, the mental attention to the affected part sends more blood to it and makes it more sensitive. This is a protective provision of nature, so that whenever special attention is called to a part of the body, that region, by dilation of the capillaries through the vasomotor nerves, becomes ready to react without delay to any irritation. The phenomena of blushing show how readily these nerves are affected. Secondly, with the concentration of attention, more and more of the cells of the sensory portions of the brain become occupied with this uncomfortable sensation. Under ordinary circumstances a bodily sensation over a small area would disturb a few thousands of cells. When concentration of attention occurs, millions of cells may become occupied with this unpleasant feeling; and then it is easy to understand that it may rise to the plane of a veritable torment. Anything that causes diversion of mind will bring relief. This is the secret of our cancer-cures. A new one is introduced every year or less, with the declaration that at least, if it does not cure the cancer, it relieves the patient's pain. This is a great, if a temporary, blessing; and wide recourse is had to the new

Spiritual Healing

remedy, practically always with success at first. Cancer is supposed to be a very painful condition, and it actually has much pain associated with it ; and yet in the past twenty years, to my own knowledge, the pains of it have been relieved by literally dozens of remedies which subsequently have been found ineffectual, and often prove to have almost no physical effect. Cancer patients readily become self-centred ; and, if they once come to realize the hopelessness of their condition, sink into an acutely sensitive state. Any remedy employed for them which arouses new hope at once, therefore, relieves their pain by affording them something to think about besides the fatal termination to which they are tending, and over which they are constantly brooding.

Occupation of attention will neutralize even very severe pains. The extent to which it may go is indeed surprising. I once saw a woman who had been in a theatre fire-panic in which over a hundred people lost their lives ; and when she got out she rejoiced over the fact that she was uninjured, though one of her ears had actually been pulled off in the scuffle for exit. In the excitement of the present war, as in every other war, men receive even very severe wounds without knowing it. Mr. Roosevelt, one remembers, was shot by a crank at a railroad station some years ago, and the bullet penetrated four inches of muscle and flattened itself on a rib, having been fired at point-blank range ; and yet he knew nothing of being hit until the blood came oozing through his coat, more than five minutes later. Thus the severity of pain depends mainly on the mental state. The cure of even severe pain through mental influence is not only possible, but even easy, and rather frequent. Words mean a great deal in the matter. Thomas, in the trenches, is a true philosopher when he calls the enemy's hottest fire merely "unhealthy." The boy who is going through football training does not complain of pains and aches ; all he calls them is soreness and stiffness, and that makes all the difference in the world. Soreness and stiffness must be worked off, pains and aches must be cured.

Problems of Mental and

Simple as is the psychology and the medical significance of this explanation, it constitutes the most important basis of thought for the understanding of many supposed mysteries of the influence of the mind on the body.

With this understanding of healers, it is easy to follow Lord Sandwich's book of cures. Many of the cases of his healing powers are just exactly the sort that were cured by Greatrakes in the Seventeenth Century; by Father Höll, with his magnets in Vienna, in the Eighteenth Century; by Father Gassner, with his theory of sin and physical evil being concomitants, a little later; by Mesmer with his battery, and Perkins with his tractors, at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century; and by Dowie, through faith in his declaration that he was Elijah returned to earth, or by confidence in poor insane Schlatter, who proclaimed himself a new Christ, in the Twentieth Century. It was not that these men had any special power to heal; but it is that certain people will not release the energies able to bring about in themselves the cure of states of discomfort, *dis-ease*, and even crippling, until some strong outer impression is made on their minds. They actually inhibit their own curative powers by dreads and fears, and the consequent disuse of muscles, and the lack of air and of exercise, and as a consequence hamper circulation and lessen vital reaction, so that they stay ill in spite of nature's recuperative power. Just as soon as the brake that they have placed on their tendency to get better is removed by a strong mental impression, they resume more or less normal habits, and it is not long before they are completely restored.

If we are to have evidence for spiritual healing, in contradistinction to mental healing, which is to carry weight, then we must be referred to a different class of cases from those we have discussed. The cures must affect definitely physical conditions. It is true that in many of these cases we have been discussing there is an underlying physical element, but it is one of no great

Spiritual Healing

importance. But cures that are to have a validity as representing spiritual interposition must take place with regard to ills that have not been cured by the curious healers and by the many new-fangled remedies, which have subsequently failed. Evidence must be adduced of the enduring cure of pathological conditions of very definite organic basis, whose betterment can be demonstrated, not merely by the effect upon the patient's feelings, but by actual physical results that can be seen in the patient's tissues. Are there any such cures? Personally, I am convinced that there are, and not a few of them. Most people, and under that term I include even most physicians, brush aside such cures as those at Lourdes, and declare that they are merely of "nervous cases" or imaginary affections, or of patients with slight ailments but exaggerated symptoms, exactly corresponding to those that have been cured by the healers of secular history. Such doubters have no real knowledge of the cases that are the subject of the cures at Lourdes. The records show (see Jörgenso and Belloc) on the average one hundred and fifty cures a year at Lourdes, and more than half of these are of tuberculous processes. Lupus, which is an external form of tuberculosis, with chronic, often rather deep, ulcerative processes, is, after lasting for many years, cured in twenty-four to forty-eight hours. Leg ulcers, of years' standing—and physicians know well how obstinately intractable these are almost as a rule—are cured in a single day. Lupus, to recur to the most frequent of the striking cures at Lourdes, usually affects the face, and its serious destruction of tissue can be plainly seen. There is no room for illusion or delusion when cures take place rapidly and at times without scarring. While at Lourdes, some fifteen years ago, I saw one of these cases of lupus that had lasted for years healed in the course of twenty-four hours. I felt that this should be reported; and then found that similar cases had been, and were being, reported each year. I have often referred to it in writing on psychotherapy for the medical profession. Almost needless to

Problems of Mental and

say, I know nothing physical, and nothing that could be called merely psychic, that would produce such an effect. We physicians have sought cures for lupus most zealously. Koch's tuberculin, Finsen's ultra-violet light, the X-rays, radium, all the new things in advancing science, have each been lauded in succession as a cure for lupus ; and, while in some cases they have done good, in most cases they have failed. Even these marvellous discoveries of physical science, which represent wonderful advances in our knowledge of the exhibition of physical energy, have not worked cures except after long and repeated applications. Yet, as I have said, rapid lupus cures are frequent at Lourdes.

No one knows better than I that tuberculosis is eminently amenable to suggestion. For tuberculosis of the lungs we have a new cure at least once in six months, because anything, literally anything, that is given to consumptive patients and produces in them the feeling that now they ought to get better, will bring about at least temporary improvement. The most significant expression of modern medicine with regard to tubercular disease is, " tuberculosis takes only the quitters," that is, it takes those who give up and who have not the courage to face their condition and to eat and live out in the air. Mental influence has much to do with it then ; and, owing to the toxic influences to which such patients are subjected by the absorption of certain materials from their lesions which give rise to their characteristic *spes phthisica*, noted long ago by Hippocrates, they are in a state highly susceptible to suggestion.

Mr. Rhodes, in *Mind Cures*, cites the description of some instances of the quick cure of lupus at Lourdes from the *British Medical Journal* : " The sudden healing of a face destroyed by lupus—in one case with, in another without, scarring ; facts vouched for by Boissarie and Huysmans, who saw the patients—is altogether outside ordinary experience." Mr. Rhodes has a further paragraph, in which he quotes Sir Henry Butlin, a President of the Royal College of Surgeons, and a man who has

Spiritual Healing

devoted special attention to this whole subject of the influence of the mind on the body. One, at least, of his papers on spiritual healing was published by the *British Medical Journal*. Mr. Rhodes' quotations from him show that he dismissed the idea that such cures might be due merely to strong suggestion. In answer to the objection, "It may be said that the cures at Lourdes are the result of 'suggestion' more potent than that aroused by medical treatment"; he said that, "even if it was possible to explain all the steps through which the emotion had produced the cure, the recoveries were sometimes so marvellous that how can we be surprised if the people fall on their knees before God and bless His Holy Name for the miracle which He has wrought?"

Strange as it may seem, crippling and inability to use certain muscles are very frequently due to subjective conditions and not to objective changes in the muscular apparatus. For some reason muscles have been put at rest, have atrophied somewhat—they always do when not normally used—and now the patient must push through a period of uncomfortable use of muscles in order to get back for them their function. Some people will not do this except under the influence of a strong mental impression. They will never be cured, then, by any but mental means; and so we have a number of sciaticas, lumbagos, and the like, that are waiting for a particular kind of healer. On the other hand, there are certain cases with objective symptoms readily recognizable, real pathological conditions in tissues, which are cured by spiritual influence. We do not know, so far as medical knowledge goes, what the mechanism of the cure is; we simply know that it takes place contrary, both in manner and form, to all our experience, and that the fair-minded observer has to confess that there is some power at work he cannot understand. Anyone who knows, and does not merely theorize, about the cures at Lourdes will find them of that type. They are not like the cures of Christian Science, nor those of other fads, nor those of healers. They represent real miracles in our day.

Problems of Mental and

The work of Father Raymond on *The Spiritual Director and Physician*, with its secondary title of *The Spiritual Treatment of Sufferers from Nerves and Scruples*, emphasizes the distinction between mental and spiritual healing, and brings out what can be accomplished by mental persuasion and suggestion for the cure of various ills and, on the other hand, for what ills recourse must be had to prayer and the Divine Assistance. It might possibly be expected that the Chaplain to the famous Kneipp Institute at Woerishofen, in Bavaria, would appeal very largely to such physical means as exercise, diet, bathing and the other natural modes of cure, in the organization of which the late Father Kneipp obtained his world-wide reputation. Father Raymond, however, makes it very clear how much can be accomplished by correcting false notions, neutralizing unfortunate suggestions, implanting proper persuasions, though at the same time he dwells on the value of prayer, submission to the will of God, and spiritual means generally, in the treatment of the pure neuroses, the psychoneuroses, the psychasthenias, and other functional pathological conditions which have proved so difficult a subject for the physician in recent years.

The quotation he makes from Professor Raymond and Janet emphasizes one source of the increase of nervous disorders, which is usually overlooked, and which one would scarcely expect to find dwelt on by the Salpêtrière School. Raymond and Janet say that "the abandonment of confession may easily lead to a condition of anxious unrest." They had previously declared that "confession acts upon all these states of despondency like a healing balm to pacify troubles and quicken dying hopes." They are very much inclined to think that, since it is good for the patients who are suffering from morbid obsessions and states of anxiousness, it has a special application, not to nervous patients alone, but to all the world; for "where is the man or woman who does not pass through periods of depression or bitterness," in which an opening of the soul under such impressive circumstances as are connected with confession may be of very great value? It would

Spiritual Healing

be startling to many, but yet not surprising to those who know, if most nervous specialists should come to recognize the precious value of religious observances and deep abiding faith, not only for the cure, but above all for the prevention, of nervous and mental pathological conditions.

JAMES J. WALSH.

THE PILGRIMAGE OF GRACE AND THE EXETER CONSPIRACY

The Pilgrimage of Grace (1536-37) and the Exeter Conspiracy (1538). By Madeline Hope Dodds and Ruth Dodds. (Cambridge at the University Press.)

THE appearance of an exhaustive work upon the Pilgrimage of Grace is a welcome addition to the literature on a too much neglected subject. Dr. Lingard only gives two pages to his account of the Rising; and of more recent and more detailed historians, Froude has dealt with the subject, with his foregone conclusions hostile to the Pilgrims. The Pilgrimage has been treated in the work before us in a fair and even judicial manner; and we have, for the first time, adequate extracts from the original records.

The Pilgrimage of Grace is described by our authors as "The most promising attempt to preserve the Church of Rome which was ever made in England." Though we might not have put the case exactly in these words, we cannot help agreeing substantially with the statement of fact. The later attempt of Mary's reign found England an officially Protestant country, was attended by the unfortunate Spanish complication, and was enforced, to say the least, in a very injudicious manner, whereas the Pilgrimage of Grace was the result of sincere popular enthusiasm, and took place at a period when Protestant doctrine had but a slight hold, even in the South of England. If, then, it is true that this was the most promising attempt to preserve Catholicism in our country, it deserves the earnest study and the liberal spirit we find in the two volumes before us. And we cannot help noticing the eager religious zeal on one side, confronted by a cold and calculating insincerity on the other. The extensive use of contemporary documents tends, no

The Exeter Conspiracy

doubt, to make these volumes, especially the first, rather hard reading. Sometimes the reader feels that he cannot see the wood for the trees ; and the story at times becomes so intricate in its details, that it is difficult to follow—an inevitable penalty, perhaps, of that thoroughness which is the glory of the Cambridge School.

An able introductory chapter brings out clearly the immediate causes of the successive risings in Lincolnshire and further North. Thomas Cromwell was at this time the principal instrument of the Royal authority. We say instrument advisedly. For Henry VIII acted on his own initiative, at any rate after the fall of Wolsey, and the policy ascribed to Cromwell was rather that of the King than of the minister. Cromwell was certainly at the time made the scapegoat, by both aristocratic and popular opinion ; and many historians—among them, Green—speak of him as practically responsible for the whole anti-clerical policy of those fateful years. But if ever a King had a right to call himself his own master, Henry VIII was he. Nevertheless, it is possible that the Royal policy in its most concrete form, that is in the Suppression, came from Cromwell's suggestion. We remember the well-known incident, mentioned by Cavendish, when Cardinal Wolsey was dismissing his household : how Cavendish found Master Cromwell in tears over his prayers as he read Our Lady's Matins in the window of the Great Chamber—which, as Cavendish slyly remarks, "Had been since a strange sight." To whom Cavendish said, "Why, Master Cromwell, what meaneth all this sorrow ?" Cromwell then began to bemoan a connection with the fallen minister which might injure his future prosperity. "But thus much, he said, will I say to you, that I intend, God willing, this afternoon, when my lord hath dined, to ride to London, and so to the Court, where I will either make or mar or I come again." It may be assumed that Cromwell used his opportunities of intercourse with the King, not only to soften the fall of the Cardinal, but also to suggest the suppression of the Monasteries, into which work he had already been initiated

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

by Wolsey. It was indeed very skilful of Henry eventually to continue the Wolsey ministry in the person of Cromwell, the Cardinal's confidant, turning, without apparently too violent a transition, what had been perhaps intended as monastic reform into absolute destruction. Cardinal Pole has ascribed the ideas of the supremacy and suppression to Cromwell, saying that the King began to act upon them after the interview which followed upon the incident just recited. But, whoever inspired him with these projects, the King soon made them entirely his own, and the ministers became merely the agents of the Royal will.

The various phases of the submission of the clergy did not much attract the attention of the Commons, as the people are called in the records of this period. But the matter was brought home to all when the priest in every parish church preached, or was told to preach, against "the usurped authority of the Bishop of Rome." For, as the authors remark: "The Papal authority was not always popular in England, men sneered at the Pope, grumbled at him, criticized him; but that he was the only supreme head of Christianity was as firmly believed, and as confidently accepted, as that the sun rose in the East." Great as this subversion may have been, however, it was not in itself sufficient to rouse the sluggish rural mind to active measures. It belonged, after all, to the realm of theory. But absolute tangible facts were soon added. Holidays were interfered with, the ancient customs of the parish were upset, and, worst of all, the very village feast itself was forbidden, unless it happened to fall on certain authorized holidays still allowed by the king. A village feast in Yorkshire is now a ghost of its old self, having lost its religious significance, and, through the alteration of the calendar, is held on a day considerably removed from the ancient Patronal Festival; but even now it is a great occasion, a break in the stagnant monotony of country life, and its sudden abolition would be resented. To interfere with the village feasts in the early sixteenth century was, therefore, to bring home to

The Exeter Conspiracy

all and sundry that some evil influence was at work in London. It meant far more to ordinary villagers than the political revolutions of the Wars of the Roses.

Added to all this, the destruction of the Monasteries soon began. That was something everybody could understand, and few fail to resent. If the smaller Houses did not always maintain the high ideals of their foundation, they were regarded with affectionate pride in the districts where they stood. The nuns educated the girls of the neighbourhood; and the monks or canons were easy and resident landlords. They belonged to the category of established facts. Their ancient buildings were landmarks; their doors were open to the traveller, and the Poor could absolutely depend upon doles there regularly administered. And now all at once a pack of insolent visitors descended upon these familiar institutions and drove the inhabitants out upon the world. The lead was torn from the roofs: "the tombs and sepulchres of honourable and noble men pulled down and sold." Centuries later, a man like Cobbett, the best surviving representative of the mind of Rural England, could rise in anger against this callous alienation of the Patrimony of the Poor.

Well may the parish priest have grumbled on that fateful Sunday, when he read, or avoided reading, the Royal Declaration. It all meant sheer loss in secular as well as in sacred things; and the villager is shrewd in matters which come within the sphere of his experience. To show what the feeling of such villagers was, I will refer to a special instance not mentioned by our authors. In the little village of Nunburnholme, at the foot of the Wolds, there was a small Nunnery. This had been of course dissolved. The property was sold to a neighbouring squire, whose arms may still be seen on the church of an adjacent parish. The moment the Pilgrimage gave the opportunity, the Rector and people of Nunburnholme restored the Religious to their Convent. We have the complaint of the would-be spoiler, William Hungate, who says: "That whereas the King had granted to him the

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

Mansion House of the late Priory, with all as well within doors as without, for which he paid to the King £35 14s. 11d., since which in the time of the late commotion in the North, one Richard Hawcliffe, clerk (Rector of Nunburnholme), Roger Killet, John Smith, etc., as rebellious to the King, put in possession the late suppressed Prioress." We are told that at this Convent previous to the suppression, "there were twelve dependants, and many poor living there"; and we can quite understand the resentment of the parson and people of Nunburnholme, when, for a paltry sum, an immediate neighbour was made master of what had evidently been the pride and the prop of the village.

The spirit of sullen indignation, spread all over the country, was particularly manifest in the North. The history before us dwells at great length upon the various prophecies and dark sayings which were spread abroad by word of mouth and even in manuscript. In a village close to the one just mentioned, the priest, after Mass, let fall several cryptic remarks, for which he had to appear later before Cromwell himself. For the authorities were thoroughly on the watch, and most of the information of this kind comes from spies. The village inn was a favourite place for such gossip. The parson himself evidently resorted there in those days; and, when he and his friends had their tongues loosened by a little stimulant, they uttered their inmost sentiments. The spirit of discontent continued to grow. At first the shock was so great as to paralyse resistance. But almost every succeeding Sunday some old name was omitted from the list of Festivals. In every district was seen some empty Monastery with its church already perhaps unroofed, and standing now a dreary object lesson for all the country-side. And stories were afloat of worse to follow. Why should not the Parish Church soon share the fate of the Convent? As the Barton ferryman told Robert Aske, when he was crossing the river: "The Voice was that their Churches, and ornaments of the same, should be taken from them."

It seems to have been the Commons who took these

The Exeter Conspiracy

things particularly to heart, that is, the people not of noble or gentle blood, led by the clergy who served the Parish Churches, and who were themselves often of the people. At any rate, it was among the Commons that the murmuring was most marked, and they were the first to take violent measures. Meanwhile, "the guiding principle of the gentry was their devotion to landed property." This made them afraid of the lower classes, and afraid, too, of offending the powers that be. And now was added the bait of the monastic spoils, which soon quite altered the outlook on the religious question. Shakespeare's Mr. Justice Shallow and Cousin Silence are no doubt caricatures; but they help one to realize how little aptitude for unselfish enthusiasm was to be found among ordinary country squires of the Sixteenth Century.

All the same, we gather that as a rule the upper classes in the North favoured the rebellion. None of the great families north of Trent, except the Cliffords, sincerely opposed the Pilgrimage at the outset. For, though the Earl of Northumberland personally offered a feeble resistance, the Percys on the whole eagerly supported the movement; the Nevilles were at best neutral; while the Earl of Derby wavered and eventually became strongly Royalist. There seems to be some reason to suppose that the insurrection was prompted by unacknowledged leaders, as both in Lincolnshire and later on beyond Humber the risings were so suspiciously simultaneous. And there had been previous rumours that something was likely to happen. But this theory cannot be proved. At any rate, the Commons were determined not to act alone. In all phases of the outbreak they insisted on forcing the hands of the gentry, enlisting not only their sympathy but their active participation in the great cause. Our authors dwell at considerable length upon the contemporary attitude and alliances of the various important families; and are able to throw many interesting side-lights upon the subject. For, as the gentlemen concerned were often influenced by local quarrels or relationships, the careful examination of these matters is of moment in

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

enabling us to understand their action. This is especially the case with the Pilgrimage of Grace properly so called. For the Lincolnshire rising, though practically the same in origin, was distinct from its more formidable successor. It was a picture in little of what eventually happened to the Pilgrimage of Grace. It began with much enthusiasm and some violence on the part of the Commons. The local gentlemen were pushed, apparently unwillingly, into the place of leaders; and the nobles acted in a somewhat half-hearted manner. And then the collapse came in the moment of apparent victory because the Commons lost confidence in the gentlemen.

The Lincolnshire insurrection is principally interesting as it was the immediate cause of the similar upheaval in the East Riding, which ended in arousing all the North of England. And it was in Lincolnshire that Robert Aske first became involved—in itself an event of great importance, as he beyond all others impressed his individuality upon the movement. These volumes bring clearly before us the character of Robert Aske—his words and actions speak for themselves, and in him we indeed find this tragedy's true hero. From that tumultuous moment when first the rebels seized upon his person, until the day when, from the scaffold on Clifford's Tower, he surveyed the city of York a condemned man, he ever maintained integrity of purpose and nobility of action. His relatives, on both sides, resisted the Pilgrimage. His brother Christopher especially distinguished himself in the Royal Cause; while his cousin, the Earl of Cumberland, was from first to last the most unwearied opponent of the Rising.

Among the three northern Earls, Clifford of Cumberland was the only strong man, and, at the same time, the most thoroughly unpopular. His antecedents, of which more might be said, were probably important in deciding his course of action. He had been brought up with Henry VIII, and he shared with his Royal companion an unscrupulous irreverence in his manner of treating Religious persons and property. His father, the Shepherd Lord, clung to the quiet pursuits and secluded habits which he

The Exeter Conspiracy

had learnt when, as a youth, his family lay under the ban of the House of York. Between the parent and child there could be little in common. Indeed, the old Lord complained to a Privy Councillor: "I shewed unto you the ungodly and ungoodely disposition of my son Henry Clifford, not onlie disobeying and dispyting my commands, striking with his own hand my pore servant in peril of death which so lyeth and is like to dye, but also spoiled my houses and feloniously stole away my proper goods, and appparelled himself and his horse in cloth of gold and goldsmith's work, more like a duke than a pore baron's son as he is . . . And he troubllyth divers houses of religion to bring from them their tythes, shamefully betyng their tenants and servants in such wyse as some whole townes are fayne to keep the Churches both nighte and daye, and dare not come at their own housys." All the same, Henry VIII had a warm liking for his scapegrace friend; and, after old Lord Clifford's death, took an early opportunity of creating him Earl of Cumberland, when he made his own bastard son Duke of Richmond. Christopher Aske belonged to the household of the Earl at Skipton Castle, and earnestly supported him in his opposition to the Pilgrims. Nothing, therefore, in the attitude of Robert Aske's relatives encouraged him on his course. His conduct was the outcome of conviction. As we are now shown, there is a certain force in his written evidence, fragmentary though it is, which touches us still. King Henry's allusion to his "filed tongue" gives one the idea that he was a powerful speaker as well as writer. He had no particular advantage of position, and indeed the King expressed his surprise that the northern gentlemen allowed "such a villain as Aske" to subscribe their letter before them all. He was but the third son of a country gentleman; and, though his mother was a Clifford, this family, as we have seen, had in him no spokesman. His personal appearance was not in his favour. As his enemies constantly remarked, he had lost an eye. He had some gift which marked him out as a leader of men; if it was not genius, it was certainly sincerity, and that quality in

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

a man without which his sincerity is of little outside account.

Yet even Aske's first participation in the Lincolnshire Rising did not appear to be wholly voluntary. Like many others, however, he may have been a very willing victim. At any rate, in Yorkshire he assumed at once the position of a leader, giving directions as to the ringing of the church bells in Howdenshire, and undertaking in other ways complete responsibility. There could be little doubt that he had noted the failure of the Lincolnshire attempt, and had put it down to the want of an acknowledged leader and a definite object. He determined to remedy these defects by undertaking himself to be captain of the greater enterprise, and by identifying the movement north of Trent decidedly with the cause of religion. The effect was instantaneous; men felt that now they were no longer fighting in the dark; the roughness of the Commons was restrained, the selfishness of the gentry refined. It was Robert Aske who gave to the Rising its appealing name. For when the men of Howdenshire and the men of Beverley met on Weighton Hill, Aske "bade them God be with them, saying they were pilgrims and had a pilgrim's gate to go." This "is the first reference to the beautiful name of the Pilgrimage of Grace, given by the insurgents to their protest in favour of the old religion."

Howdenshire and Holderness were the keenest in the cause; and among the towns, Beverley was the most eager. Hull was pulled in later without any enthusiasm on the part of its citizens; while York gave a more willing support when opportunity offered. Indeed, the clergy of York Minster gave their blessing to the proceedings. For, when Aske and four or five thousand horsemen entered the city in state, "the Minster doors were thrown open, and a long procession came forth, all the ecclesiastics attached to the Cathedral in full vestments and due order, from the Treasurer of the See of York to the smallest chorister." Robert Aske was thus led up the whole length of the great Church that he might make his

The Exeter Conspiracy

oblation at the High Altar. Not often did the higher clergy take so bold a line in defence of their Faith. Aske then fastened upon the Minster door his proclamation that the deprived Religious should return at once to their Houses, "By all the whole consent of all the herdmen of this our Pilgrimage of Grace."

By this time the North was thoroughly roused. The motives which inspired the Pilgrims were certainly various. Legal grievances like the Statute of Uses influenced the gentlemen; while some districts, particularly Cumberland and the North Riding of Yorkshire, were affected by agricultural discontent. But Robert Aske made the religious question the first plank in his platform, though other questions were not neglected. He thus skilfully controlled principles to the furtherance of the cause, and at the same time was equally successful in practical leadership. What could have been more admirable than the way in which he overcame the resistance encountered at Pontefract? Easily might the uncertain attitude of Lord D'Arcy and Sir Robert Constable have been turned into dangerous hostility by any want of tact on the part of the Leader of the Pilgrimage. As it was, Aske secured the invaluable aid of two of the principal magnates of Yorkshire.

The character of D'Arcy, like that of Aske, stands out clearly from the records now collected. His own saying of himself, "Old Tom has not one traitor's tooth in his head," may have been justified from his personal point of view. But he had certainly been involved in questionable intrigues with the Ambassador of Charles V. And he had been an untrue friend, in former days, to the great Cardinal, doing what he could to precipitate Wolsey's fall; he was even accused of planning to murder him. Yet, in 1514 (this is not mentioned in these volumes), he had written to Wolsey: "Sir, when I went in my chief room and office within the Court, ye and I were bed-fellows, and each of us break our minds to each other in all our affairs, and promised to do each other pleasure if it should lie in either of us at any time." But perhaps,

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

after all, this was only the way of the world, particularly of the Tudor world. At any rate, after he became a companion of Aske in the Pilgrimage, D'Arcy was absolutely loyal to him, resisting Norfolk's base suggestion for Aske's murder or betrayal, though he knew that, in case of the failure of the cause, he thus forfeited his only hope of pardon. "I cannot do it in no wise, for I have made promise to the contrary, and my coat was never hitherto stained with any such blot . . . If I might have two dukedoms for my labour, I would not consent to have such a spot in my coat." It was impossible for Lord D'Arcy to live up to his motto, "One God, one Faith, one King." And not only for him, but for any Catholic in England in those dubious days. In the words of that motto is summed up the tragedy of the Pilgrimage of Grace. The three men most associated with its leadership, and even the mass of their followers, were too loyal to the King for the success of their enterprise; but they were still more loyal to the Faith. England was, indeed, bewildered by hitherto kindred principles, now at variance. Though certainly there were not many found among the great people honest enough to be much disturbed by the controversy.

The information now collected as to the origin of the Pilgrims' Badge of the Five Wounds is most interesting. So early as the year 1511, D'Arcy and Constable had been associated in a kind of sacred war undertaken by Ferdinand V against the Moors. To mark the religious nature of the expedition, the soldiers wore the badge of the Five Wounds of Christ. But the English troops got no further than Spain. D'Arcy had, however, apparently kept the badges for the intervening twenty-five years at Pontefract Castle; and, noticing that the Pilgrims from Durham had adorned themselves with a device of a similar description, he brought out these old badges, and "himself gave one to Aske; and through the whole host it was gladly worn as a true symbol of their pilgrimage for the Faith." King Henry afterwards asked many pertinent questions as to how it was so many badges were forthcoming just at

The Exeter Conspiracy

the critical moment—exactly the kind of trifle which has occupied many a modern monarch's mind. Only one certainly authentic specimen of these badges survives, traditionally the very one worn by Sir Robert Constable. It is preserved at Everingham, still the seat of the descendants of Sir Robert's brother, Marmaduke, who lived there in the time of the Pilgrimage. This village is within three miles of Holme on Spalding Moor, where Sir Robert himself resided. The two Constables, brothers and close neighbours, were ranged on opposite sides in the contest, though probably the wife and eldest son of Sir Marmaduke were in secret sympathy with the Pilgrims. The fact that this surviving badge has been made into a burse for the altar at Everingham shows that it was felt to represent a sacred cause, and that its wearer was regarded as a martyr by the Everingham Constables, ever afterwards staunchly Catholic. Yet, at the time, while Sir Robert forfeited his life and more than forty manors, his politic brother, Sir Marmaduke, was highly favoured by Henry VIII. There may be seen at Everingham the deed conferring upon him lands in Holderness, and he was also put in possession of the Religious House at Drax, founded by his wife's ancestors.

What happened in the case of the Constable brothers was repeated in even a more acute form in the Aske family. Here was literally fulfilled the prediction "Brother shall deliver up brother to death." For Christopher Aske successfully searched through his brother Robert's papers for treasonable plans; and John Aske absolutely sat on a jury that condemned him. Christopher rebuilt the church tower at Aughton, the family seat of the Askes, and added a mysterious inscription with the fateful year 1536 significantly mentioned. The tower stands to this day, a memorial of the Pilgrimage of Grace in the native place of its unfortunate leader. It is in connection with Christopher Aske's name that we note a slip in the volumes, generally so painstaking in their accuracy. The authors, like Froude, follow an original document in ascribing to Christopher the heroic rescue

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

at Skipton of young Lady Clifford and her son from the vile intentions of the insurgents. This not only imputes to the Pilgrimage of Grace a kind of violence from which it was wholly free, but invents persons who did not exist. For Lord Clifford did not marry the Lady Eleanor Brandon (niece of Henry VIII) till a later date, and the only child of the marriage was a daughter, not a son. Perhaps Lady Eleanor was the Royal reward for the Cliffords' loyalty. Like the Constables and Askes, so were the D'Arcys, the sons of the old Baron being distinctly hostile to their father's policy, especially the eldest, George, who eventually, though not under Henry, recovered the attainted Barony. As the Duke of Norfolk said in one of his letters to the Council: "Ffy upon the lord d'arcy the most arraunt traitor that ever was lyvyng and yet both his sonnes trew knights. old sir roberd constable as ill as he and all his blode trew men." For a principle had entered into this contest stronger than interest, and higher than earthly loyalty, a principle which it had been foretold would rend even families asunder.

Another feature about this movement was the lax attitude of the great nobles. Not one Earl appeared as a leader; and the Duke of Norfolk, though a conservative in religious matters, was principally instrumental in putting the Pilgrimage down in the most cruel and deceitful manner imaginable. Even Courtenay, Marquis of Exeter, took up arms against the Pilgrims, though almost openly hostile to the King's policy, and the darling of the White Rose party. He did not even thus conciliate Cromwell or escape the Royal vengeance. Courtenay's cousin, Cardinal Pole, was equally supine. If he had been less spiteful with his pen, and more vigorous in his person, how different might have been the outcome! Cardinal Gasquet has mentioned the unnecessary manner in which, for the sake of a phrase in his *De unitate Ecclesiastica*, Pole irritated Henry at a most critical moment. And yet now, when action would have been invaluable, he failed to arrive. As a literary exponent of the Royal cause remarked, in a violent pamphlet: "Pole came somewhat

The Exeter Conspiracy

too late into France at the last commotion . . . He would have had not only a foot in their boat, but in spite of Aske and his company would have ruled the stern." This was the opinion of the bitter enemies of the Pilgrimage. But the Cardinal missed the golden opportunity—a far better one than that which he did afterwards make use of under more comfortable conditions in Mary's reign. In the same way the Pope prepared, but did not issue, his Bull against Henry VIII. If only Paul III and St. Pius V could have changed places, had the former launched his Bull, and the latter refrained, how far easier might have been the course of history for Catholics in England.

Certain it is that not only the nobles, but also the more Catholic-minded Prelates in England, and even the Abbots, failed to realize the significance of the crisis. Perhaps the fact that the movement began from below made it suspected by great lords. Their class feeling appears to have perverted their religious conviction; or perhaps they were merely swayed by a selfish inclination to wait upon events. If the affair had been conducted upon feudal lines it, no doubt, would have appealed better to the nobles—it would have been their own cause. As it was, the feudal age had practically passed away, and the sense of nationality had not fully come. We might almost say that the Pilgrimage of Grace marks the transition between the two great civil wars of the Roses and the Parliament—between the factions of nobles and the awakening of a people. The attitude of Archbishop Lee of York, here so well portrayed, illustrates the conduct of the higher clergy as a class. It was no new thing in England. As St. Thomas of Canterbury, in his struggle with the Crown, lacked all sympathy and support among his episcopal brethren, so it was now, when a very different Thomas sat upon the throne of Augustine. The Bishops were either Protestant or cowardly. The cry of the Pilgrims marching under their sacred banner to save the Faith awakened no echo in their hearts.

The King, however, did understand the situation. He was rather slow in realizing the full extent of the danger;

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

but he knew his own mind, and acted consistently throughout. It is a theory of our authors that Henry really believed in himself and in his ecclesiastical claims—that, in fact, he was a fanatic on his own position as Supreme Head. We might say, indeed, that like a monarch of our own time, he felt himself to be the inspired instrument of the Most High. The present generation has learnt by bitter experience how dangerous is an illusion of this kind in a powerful personage, and England, in the Sixteenth Century, suffered from a similar scourge. The King had scarcely patience to endure the compromising policy which the logic of facts forced upon his General, Norfolk, in dealing with the Pilgrims' claims. Henry's own composition in reply to their suggestions had to be suppressed for a time. In this human document the King takes his people into his confidence in a most engaging manner, talking with a freedom from restraint which makes us understand something of the charm with which the Tudors seemed to hypnotize England. But he does not budge one inch from his half-royal, half-divine, claims on their allegiance. Knowing his master as he did, Norfolk trembled as to his own future when he was obliged to negotiate with the insurgents on such humble terms. In his letter to the Council, he describes himself as absolutely in tears over the affair: "Alas, my good lordes, I have served his highness many tymes without reproch, and now inforced to appoynt with the rebelles my hert is nere broken." But the Duke took the only wise course in avoiding an engagement; and, when once the movement had been thus brought to a standstill, the astute policy of the King did the rest. Henry caressed the leaders, and remained royally aloof from the Commons, observing, at the same time, such a masterly inactivity in carrying out his promises that he at last produced a condition of distrust and exasperation which insured new outbreaks, and so absolved him from all his undertakings. It was easy then to punish the people, and to find an excuse to destroy their too easily duped captains. The Duke of Norfolk throughout appears as the villain of the piece.

The Exeter Conspiracy

After he had suggested that D'Arcy should betray Aske, and had received such a noble reply from the old Lord, he answered: "I have lived too long to do otherwise than truly and honestly." If we were to take these words in the negative we should, perhaps, best sum up the Duke's career. It is charitable to suppose that, after all, he was only a typical product of his times.

Norfolk admits "that if the rebels had taken advantage like men of war" the game was in their own hands at Doncaster. Once successful there, they would probably have swept all before them, as they had so many secret backers in the South. But, however triumphant, what could they have done with the King? There was no one to take the place of Henry VIII. We hear of a White Rose party. But, surely, on the highest White Rose principles, Henry was true King as his mother's son. There is even a rumour that his father, Henry VII, had been jealous of him on this account. And if the insurgents had pressed the King too hard, and it had been known that he was in their power, a reaction would certainly have taken place in his favour. And yet, as long as Henry possessed the Throne, his policy, like his will, would have remained immovable. It is difficult to see how, under any circumstances, the ideals of the Pilgrimage could have been ultimately realized. Cromwell, after all, was only the symptom of the malady; the root of the evil was in the King himself. But the proposals of the insurgents were by no means purely reactionary. We see them most fully set forth by the Pilgrims in their Council at Pontefract. In religious matters the supremacy of the See of Rome was to be clearly recognized, the suppressed Monasteries were to be restored, Cromwell and the heretic bishops removed. These were, indeed, the main objects of the Pilgrimage.

But Aske and D'Arcy had a political aim also in view, which, religious motives apart, has its appeal to all lovers of freedom. The twelfth article of the Pilgrims' petition contained the following points: (1) The King should not interfere in elections; (2) complete freedom of speech

The Pilgrimage of Grace and

should be enjoyed in the House of Commons ; (3) additional representatives should be given in Yorkshire ; (4) spiritual matters should be dealt with in Convocation ; (5) the House of Lords should be supplied with copies of Bills about to be proposed. This last precaution was intended as a check on the evil practice of rushing important measures through an unprepared Parliament. For the House of Commons was more subservient than the Lords during this reign. The third clause here mentioned suggests that the idea of adequate representation, unattained in England until 1832, was in the minds of these political reformers. We cannot, therefore, think that the Pilgrims were behind their age in constitutional matters. They certainly wished England to remain Catholic ; but they also desired England to be free. The Pilgrimage of Grace was, indeed, a popular movement in the best sense of the word.

The mistake which Aske made in accepting the Duke of Norfolk's terms, and so losing his temporary advantage, was perhaps due to that innate loyalty which came to him from his Clifford ancestry. D'Arcy and Constable shared his responsibility in this matter. Though it seems that the rank and file of the Pilgrims, guided by the true instinct which often governs popular assemblies, were far more suspicious than their leaders. Aske, as a Yorkshireman, appears to have been dazzled by the promise of a Parliament at York, and a coronation in the Minster. These volumes rise with their subject at times to a natural eloquence, especially in the description of the trial and execution of the leaders. Indeed, the pathos of such a noble failure is irresistible. Some interesting information is given as to the descendants of many of the prominent Pilgrims, and the line which they took in later political conflicts. In this connection we may note the very anti-clerical tone of Richard Cromwell, and remember that he was the great-grandfather of Oliver.

Space forbids us to dwell upon the savage punishment meted out to the poor insurgents, especially in Cumberland ; or upon the interesting case of Bigod, and other

The Exeter Conspiracy

misguided leaders in that revival of the insurrection which produced the final catastrophe. The beautiful Lady Bulmer's tragic end was perhaps intended as a warning for other gentlewomen too much attached to the old Faith, as illustrated by the conduct of the wife of Christopher Stapleton at Beverley, in the early days of the rising.

Our authors have hard things to say about the Church for not including Robert Aske in the Calendar. They mention names so honoured which seem to them less worthy of such recognition. It does not lie with us to comment on this question. But what Cardinal Newman says about Theodoret may, perhaps, also here apply: "Nor is there anything in his life, as it has come down to us, to forbid our saying that he was as genuine a Saint as some of those whose names are in the Calendar." The very favourable testimony with regard to the Pilgrimage of Grace contained in these volumes will come with the more force to most English people, inasmuch as the authors do not write from what is called "the Romish standpoint." The Protestant Reformation, say the authors, was bound to come in England in any case—a doubtful proposition considering the popular attitude so well illustrated in these very pages. The religious changes in England began at the top; they were resisted, as in Ireland, from below. And we may quote on this head so excellent an authority as Dr. Gairdner: "What we call the Reformation in England," he writes, ". . . was the result of Henry VIII's quarrel with the Church of Rome on the subject of his divorce, and the same results could not possibly have come about in any other way."

R. C. WILTON.

A LAPSED RELATIONSHIP

The Sister's Son. By Francis B. Gummere.

Sohrab and Rustem: The Epic Theme of a Combat between Father and Son. By Murray A. Pott r.

The Sister's Son and the Conte del Graal. By William A. Nitze.
Uncle and Nephew in the old French Chansons de Geste: A Study in the Survival of the Matriarchy. By W. O. Farnsworth.

The Position of Woman in Primitive Society: A Study of the Matriarchy. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan).

WE have lost a relationship in the human family, and all so gradually that we have not even suspected our loss: not a tear has been shed over the passing of the maternal uncle and of his complementary relative, the sister's son. Yet there is abundant proof that the close bond between uncle and nephew was cherished in former times by most of the peoples from whom we claim descent. Several contributions by American scholars in particular have recently dwelt upon the rôle of the sister's son in bygone literature; while a new study of the matriarchate has touched upon the subject of nephew-right in connection with the place of woman in primitive society, thus bringing the nephew into the larger arena of discussion where his mother is the chief figure. A differently constituted family is suggested in these books, in which the maternal uncle played the part now allotted to the father.

The history of mother-right has been actively followed for the last fifty years. E. S. Hartland, in his *Primitive Paternity*, says that this half-century of investigation leaves no doubt that mother-right everywhere preceded father-right; and he adds, "the uncertainty of paternity cannot be historically the reason for the reckoning of descent exclusively through the mother." To sum up divergent opinions upon the history of the human family, there seems good reason for recognizing that the mother has been treated as the chief factor in kinship among

A Lapsed Relationship

primitive peoples, and, more particularly for our purpose, among the Celtic and Teutonic peoples who settled in the North and West of Europe and the adjacent islands. Moreover, the existence of mother-right, as exhibited in kinship exclusively through females, among the peoples of northern and western Europe, is reflected in the survival in historic times of nephew-right, sometimes in the form of law, more often as a sentiment persisting in popular literature.

We must here distinguish between two conceptions attributed to the synonyms matriarchy, "Mutterrecht," mother-right. Mother-right, some writers say, implies an actual ascendancy of the mother in the practical affairs of the family, and especially in what concerns her children; by others the word is used simply to imply that descent is reckoned exclusively through the mother. There is a wide difference in the picture of the primitive family suggested by these two conceptions; and by many the existence of mother-right has been viewed with scepticism because too much has been claimed for it upon insufficient evidence. The former conception presents woman as an active social force; the latter leaves her as the passive and stable factor in family history. The larger question of female ascendancy in a real woman's world may be left to the historians of society; and, in presenting some new literary evidence, we are content to use the word "matriarchy" or "mother-right" in the restricted sense of a social system which recognized kinship exclusively through the female line. It is credible, however, that the rights naturally accruing to woman as the result of this recognition were more considerable.

The general lack of formal legislation in favour of the sister's son is remarkable, in view of the constant popular sentiment which, we shall presently see, existed in his favour. True, Schrader says that the Scotch Picts as late as the Ninth Century provide for succession through sister's sons without exception; Zimmer also says of the Picts that "we see no sign among them of female domination, but sons belong to the mother's family, and the

A Lapsed Relationship

succession is through sister's sons"; Nitze quotes the Irish law that "when a sister's son has been slain, the maternal uncle shall avenge him." Yet, perhaps the general statement of D'Arbois de Jubainville for the Celts is nearer the safety-point, when he says (*La Famille celtique*): "The Gallic idea is that the stranger, on coming into the family, brings with him a certain strength, and that the nephew, the son of the stranger, shall become the successor of the maternal grandfather—his son, as it were." This statement, while guarded, leaves the way open for that insistence upon the uncle-nephew relation which is current in Celtic literature.

One fact emerges from these volumes dealing with mother-right—the neglect by social historians of the evidence of nephew-right offered in popular literature. But if the laws and practices of the most diverse and barbaric peoples have been scanned in vain for a record of matriarchal conditions, the historians of mother-right may no longer close their eyes to the testimony of mediæval European literature bearing upon nephew-right. We have, near at hand, in England, in Scandinavia, in Germany, and in France, complete testimony in popular literature to this existence of a sentimental tie between an uncle and his sister's son. Dargun, in 1883, referred to the evidence of old German poetry bearing on this relation; Andrew Lang touched the Celtic domain in *Custom and Myth*, though the full testimony of Celtic legend remains to be exploited; the recent researchers, on whose books we base our observations, have more exhaustively presented the conditions in their respective fields. It is evident from a study of the material now at hand that, in mediæval Europe, this cherished relation between a man and his sister's son was sometimes closer than any other family tie; and that a son, though in no wise disowned by his father, belonged primarily to his mother's family into which he was born with his new blood. Thus the mother's brother would inevitably be brought to regard him as his *protégé* and, in a certain sense, as the family heir. The popular literature is evidently

A Lapsed Relationship

the pale and tardy reflection of a society intermediate between a more primitive state and our own. In this literature we shall find the father, indeed, established as the head of the family in most cases ; but appearing with impressive frequency is the mother's brother as the natural guardian, friend, and avenger of his sister's son.

Mrs. Gallichan has quite recently defended an interesting and novel thesis regarding the chronological position occupied by the age of mother-right in the evolution of the family. She has adduced arguments for her belief that the maternal clan was not strictly primitive, but that it followed the first patriarchal age as an organized revolt against the lustful tyranny of the polygamous patriarch over his wives and daughters, and against the jealousy of all other males. Moreover, she contends that the age of mother-right was not marked by promiscuity but by a regulation of former sex relations, so that the woman, naturally supported by her own relatives, came to represent the stable factor through which her inheritance and her family name passed to her children. The age of mother-right thus marked an advance over the brutish and warlike conditions prevailing in the primitive patriarchal clan, because it stood for sexual control and peace, for conservation of family tradition through the more sensitive sex, and finally for communism as against individualism in the holding of property. It is evident that according to this hypothesis the age of mother-right is intermediate between a still earlier age of father-right and our own. For our present purpose it is enough to observe that the insistence upon nephew-right seems to be an echo of this long-forgotten but now resuscitated age of mother-right, when woman enjoyed definite prerogatives more recently denied her. The literary evidence does not, of course, date from a state of matriarchy. All human literature is the product of the present patriarchal state. The father is the head of the family in mediæval as in modern literature.

Dargun, in 1883, with perhaps more zeal than care, adduced examples from Germanic mediæval lore to prove

A Lapsed Relationship

the following manifestations of the uncle-nephew relationship : Uncle and nephew were obliged to avenge each other ; the uncle was the representative of his sister's son ; the uncle attended to his nephew's marriage ; the nephew was often named from his uncle ; the nephew was placed in his uncle's tutelage ; the nephew inherited his uncle's charge ; a man was identified as his uncle's nephew rather than as his father's son. But Dargun is out of favour with the more modern scientific school, and Professor Gummere, in a far more charming and authoritative contribution on *The Sister's Son*, is a more accredited witness to this relationship in the English and Scotch ballads contained in Professor Child's collection. Professor Gummere is constrained to say :

I think this persistent mention of a sister's son in the ballads something which indeed may not do much for the legal assumption if we take it as an isolated fact, but which, as a part of the cumulative proof furnished by Tacitus, by Germanic legend, by old genealogies, by romance, hints, if it does not prove, an older law in the case. There are wider fields to search ; anyone can think of stray instances in Celtic literature ; and systematic investigation would doubtless bring additional and welcome evidence from this as well as other stores of tradition.

The Germanic and Celtic "stores of tradition" have indeed been only cursorily examined with this object in view. But for France, we are more favoured. A Columbia University dissertation by Dr. Farnsworth leaves no doubt as to the rôle of uncle and nephew in the *chansons de geste*. In the French epic poetry of the Twelfth and Thirteenth centuries we have abundant testimony, easy of access. A few examples will suffice. Charlemagne had four sons according to the epic poets : Louis, Charlot, Lohier, and Buvon. These are all occasionally mentioned ; but they are in no marked sentimental relationship with their father, as are his sister's sons, Roland and Baudouin. Indeed, the marked affection of Charlemagne for Roland is the most constant sentiment in this French epic material from the Eleventh Century to the present time.

A Lapsed Relationship

At the centre of the Southern epic, that dealing with the *geste* of Montauban, was Aymeri de Narbonne with his wife Ermenjart. This noble pair had eight sons, and had daughters variously reckoned up to five. Their most glorious son was Guillaume d'Orange, whom Professor Bédier brilliantly identified after Léon Gautier had expatiated on the moral grandeur of his enigmatical personality. This Guillaume, regarded as an historical personage, had six children by his wife Guibourc (Bédier, *Les Légendes épiques*), but in the popular poetry he had no children at all; he was blessed, however, according to Guibert d'Andrenas, with no less than sixty-six nephews, ten of whom M. Bédier mentions by name. The grand epics of *Aliscans* and *Willame* show that, with his sister's son Vivien, Guillaume was in relations no less intimate and even more sentimental than those of Charlemagne with Roland. In neither case did the poets concern themselves with the relations of these young men with their fathers. Other widespread legends were built up about the intimate relations of uncles and nephews in *Raoul de Cambrai*; of Simon the Butcher and his precocious sister's son, Hugh Capet; of old Naimon de Bavière and his doughty nephews, Ogier and Gaydon; of King Louis and his sister's son, Aiol. These are notable examples chosen from among many others in French epic poetry. From them it is evident that the uncle frequently adopted his maternal nephew during the formative period of his pageship, and made him his *protégé* or *nourri*. This feudal relationship has been exhaustively studied by Carl Schubert, who remarks in conclusion: "We have in the French epic a popular survival of mother-right in manners and customs which has long since disappeared from law."

The situation is the same in the French versions of the Arthurian matter, which are approximately contemporary with these epic poems—that is, with the Crusades. Here the relationship occurs quite as persistently; but there is less plot woven about it, because the Arthurian romances present individual heroes engaged in unrelated adventures instead of the extended genealogies and relationships of

A Lapsed Relationship

epic heroes fighting for a common cause. Nothing would have been easier for the poets who first handled this romantic matter in the Twelfth Century than to give Arthur a son, or even a large family of sons. But they did not do so. Chrétien de Troyes alone, to our knowledge, in *Erec et Enide*, grants him in passing a son, one Loholt, of whom nothing more is said or known. King Arthur, like Guillaume d'Orange, was certainly childless in poetic history. But think of the part played by his nephews! There is the favourite Gawain, the Arthurian Roland, son of King Lot and of Arthur's sister, and also Gawain's less known brother Gahariët. Then there was Lancelot, another sister's son; and Mordred, whose treachery was the darker because of his violation of an uncle's faith. This insistent grouping of nephews about the central figure of Arthur is certainly a conception opposed to our own family scheme.

The greatest mediæval love-story, that of Tristram and Iseult, though originally independent of the Arthurian cycle, appears from the start to have shared with it this presentation of the uncle-nephew bond. Professor Bédier's *résumé* of the legend may be conveniently referred to in demonstration of this fact. When Tristram is about to fight Morholt, King Mark, who throughout is childless, embraces him and promises he shall be heir to the kingdom: "Personne n'est plus digne que toi de le recevoir, car tu es le fils du mari de ma sœur." Later, Iseult reproaches Tristram for having killed Morholt, who is her maternal uncle: "Mauvais truand, tu mourras pour mon oncle." Once more, now married, and the *liaison* with Tristram in force, Iseult tells Mark to let Tristram be her protector during the King's absence: "Il est le fils de votre sœur, il saura s'efforcer de maintenir partout votre honneur sauf."

Nowhere, perhaps, is this relationship more momentous than in the Grail story according to the French *Perceval le Gallois*. So true is this that Professor Nitze recently wrote: "The matriarchal idea is evidently the *Leitmotiv* of Crestien's work." Though relationships are greatly

A Lapsed Relationship

confused in the later versions of the legend, it is certain that the French poem offers a strikingly complete system of kinship through the female side. The hermit is Perceval's uncle, as is also the aged king who is served with the Grail. Of the latter the hermit says :

Cil cui l'en sert il est mes frère
Ma suer et soie fu ta mère.

(7789-90.)

And Perceval replies significantly :

Quant ma mère fu vostre suer
Bien me devés neveu clamer
Et je vous oncle, et mius amer.

(7810-12.)

It will be recalled that Perceval's guilt lay in his thoughtless desertion of his widowed mother, for which he is bitterly reproached by his maternal uncle, the hermit. But the same poem teems with other minor references to nephew-right. Gawain plays a great part in the sequel ; and, when questioned as to his identity, always refers to himself as "le niés roi Artu." It is a fine scene and most significant of matriarchal customs when Gawain's five-year-old son pleads with his wronged mother's brother to spare his father, Gawain. It is his own mother who indicates the wisdom of this appeal, as she points out his uncle to the boy. This poem portrays Gawain as a complete outsider in his own family, precisely as the father stands aside from his wife and children among some primitive tribes to-day. As often happens in poetry, Gawain and his son fight unrecognized ; and when, later, their identity is disclosed, the boy tells his father he has always been known as his uncle's nephew :

Soi, de voir, que tuit m'apeloient
Parmi le castel et nommoient
Le neveu son oncle, et messire
Me faisoit issi à tous dire ;
Maintes fois me conta ma mère
Qu'ele ne sot nomer mon père
El castel, por le grant damage
Qu'il avoit fait de son lignage. (20669-76.)

A Lapsed Relationship

In the *Roman de Dole*, when Guillaume grieves over the alleged misconduct of his sister, it is his nephew who passionately offers to avenge his uncle's honour and slay his wayward aunt.

Thus it is that about the old French poetry, as about the English and Scotch ballads, Professor Gummere's remark rings true: "By the old notion . . . famous men are provided with a sister's son, while later tradition gives them, or would give them, sons of their own flesh."* A comparison with the points made by Dargun reveals that the situation in French narrative poems practically repeats the situation Dargun claims for old Germanic poetry. Paternal as well as maternal uncles share this sentiment for their nephews, and also for their nieces. To prove that this removal of the father is not simply fortuitous, further evidence may be gathered in E. Langlois' *Table des Noms propres de toute nature compris dans les chansons de geste*, and from the various epic poems published by the *Société des anciens Textes français*.

The case for the nephew might rest upon the material already presented; but there are two documents, hitherto never cited in this connection, which are too precious to pass over. Arnaut Daniel (*circ.* 1180), one of the best known of the troubadours, had the fancy to make the very theme we are considering one of three conceits which he wove into a love-song. In half-serious, half-comic vein he harps upon this relation of uncle and nephew as one of the most intimate he can choose for his purpose. The painfully elaborate poem is translated by Mr. Justin H. Smith in his *Troubadours at Home*. In another very different connection the relationship is introduced in the *Roman de Renart*.

The taking over of this tie by the Italian poets of the Renaissance, who refashioned the epic and romantic material of the French poets in endless versions, may be regarded as a mere borrowing of a poetic convention for which there appears to be no equivalent in the indigenous

* It is, perhaps, significant that in the popular poetry of several nations, the most tender name a man can give his wife is "sister."

A Lapsed Relationship

Italian literature of the period, although, in actual life, vast importance passed to the nephews of celebrated princes of the Church. Dr. Farnsworth points out that there are also meagre, but perhaps significant, traces of nephew-right in the Spanish epic, whose artistic relation to the French epic has been matter for much controversy. Readers of More's *Utopia* (1516) may recall that he adds to this work "A shorte meter of Utopia, written by Anemolius Poete Laureate, and nephewe to Hythlodaye by his sister." Malory, of course, is full of sister's sons, as he is presenting material drawn directly from the French prose romances. It is of little consequence to recall that St. Paul refers to Marcus as sister's son to Barnabas in the King James version; or that Shakespeare uses the traditional phrase in *Julius Cæsar*:

Upon condition, Publius shall not live
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

The late Laureate, perhaps unaware of the historical significance of the phrase, used it for the only time in *Guinevere*, where Arthur refers to the imminent battle with Mordred:

Where I must strike against the man they call
My sister's son . . .

Such an example represents but the fading glimmer of a once warm relationship. As sons, we have done well to gain a father as our defender and friend; but we have done ill to lose an uncle. For, as Lamartine says of the case of Jeanne d'Arc, "ces seconds pères (les oncles) dans les familles, sont souvent plus paternels que les pères véritables, et ils ont plus de faiblesse pour les enfants de la maison, parce qu'ils se défient moins de leur amour et qu'ils aiment par choix et non par devoir."

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT.

A STUDY IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF SACRAMENTAL THEOLOGY

IN *Confirmation, a Study in the Development of Sacramental Theology* (Gill), Father O'Dwyer has given us a treatise—originally presented to the Theological Faculty of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, as a thesis for the Degree of Doctor—a contribution to theological literature, which is both admirably lucid and full of learning. He brought to his task no preconceived opinion; indeed, he tells us that he was "forced" to his main conclusion "even against his wishes almost." Here we have the opinion of a man who knows his subject thoroughly, who states his arguments temperately and with much modesty, who takes into consideration the views of those from whom he differs; who wishes that the facts had been other than as he sees them. There is, indeed, something approaching to a judicial summing up of the evidence at the end of the book, which many readers will deem conclusive and decisive. Yet, I confess that, were I a member of the jury, I should venture to disagree with the summing up of the judge—not with regard to the facts, but with regard to his inferences from those facts and as to their precise import.

Father O'Dwyer's chief conclusion may be stated in his own words: "Christ determined the Matter and Form of the Sacrament merely in a *generic* fashion, and left to His Church the power to make specific changes in the sacred rite." He also writes: "The reader will bear in mind that this question has been raised specially with regard to Order and Confirmation: in the case of Baptism and the Eucharist the Matter and Form were specifically determined by Christ."

Father O'Dwyer is here concerned directly with only the question of Confirmation. In the Preface he observes that his readers, "provided they are possessed of even a

Sacramental Theology

merely superficial acquaintance with Sacramental Theology, cannot have failed to notice what pains our Catholic Theologians have taken to provide an answer to the question, 'How did Christ institute the Sacraments?' They cannot, moreover, fail to notice that these writers have sought for a solution along two different lines. Some prefer to regard the matter from an *a priori* standpoint and deduce 'what is' from what 'ought to be.' Others, questioning the premises, prefer to examine facts before they theorize. The conclusions of the two schools are, as might be suspected, as divergent as their methods." These are the only words of Father O'Dwyer's with which I am inclined to quarrel, not merely because I disagree with them, but because I consider them to be slightly provocative and even unfair. It does not seem to me that he gives us a complete dichotomy. He presents us on the one side with a picture of Theologians who argue perversely on *a priori* grounds, and try to force the facts to square with their preconceived theories, and, on the other side, shows us Theologians who examine facts before they theorize. In his next sentence he calls the attitude of these latter Theologians Historico-theological (by which, I think, he means that they base their theological conclusions upon their study of history, or, at least, that their study of history comes before their theological conclusions), and declares that he is convinced that it is correct.

But as no Catholic Theologian is free to study ecclesiastical history independently of the Teaching of the Church, it provokes me to be told that other people study facts before theories. The Teaching of the Church is a fact—and a fact of supreme importance. It is, however, only, I think, Father O'Dwyer's wording with which I am here inclined to fall out. Where the Church has not spoken, it is intolerable to find any writer trying to make facts fit his theories—intolerable because his theories are of worth only in so far as they are borne out by facts. And I need not say that, of course, Father O'Dwyer accepts to the full the Teaching of the Church.

But, has the Church spoken on this subject of the

A Study in the Development

generic Institution of the Sacraments by Christ? For myself, I confess to an uneasy feeling that such a ruling is to be found in the well-known words of the Council of Trent: "Præterea declarat hanc potestatem perpetuo in Ecclesia fuisse, ut in Sacramentorum dispensatione, *salva eorum substantia*, ea statueret vel mutaret quæ . . . magis expedire iudicaret" (Sess. xxi, cap. 2). Here we find a clear distinction between the ceremonies used in the administration (*dispensatione*) of the Sacraments which the Church can ordain and change according to the needs of changing circumstances, and the substance which has to remain inviolate (*salva*). If the Matter and Form can be changed by the Church at will, provided only that *some* Matter and Form be left, signifying the grace of the Sacrament—(and this is the meaning of the generic Institution of the Sacraments by Christ, as opposed to the specific)—one asks what is left to be the substance that has to be preserved intact? I know that this does not settle the question, nor can it do so as long as such Theologians as De Lugo, Morinus, Billot, Hurter and Tanquerey hold the view advocated by Father O'Dwyer. Cardinal Billot's name ranks, I suppose, first in weight amongst living Theologians, and Billot goes so far as to use the following illustration of his theory: "Let us suppose that Christ laid down that there should be some Sacramental rite of Ordination, and further, that St. John chose Imposition of Hands in the East, whilst St. Peter chose the Delivery of Instruments in the West; there would be one and the same Sacrament instituted by Christ in each case." Needless to say, I yield to the full to the learned Cardinal's authority as to the tenability of this view by Catholics. Still, I own that I should myself, in view of the Tridentine Definition, feel, as I have said, "uneasy," did I think myself "forced" by facts to accept the doctrine of the generic institution by Christ, which Billot's illustration so strikingly exemplifies.

It seems to me that we come to this question, necessarily, with a certain *præ-iudicium*. Father O'Dwyer admits this himself, when he writes that he was "forced

of Sacramental Theology

against his wishes almost to accept the generic view." This *præ-iudicium* should not be so strong as to drive us to go against facts, but I think that it may reasonably be strong enough to cause us to refuse to accept any inference from facts, which lead us to hold that the Church has power to change the Matter and Form of the Sacraments, unless such inference be clear beyond dispute. In other words, notwithstanding the great names that are quoted in favour of the generic theory, a presumption against it exists in my mind on intrinsic grounds. This presumption can be dislodged by clear evidence, since the meaning of the Tridentine *salva eorum substantia* is not certain. We know that some of the most eminent Catholic Theologians think that such evidence exists. And yet it seems to me futile to deny that many Catholics will not unreasonably feel that they are constrained to start their investigation with a certain presumption against the generic conclusion, however strong the extrinsic authority in its favour. For my part, after investigation, I do not believe that the evidence is sufficient to dislodge the presumption, with which I own that I started.

What are the leading facts upon which the advocates of the generic theory rely? They can be summed up as follows: (a) It is universally admitted by Catholic Theologians that at the present day unction is an essential part of the Matter of the Sacrament of Confirmation. But, in Holy Scripture there is no mention of unction in connection with Confirmation. Nor do we find a certain proof of any such mention until the Fourth Century. (b) Further, both in Holy Scripture and in the early Fathers, Confirmation is spoken of as the Laying on of Hands, and it can be shown that by this was meant the full hand, as in Ordination. But, in the Rite of Confirmation as now administered, there is no such Imposition of Hands. (c) The form is now indicative—no longer precatory, as in the beginning.

With these facts before us, it is easy to jump to the conclusion that the Matter was changed from Imposition of Hands to Unction with Chrism, and that the Form was changed from a prayer to a declaration. But the question

A Study in the Development

still remains : Is this facile conclusion necessarily true ? Is there no other hypothesis which will meet the admitted facts ? It seems to me that notwithstanding (a), (b) and (c), it may be fairly maintained, and is at least highly probable, that there has been no change in either Form or Matter of this Sacrament since Apostolic times. No doubt it is a considerable difficulty to those of us who are inclined to think that Chrism was part of the Matter of Confirmation even in Apostolic times, to find that there is no mention of Chrism in the Acts of the Apostles. But, after all, this difficulty is purely negative. Now, Father O'Dwyer is confronted with a difficulty that is positive in its character, which he does not face nor even mention. The difficulty is this. How account for the supposed change from Imposition of Hands to Unction with Chrism having been made all over the Church without any record of the change ? We find the earliest Fathers, such as Tertullian, Origen and Cyprian, referring to an Unction bestowed upon Christians. Father O'Dwyer observes that it cannot be proved that this Unction has any reference to Confirmation. Very well, to this we will say *Transeat*. If we pass to the middle of the Fourth Century, we shall there find all over the Catholic world words used concerning the Holy Chrism, which we, with our less ardent faith, may be tempted to regard almost as exaggerated. As an illustration let us take three great contemporary Bishops, St. Pacian of Barcelona representing Europe, St. Cyril of Jerusalem representing Asia, and St. Optatus of Milevis, Africa. St. Pacian, arguing against the Novatians who denied that the Church had inherited the power of forgiving sins, writes as follows : " If, therefore, the power both of baptizing and of Chrism, which are by far the greater spiritual gifts, has descended to the Bishops from the Apostles, then by the same right have the Bishops the power of binding and of loosing." St. Pacian evidently believed that the Apostles used Chrism in Confirmation. St. Cyril of Jerusalem's language, with regard to Chrism, is perhaps the greatest difficulty to be met with in the Fathers with reference to the Doctrine of the

of Sacramental Theology

Real Presence. St. Cyril actually compared the change effected in oil by consecration to the change in the consecration of the Eucharist. His words are well known : " But see that you do not imagine that oil to be mere oil. For as the bread of the Eucharist, after the invocation of the Holy Ghost, is no longer mere bread, but Christ's Body, so also this Holy oil is no longer mere oil, or as one might say common oil, after the invocation, but is the gift of Christ and is made effectual to convey the Holy Ghost, by the Presence of His Own Godhead. And this oil is symbolically applied to your forehead and your other organs of sense.* And while your body is anointed with the visible oil, your soul is sanctified by the Holy and Life-giving Spirit." St. Optatus of Milevis is equally explicit with regard to the sacredness of the Holy Chrism. He does not, indeed, liken the effect of its consecration to that of the consecration of the Eucharist ; but he does inform us that the Donatists vented their sacrilegious hatred both on the Holy Chrism and on the Holy Eucharist, and that God defended not only His Body but also the Chrism from outrage, even by miracle : " Moreover a hideous crime was committed in such a fashion that some fellow-Bishops " [Optatus is writing to the Donatist Bishop Parmenian] " profaned everything which is most holy. They commanded the Eucharist to be cast to the dogs. This did not pass without evidence of the Divine Judgment, for these same dogs were influenced with madness, and tore their own masters in pieces as though they had been murderers, and attacked with avenging teeth those guilty of the Holy Body, as if they had been strangers and enemies. They also threw a phial of Chrism out of a window, in order to break it, and although its fall was precipitated by violence, an angel's hand was there to bring it down gently to earth, with support that is from Heaven. Though thrown away, it was not allowed to feel its fall, but, by the protection of God, found its

* At the present day in the Eastern Rites, eyes, nostrils, lips, ears, head and feet are still anointed with Chrism as well as the forehead. A friend of mine, received from Anglicanism into the Church, was thus anointed in Egypt by a Uniate Greek, in the absence of the Latin, Bishop.

A Study in the Development

home, unbroken, amongst the rocks." Elsewhere Optatus writes: "Once the oil has been consecrated, it is called Chrism, in that there is the sweetness which, having removed the hardness of sins, softens the outward skin of the conscience, which renews a gentle mind, which prepares a dwelling-place for the Holy Spirit, so that he may be hither invited, and, after bitterness has been put to flight, may deign here gladly to dwell." He then reproaches the Donatists: "You have rebaptized. You have anointed a second time. Oh! for shame!" To the testimony of Optatus we may add that of the great Augustine, who writes somewhat later commenting on Psalm cxxxii: "The Sacrament of Chrism, which is a most sacred thing in the class of sensible things, like Baptism itself."

Now if such writers as these—Pacian, Cyril, Optatus, Augustine—unimpeachable witnesses to the faith and practice of their own time and country—are handing down the Tradition, which they had received concerning the Apostolic use of Chrism in Confirmation, and also concerning the veneration which is its due—a veneration still expressed by the Church in the sublime Maundy Thursday Service for the consecration of the Holy Oils—then all difficulty vanishes, so far as their convergent witness is concerned. But if, on the contrary, the Apostles knew nothing of any such use of Unction, which was subsequently introduced by the Church, we are entitled to ask: "When and where was it introduced, and by whom?" Was it introduced silently at the same time in Jerusalem, Spain and Africa, so that Cyril, Pacian and Optatus can all refer to it in the Fourth Century as evidently a well-established custom? If the use of Chrism was merely of ecclesiastical, as distinct from Apostolic origin, how account for the veneration paid to it all over the world? From what source originated the doctrine of Cyril and Optatus as to the mysterious effect of its consecration?

Granting for the moment, and for the sake of argument, the generic theory of the institution of the sacraments of

of Sacramental Theology

Christ, I understand that the Church would have the power to change the Matter of Confirmation from the Apostolic Laying on of Hands to the use of Chrism ; but I can hardly imagine the Church making use of that power with no compelling reason. We know how surprised we should be, were we to find the Church at the present day exercising this hypothetical power of changing the Matter and Form of one of the Sacraments. But Catholics in the early centuries, when this change is supposed to have been made, were at least as sensitive with regard to any change in matters of religion as are we at the present day. It was a Pope of the Third Century who laid down the principle: "Nil innovetur, nisi quod traditum est."

Again, when it is said that "The Church" has the power, we Catholics mean by "The Church," in this connection The ruling Church—that is to say (after the death of the last Apostle), either all Catholic Bishops conjointly, or the Apostolic See of Rome by its sole authority. In what manner does Father O'Dwyer think that the Church exercised her authority? Apparently spasmodically, and yet at the same time all over the world! And of this there remains no record! Nor is there any record of any protest which certainly would have been made, somewhere at least, by Catholics, had some local Bishop, on his own instance, introduced a new ceremony of Unction or Chrism in place of, or even alongside of, the Apostolic custom of the Laying on of Hands. There is no suggestion, we must remember, that this revolutionary change was made either by an Œcumenical Council, or by the Holy See. If made at all, it must have been made by Bishops of the same time, acting in the same way, without previous consultation, all over the Catholic world, and claiming successfully for their action the authority of the Church. If such a change was made in this manner, it is without parallel in ecclesiastical history. But I do not believe that it *was* made.

For, it seems to me far more unlikely that so radical a change should have been effected in a matter of such importance, insensibly almost, without record and without

A Study in the Development

protest, than that the Apostles should have used Chrism together with the laying on of hands, even though the fact has remained unrecorded. The one argument against the use of Chrism by the Apostles is the argument from silence, never very convincing by itself. Nor is it even certain that the silence of the New Testament is absolute on this subject. There are at least two passages which are to the point. Both would be unhesitatingly referred to Confirmation were there any reference to Unction in the Acts of the Apostles.

St. Paul, writing to the Corinthians, uses these remarkable words: "He who has *anointed* us (χρίσας ἡμᾶς) is God, He also who has *sealed* us and given the earnest of the Spirit in our hearts." And St. John: "And you have an unction (χρίσμα) from the Holy One . . . And the Unction (τὸ χρίσμα) which you have received from Him abideth in you, and you have no need that anyone teach you anything, but as the same Unction (τὸ αὐτὸ χρίσμα) teacheth you and is true and not a lie, and even as He hath taught you, so abide in Him."

On this passage from St. John, Father O'Dwyer writes: "The anointing is evidently the true doctrine with the effect which it had produced at the conversion" of the readers of the Epistle. I am not so sure that this is evident.* May it not mean, at least as probably, what it says—the *Unction*? If so it can only be an Unction which had been received at Confirmation together with a special indwelling of the Holy Ghost. The Unction would thus stand for Him who anointed. With reference to the passage from the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, Father O'Dwyer does not think that it has any reference to a literal unction. He writes as follows: "Neither does the unction seem to be used in the literal sense in the passage cited from the Corinthians. The word unction (χρίσμα) is found in no other place in the New Testament." [This is a slip of the pen on the part of Father O'Dwyer; St. Paul uses the verb, St. John the noun]; "but the

* In his translation of these verses Father O'Dwyer has evidently not looked at the Greek original.

of Sacramental Theology

verb to anoint (χρίειν) occurs in four other passages, in all of which it has a metaphorical and not a literal signification. This goes to show that it is not used in the literal sense here." I hardly think so, for in the other passages the verb is used with regard to the anointing of Christ, which is admittedly metaphorical, whereas St. Paul uses it here with regard to our chrismatory (ὁ χρίσας ἡμᾶς), which raises quite a different question. Let us listen to St. Cyril, writing to neophytes who had been baptized: "And to you also, when you had come up from the pool of the sacred font, was given an unction, *the figure of that with which Christ was anointed*, and which is the Holy Ghost . . . for Christ was not anointed by men . . . but the Father anointed Him with the Holy Ghost."

Father O'Dwyer proceeds to observe that "even if it were admitted that there is reference to a literal unction (in these passages from St. Paul and St. John) we have no means of connecting it with the Sacrament of Confirmation." Once again, I am not so sure. St. Paul connects the *anointing* directly with the *sealing* of Christians. ὁ χρίσας ἡμᾶς Θεός. Ο καὶ σφραγισάμενος ἡμᾶς. The word σφραγισάμενος should be noted. From very early contiguity the word σφραγίς (seal), with its derivatives, has been used with reference to Confirmation. As we shall see, it is still used, and has been used, certainly at least from the Fourth Century, in the East as part of the Sacramental Form. But even though it be admitted that there is no direct evidence from the New Testament for the use of unction in Confirmation, still it by no means necessarily follows that such unction was not in fact employed by the Apostles. Of all arguments, the argument from silence or quasi-silence is the most fallacious, and should be regarded with the deepest suspicion.

Perhaps I may be allowed to give a few examples of this, all connected with the use of unction.

The most learned authorities, Catholics and Protestant, e.g. :

1. Mgr. Duchesne (*Origines du Culte*) and Dr. Hatch

A Study in the Development

(*Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*) have laid it down as certain that the custom of anointing the heads of priests in Ordination is not very ancient. Duchesne writes that it is a custom proper to the Gallic rite, though he thinks that probably it originated in Britain. He is unable to trace it further back than the Sixth Century. Hatch goes further and cites a reply of Nicholas I to the Archbishop of Bourges in 864, in which the Pope writes that the custom did not exist in the Roman Church, and that he had never heard of its being practised anywhere. From this Dr. Hatch draws the conclusion that the custom was purely Gallican until well after the Ninth Century. Yet from a passage in Optatus (II, 23) it is certain that it was generally practised in Africa in the middle of the Fourth Century. With direct reference to unction St. Optatus reproaches the Donatists with having scraped the heads of Catholic priests: "Ubi vobis mandatum est *radere* capita sacerdotum?" Such is his indignant question. He had just quoted from his African version of the Psalms: "Ne tetigeritis *unctos* Meos" (Ps. civ. 15), and is manifestly referring to the same terrible rite of Degradation that we find in the present Roman Pontificat. "*Cum cultello aut vitro abrasit leviter caput . . . dicens . . . unctionem tibi traditam radendo delemus.*" We see here how one overlooked passage in an African authority is enough by itself to upset a conclusion drawn from silence even by the most eminent scholars.

2. If St. James had not referred to Extreme Unction, we can imagine how strong the argument would have seemed to many that would have then been drawn from the silence of Scripture and of the early Fathers concerning this Sacrament. We can imagine how scornfully we should have been asked if we really believed that *the Apostles* anointed the sick.

3. In four passages in the Gospels we are told that Christ gave His Apostles power to heal the sick, and that they exercised the power which He bestowed upon them. We read that our Lord said to them: "Heal the sick" (Matt. x. 8); that "He gave them power to heal sick-

of Sacramental Theology

nesses" (Mark iii. 15); that "He sent them to heal the sick . . . and going out they healed everywhere" (Luke ix. 2-6). But in only one place (Mark vi. 13) are we told that "they *anointed with oil* many that were sick and healed them."

It is impossible to think that the Apostles healed through anointing with oil, excepting through the command of Christ. Yet of this command we read nothing in the New Testament. It is, then, my serious contention that as "the healing" of which we read in St. Matthew and St. Luke covered, as we know from St. Mark to have been the case, a healing with anointing, which surely was commanded by Christ—even so the Laying on of Hands, of which we read in the Acts of the Apostles, may well have covered a Laying on of Hands together with anointing, which had been commanded by our Lord. As St. Luke, in his Gospel, omitted any mention of the anointing which undoubtedly accompanied the healing of the sick, so (it seems to me) may he easily have omitted, in the Book of the Acts, reference to Anointing in Confirmation. (At least, his silence proves no more in the one case than in the other.) This possibility is, of course, indefinitely strengthened by our knowledge that unction in Confirmation is now part of the Matter of the Sacrament, whereas the anointing of the sick by the Disciples in our Lord's lifetime was only symbolical—a figure of good things to come in the days of Sacramental Grace in the Christian Dispensation.

But, Father O'Dwyer will urge, not only has an unction been introduced into the Rite of Confirmation, of which there is, admittedly, no clear evidence in Holy Scripture, but also the Imposition of Hands, of which we do read, has been changed into the touching of the forehead with the thumb of the Bishop. This fact seems to him evidence that the Matter was changed by the Church from Imposition of Hands to Unction. "Many theologians," he writes, "no doubt, find an Imposition of Hands in the rite whereby the Bishop, using his thumb, signs the forehead with Chrism; but really it is difficult

A Study in the Development

to call this a true Imposition of Hands . . . Imposition in Consignation is a makeshift theory, necessitated by refusal to allow the Church power over the Matter and Form, and difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile with facts." I can only reply that, honestly, I do not find it "impossible." "Difficult" I may find it, but, as I have pointed out, Father O'Dwyer's view seems to me to present greater difficulty. Confronted with difficulties, it is a good rule to choose the least. And, after all, Consignation *is* Imposition. When the Bishop presses his thumb on my forehead, he *does* lay his hand upon my head, and my forehead *is* part of the upper portion of my head. It seems to me that a change from the imposition of "the full hand" to that of the thumb is just one of those changes in the *mode* of administering the Sacrament, as distinct from a change in the substance, which all Catholics are bound to acknowledge to be within the competence of the Church to effect. It had its rise in motives of convenience, and is of like character with the change in the West of the mode of administering Baptism from immersion to the pouring of water, and to that of administering Holy Communion not in both Kinds but in one Kind only. It may be noted that the Armenians, both Catholic and schismatic, still preserve an Imposition with the full hand immediately before the first anointing—that on the forehead—with Chrism.

It remains to say a few words on the Form. Father O'Dwyer writes: "It is with regard to the Form of Confirmation that the greatest difficulty arises." Here I cannot agree with him. The difficulty about the Matter I admit to be considerable; the difficulty about the Form seems to me comparatively slight. The whole trouble consists in the fact that probably at the beginning everywhere, and certainly for many centuries in the West, the Form was precatory, whereas now it is indicative both in East and West. It may be mentioned that we are confronted with much the same problem with regard to the Form of the Sacrament of Penance, with this difference that, whilst in Confirmation the precatory Form lasted

of Sacramental Theology

for many centuries in the West; in Penance, it has lasted, not in the West, but in the East. Father O'Dwyer writes: "*If the essential Form is indicative*, it is difficult to explain the facts without allowing the Church power to determine the Form." Undoubtedly. But is not this rather tilting at a windmill? For who maintains that it is of the essence of the Form that it should be indicative? I hardly think that Father O'Dwyer would do so himself. Although he writes: "There can be no doubt that the words, *signo te crucis signo*, etc., which accompany the consignation are in the Latin Rite the essential Form."* Still, I do not feel sure that he would deny validity at the present day to an ancient precatory Form, were such a Form to be employed illicitly. At any rate, for myself I can hardly doubt that in the administration of the Sacraments of Confirmation and Penance, either an indicative or a precatory Form suffices for validity. That this is the case at least with regard to the Sacrament of Penance is certain, since Uniat priests at the present time are perfectly free to give absolution either in the indicative or precatory Form. I myself once went to Confession to a Greek priest, who afterwards told me that he had absolved me with an indicative Form, since I was a Latin and should be accustomed to that mode, adding that he was allowed to use either Form—precatory or indicative—at his discretion. What is certainly true of the Form in the Sacrament of Penance seems to me almost certainly true of the Form in the Sacrament of Confirmation.

From the Bull of Leo XIII, *Apostolicæ curæ*, with regard to Anglican Orders, we know that any words which "either specify or denote" the Order to be conferred constitute a valid Form in the Sacrament of Order. Similarly, it seems to me to be in accordance with both historical fact and theological science to suppose that any words which either specify or denote the grace received in Confirmation are required but suffice for its Form. Such a valid Form is the present Latin: "*Signo te signo crucis, et*

*This is, of course, true of the present Latin Form. The words Father O'Dwyer quotes are undoubtedly the essential words in *this Rite*.

Sacramental Theology

confirmo te Chrismate salutis in Nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti." Such is the Greek: σφραγίς δωρεᾶς τοῦ Πνεύματος ἁγίου. (The word δωρεᾶς—gift—has replaced κοινωνίας—communion, which is the Form given by St. Cyril of Jerusalem. The word σφραγίς—seal—remains. The only change during sixteen centuries has been the substitution of "The seal of the *gift* of the Holy Spirit" for "The seal of the *communion* of the Holy Spirit.) Such also is the Armenian Form, of which a Catholic Armenian Bishop has given me the following translation: "The Holy Chrism poured out upon thee, in the Name of Jesus Christ, the divine seal of the heavenly gifts in the Name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost."

I have given my reason for disagreeing with Father O'Dwyer's conclusion, much as I admire his learning and appreciate his candour. It seems to me that the probabilities point to our Lord having instituted the Sacrament of Confirmation not merely *generically* but *specifically*, as a Sacred Rite to be administered by Laying on of Hands with unction together with words determining, either by prayer or direct affirmation, the Matter to its effect. If so, we can understand, so far as this Sacrament at least is concerned, the words of the Council of Trent, "*salva eorum substantia*," without any straining of their meaning. I may add that if the history of Confirmation in the Church does not force us to accept the theory of generic institution, there is nothing in the history of any other Sacrament that is likely to induce us to adopt this view.

Within the space at disposal, it has been, of course, impossible to exhibit Father O'Dwyer's contention adequately, or, I may add, to reply to it fully. I have done my best to state his argument, and the facts on which he bases that argument. On one matter all those who read his book will, I feel sure, agree. Whether we accept his conclusion or not, we shall all be at one in acknowledging the debt under which he and the venerable College of Maynooth have laid us by the publication of this scholarly volume.

O. R. VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.S.S.R.

A PAGE OF GIBBON

THE position of Gibbon as an historical writer is unique. The only distant parallel to be discovered to his work in the English language is in a totally different kind of study—Napier's Peninsular War. For Gibbon produced at once a history covering centuries; a history dealing with the most important and fundamental of all historical subjects; a history based upon very wide and accurately noted reading (a history, therefore, which, in its citations and references, is *almost* uniformly exact)—and yet at the same time a literary masterpiece. What is perhaps most astonishing of all, Gibbon produced, at the same time, a work which any reader, however unused to historical study, reads throughout with delight.

The result has been that Gibbon not only occupies in English literature one of the very highest places and also one peculiarly his own in *quality*, but has also profoundly affected English historical philosophy. Indeed, one may say that, through Gibbon, English-speaking readers are introduced (without their knowing it) to the influence of Gibbon's great master, Voltaire.

Having said so much, let me proceed to a second statement which will seem as odd and surprising as my first will have seemed obvious and commonplace.

This great work is profoundly unhistorical. It presents a thoroughly warped view of the whole vast revolution which turned Pagan into Christian Europe. That Revolution is Gibbon's very subject; and yet his work on it is open, upon almost every page, to strict historical criticism which wrecks its historical authority.

This paradoxical statement is demonstrably true.

Gibbon's motive in the whole of this great work was an attack upon the Catholic Church. This was the spiritual force driving his pen. It was this which gave unity to his prodigious effort and lent vitality to all he wrote.

The Catholic Church is the form, or soul, running through the whole European story for two thousand years.

Now to write that story as an opponent of the Catholic

A Page of Gibbon

Church would no more necessarily vitiate the historical value of the writing than to write it as a defence of the Catholic Church. You could not approach a third party, indifferent to the capital controversy of Europe, and convince him that Gibbon was unhistorical simply by pointing out that he differed from you, a Catholic, and had written in opposition to your Creed. However much you might be convinced that antagonism to what your Faith tells you to be true will *organically* lead to untruth throughout a work, you could not *logically* establish the connection. The phrase "demonstrably true" which I have used would, therefore, not apply. For I mean by "demonstrably" that Gibbon's errors are capable of demonstration to a third party external to the quarrel between the Catholic Church and her opponents—those great opponents the Church had in the Eighteenth Century, who were the protagonists of the modern struggle.

Yet Gibbon's opposition to the Faith had the effect of distorting all the values of his narrative. It need not have done so—but it did so. Had he taken the Catholic Church at its full weight, had he taken it as the men of the earlier Seventeenth or of the later Nineteenth Century were compelled to do, his antagonism would not necessarily have diminished his historical value. Renan, for instance, attacked the supernatural character of the early Church: made statements with no proof behind them, and talked nonsense about the position of St. Paul—but he knew what the early Church *was*. He had taken the measure of it. Gibbon did not thus "weigh" his opponent. He took it for granted that to any man of instruction and sane judgment the Catholic thesis could only repose upon ignorance, and that once certain ascertainable facts were put into court no one could pretend to defend it. He thought the Church a vanity, and he thought it a moribund vanity. On this account he ridicules and half dismisses upon *every page* (for every page deals directly or indirectly with Catholicism in the whole vast work) the reality and the intensity of

A Page of Gibbon

Catholic conviction. He does not present you with the true picture of Europe in its relation to the Catholic Church—that of two mighty forces in conflict—but with a picture which so belittles the one force as to belittle at the same time the other, and to leave the tremendous issue a sort of farce.

Never, in reading him, do you feel within yourself the emotions of *either* contemporary combatant. You will rise from reading Gibbon completely ignorant, for instance, as to *why* and *how* the Arians—that is, the Court and central government—were at issue with the mass of the population in Spain. As a consequence you remain equally unable to grasp the fashion in which this quarrel weakened all Spanish society and paved the way for the Mahomedan Conquest. When that conquest is reached in the course of Gibbon's narrative, the brilliant description of it reads like a prodigy appearing almost without historical cause: its completeness and rapidity are not explicable by anything that has gone before.

It is as though a man were to give you, in due sequence, the external phenomena of an electric power station, describing the colour and shape (but not the function) of the dynamos, of the switch-boards and of the resistance coils—and joke all the time about the funny folk who pretended that there was an influence called "electricity" and the solemn sham of the "resistance" coils which had nothing to resist. Such a man might give you a very entertaining piece of writing. You might discover that he had made himself thoroughly acquainted with every part of the machinery, and had described most faithfully the high polish upon the brass terminals and the exact colour of green and brown paint which the manufacturers had laid upon the wires. But as a description of an electric generating station with true values attached to its various aspects, from the perfectly superficial one of paint to the fundamental one of electrical theory, it would be misleading and hopelessly insufficient.

Unfortunately this weakness running through Gibbon, original and universal as it is throughout his work, is not

A Page of Gibbon

all. His animosity leads him sometimes consciously, more often apparently unconsciously, but still upon every page and in every statement, to omit some essential factor in a situation, or to emphasize some unessential one; and occasionally this perpetual distortion leads him to downright mis-statement of fact. Thus, throughout the whole work, whoever, ancient or modern, is in conflict with the Church takes on an unnatural character of superior wisdom, or uprightness, or learning, or balance. Traditions in support of the Catholic become fables; those in antagonism to him deserve respect. Among the many actions of the same man, those which show a sympathy with the creed, organization and growth of the Church are due to motives of weakness, ignorance or cunning; their opposites proceed from statesmanship and solid judgment.

After so general a statement I had best proceed to take a particular case by way of text. It is but one out of many hundred that might be chosen. I propose it as a model only. But I think that when I have done with it my readers will be convinced, whatever their inclinations in the matter, of the truth of my thesis.

I shall take the description of the trial and death of Priscillian, which will be found in the middle of Gibbon's twenty-seventh chapter.

First let me put before the reader the significant passages of this episode as Gibbon relates it. I will then examine that relation upon strictly historical canons, and we will see how it comes out of the ordeal.

Gibbon's recital is as follows:

The theory of persecution was established by Theodosius, whose justice and piety have been applauded by the saints; but the practice of it in the fullest extent was reserved for his rival and colleague Maximus, the first among the Christian princes who shed the blood of his Christian subjects on account of their religious opinions. The cause of the Priscillianists, a recent sect of heretics who disturbed the provinces of Spain, was transferred by appeal from the synod of Bourdeaux to the Imperial consistory of Treves; and, by the sentence of the Prætorian præfect,

A Page of Gibbon

seven persons were tortured, condemned and executed. The first of these was Priscillian himself, Bishop of Avila in Spain ; who adorned the advantages of birth and fortune by the accomplishments of eloquence and learning. Two presbyters and two deacons accompanied their beloved master in his death, which they esteemed as a glorious martyrdom ; and the number of religious victims was completed by the execution of Latronian, a poet, who rivalled the fame of the ancients ; and of Eucrochia, a noble matron of Bourdeaux, the widow of the orator Delphidius.

After this main statement Gibbon proceeds to admit that Priscillian was accused of abominable practices, but to state, with no attempt at proof, that these accusations were false—a parenthesis of this kind does not pretend to be history, and may therefore be neglected.

The historical element appears again in the conclusion of the passage, which runs :

It is with pleasure that we can observe the humane inconsistency of the most illustrious saints and bishops, Ambrose of Milan and Martin of Tours, who on this occasion asserted the cause of toleration. They pitied the unhappy men who had been executed at Treves ; they refused to hold communication with their Episcopal murderers ; and, if Martin deviated from that generous resolution, his motives were laudable and his repentance was exemplary. The bishops of Tours and Milan pronounced, without hesitation, the eternal damnation of heretics ; but they were surprised and shocked by the bloody image of their temporal death, and the honest feelings of nature resisted the artificial prejudices of theology. The humanity of Ambrose and Martin was confirmed by the scandalous irregularity of the proceedings against Priscillian and his adherents. The civil and ecclesiastical ministers had transgressed the limits of their respective provinces. The secular judge had presumed to receive an appeal, and to pronounce a definite sentence, in a matter of faith and episcopal jurisdiction.

Such is the text with which we have to deal. And it is important the reader should have every word of it accurately before him in the analysis I shall now attempt.

Now let us first note the impression conveyed by these

A Page of Gibbon

passages. It is quite clear, and may be put in a few words. A certain Spanish Bishop called Priscillian, with certain of his companions, was put to death for heresy by the Emperor Maximus. The inhumanity and injustice of such a sentence shocked two great bishops and saints of the time, St. Martin and St. Ambrose, who pleaded, in practice and against their own theory, for toleration ; who were horrified at the idea of a death penalty in connection with it, and who also (but that as an additional plea) protested against the condemnation by the Civil Power to such a penalty of men guilty only of an ecclesiastical offence.

Let us see how far this passage is supported by Gibbon's authorities. I will confine myself strictly to the authorities which he himself quotes, and with which he himself was acquainted. Were I to expand this article by the citation of modern discoveries and textual criticism, I could make it much stronger, but it would not be germane to the question of Gibbon's historical value, which could only be tested by the authorities open to Gibbon himself in his time.

The only authority upon which Gibbon relies is that of Sulpicius Severus. He refers the reader to the second volume of the Sacred history by this writer, to his *Life* of St. Martin, and to his third* dialogue. Now, when you turn to the original authority, you find two great leading facts which are sharply variant from Gibbon's direct statement.

The first is the fact that Priscillian was not put to death for heresy at all.

The second is that St. Martin and St. Ambrose did not say a word about toleration or humanity, but were concerned with the enormity of a *Bishop* suffering at the hand of a civil tribunal at the instance of other *Bishops*.

As to the first point : Priscillian was put to death for a crime which had long been subject to capital punishment in the Roman Empire, which was prosecuted with equal rigour whenever it was committed, whether by

* More properly called, his *second*.

A Page of Gibbon

Pagan or Christian, a Catholic or a heretic, a citizen or a barbarian or a slave, a man or a woman : a crime which was universally believed to be of real existence throughout the Roman world, and one of which everyone professed the utmost abhorrence—to wit, the crime of *Magic*.

Here are the significant words from Sulpicius, at the end of the fiftieth chapter of his second book :

“ . . . Imperator . . . Causam præfecto Evodio permisit . . . qui Priscillianum . . . auditum, convictumque *maleficii* . . . *nocentem* pronunciavit.

“The Emperor delegated the case to the Prefect Evodius who, after hearing Priscillian, delivered the verdict that he was guilty of Magic.”

Then follows the confirmation of the verdict by the Emperor and the execution of the criminal and his associates.

The text is perfectly simple and clear, and its significant words are the two words “*maleficii*” and “*nocentem*.” They both have a rigorously technical meaning in the language of the time and signify “magic” and “guilty in respect to magic.”

The Emperor appointed the Prefect Evodius to try the case, and Evodius found Priscillian guilty of Magic—not heresy.

It is exceedingly important here that the reader should appreciate not only the magnitude but the cause of Gibbon's error. The magnitude of the error lies in neglecting the whole tone of mind of the people of whom he was writing, and the cause of this great error is precisely that foolish neglect and contempt for the core of his subject, which everywhere mars Gibbon's work.

Because the men of whom he was writing were men of a totally different mood from that of his own time, he confuses together all those emotions of theirs in which they differed from himself and his contemporaries, and can find no distinction between two utterly different indictments. He says virtually what any half-instructed or

A Page of Gibbon

uninstructed person would say: "Magic? Heresy? Oh, it's all one! It's all part of the same silly superstitious frame of mind!" He thinks it indifferent upon which count a man is condemned at the close of the Fourth Century, because both were obsolete at the end of the Eighteenth, and thereby he falls into a gross and palpable historical error.

We see that kind of thing going on around us all the time, when men hurriedly speak of things which they do not understand. Thus, you will commonly hear the dogma of the Immaculate Conception confused by English Protestants with the doctrine of the Incarnation; or you will hear that such and such a monarch took the advice of his "Jesuit Confessor" when that Confessor was, as a fact, a Dominican. Errors of such a sort are excusable in superficial writing or conversation. In an historian they are damning. They are far worse than inaccuracies of date, or textual citation, for they show an ignorance of the whole spirit of that with which he is dealing.

The crime of Magic was as separate from the imputation of heresy as the crime of forgery to-day is separate from the imputation of cheating at cards against an officer in the Army. If an officer were found cheating at cards his superiors would presumably get rid of him; but the Court that would try him, or the less formal fashion in which he would be dealt with, would lie within his own military corporation. If he forged he would obviously be amenable to the ordinary Civil Courts. Suppose a change in the law had recently made fraud in a game of hazard punishable by the Civil Courts to-day (it may be so for all I know), yet the indictment of a man who had been known to cheat at cards in the army for the totally different crime of forgery would be a specific act which, if the historian of it were to confuse forgery with cheating at cards, would show that he had missed the sense of his subject.

It would be no answer for the future historian of the event, when card games had become forgotten and when

A Page of Gibbon

private signatures were no longer of vital moment in financial matters, to say that only silly old-fashioned people minded forgery, or that the same superstitious and ignorant type which objected to forgery also objected to cheating at cards. The point is that in the eyes of our contemporaries they are two equally reprehensible but totally different acts amenable to different sanctions, and that the future historian if he mistook one for the other would show that he did not understand us.

It is no answer either to say that the real trouble into which Priscillian had got was an imputation of Heresy, and that to attack him for Magic was in the same "set of ideas," any more than it would be an answer to say that the man who was accused of cheating at cards might be led by his supposed weakness to forgery, and that, therefore, you could safely confuse the one with the other in your account of his trial. A future historian who should act thus in the case of the two such different misdeeds would show that he quite misconceived the spirit of our society. When we read in some book of an officer cheating his brother officers at cards, we see the act taking place in a particular framework of military life with which we are well acquainted. We think of it as something exceedingly rare, and we think of it much more as something privately dishonourable than as something leading to action at law. But we think of forgery as something which many different sorts of criminal are known to commit, and commit fairly frequently—men and women of very different classes of society and many different occupations—and as an act naturally punishable by the criminal law. Gibbon, then, in saying that Priscillian was condemned for heresy is wrong, and fundamentally wrong. It is bad history, and very bad history.*

So much for the first error in this passage.

* I am sorry to say the error (which at one moment was almost universal) appears under the article "Ambrose" in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*. Under "Priscillian" the point is correctly stated. The *Encyclopædia Britannica* is—as might be expected—wildly wrong, and ends up by telling us that Priscillian (who, of course, was decapitated) was *burnt*! The author was thinking of the Fifteenth Century.

A Page of Gibbon

The second concerns the attitude of St. Ambrose and St. Martin.

Here, again, Gibbon is perfectly clear and perfectly wrong. He describes the attitude of the two Bishops as "inconsistent" but "humane." In other words, he thinks that they ought consistently with their theory of Church Government, and of the relation between the Church and the Empire, to have applauded the condemnation of a Bishop to death by a civil tribunal, if he happened to be a heretic; but to be so shocked at the idea of his death that their sentiment or their nerves overcame their logical faculties.

Now what were the facts? If we turn again to our text (the fiftieth chapter of Sulpicius Severus' second book) we find St. Martin's attitude thus defined:

St. Martin was at Treves—where the trial later took place. Before any indictment was framed, before there was any talk of a specific condemnation for Magic as distinct from Heresy, he got a promise from the Emperor "to abstain from the blood of the wretches." He said it was enough that by the sentence of their fellow bishops these heretics should be expelled from the Church, and that it was a novel and unheard of impiety for a civil judge to decide an ecclesiastical case. He denounced the blood-thirsty zeal of two Spanish bishops, Idacius and Ithacius, who were urging the Emperor to act.

Two motives determined St. Martin's action. The first his belief that these unpopular men were going to be tried by a Civil Court on an ecclesiastical count, that of heresy (which as a matter of fact they were in the event *not* tried for); and secondly, *the horror of seeing a Bishop* (a) *put to death* (b) *by the sentence of a Christian prince* (c) *in a civil court, and* (d) *at the instance of other Bishops.*

One can have very little of the spirit of the Fourth Century in one's imagination if one does not appreciate what prodigious strength these four converging motives must have had, and how it overweighed all others.

Moreover, throughout the text these special and purely ecclesiastical considerations perpetually recur. The

A Page of Gibbon

odium of Ithacius's zeal against Priscillian at the Emperor's Court had nothing to do with any sympathy for Priscillian—the solid Catholic body detested Priscillian, his false doctrines, his secret society and his private vices; the Pope (Damasus) had refused to receive him, and so had St. Ambrose himself. It depended on the fact that Ithacius, himself a *Bishop*, was helping to procure the death of another *Bishop*. It is in the *Episcopal* body that Ithacius is marked out for condemnation. “*Individiosum apud Episcopos*,” says Sulpicius. It is from the *Bishopric* that Idacius abdicates under the pressure of the opinion of his fellow bishops. It is from his *Bishopric* that Ithacius is thrust out for having betrayed the dignity of the Order.

As for St. Martin's attitude towards the culprits we need only cite the words of his biographer, who was in constant communion with him and received from him all his cast of mind. Here is the most significant sentence out of half a dozen others :

“In this fashion were these men of the very worst public example, and unworthy of the light of day, punished by death or exile.”

Here is another : Priscillian and his companions are “certainly a loathsome and shameful crowd,” after which expression of opinion the biographer of St. Martin recites certain matter that justifies such a sentence.

Again : His doctrine is “*exitiabilis*”—“hateful.” It is “*tabes*,” a plague spot or scab. Those of the Bishops who are touched by it are “*depravati*,” i.e., “corrupted.”

There is no doubt at all about the heartiness of the disgust which Priscillian excited in St. Martin and in all St. Martin's world. It was no tenderness for such doctrines or such a character that moved the Saint. It was the dignity of the Episcopal office and that tenacious claim to the self-government of the hierarchy within the organism of the Church, which is, to temporal observers, the most singular and certainly the most vivacious mark of Catholicism.

The case of St. Ambrose is equally clear. St. Ambrose had, as has just been said, refused to receive Priscillian

A Page of Gibbon

and his companions at all when they had appealed to him and to the Pope against the universal feeling of their neighbours.

St. Ambrose was sent as a duly accredited ambassador to Treves by the Emperor Valentinian the Second. His mission was to offer peace to Maximus, the newly acclaimed Emperor of the Gauls before whom the case of Priscillian was to be presented. St. Ambrose came to Treves for a very short time at the beginning of the year 385, at the moment when Idacius and Ithacius were at the height of their effort against Priscillian and giving rein to that personal animosity and violence which shocked St. Martin and his associates. St. Ambrose refused to communicate with these blood-thirsty men who, themselves Bishops, demanded a capital sentence from a Civil Court against another Bishop. His attitude he has himself put in the clearest terms, when he defines the immunity of Bishops.*

St. Ambrose, in his own account of the incident,† tells us that he had abstained from communicating with the prosecuting Bishops, because they sought the death of Priscillian, and carefully adds his endorsement of the truth that Priscillian's movement was "a departure from the Faith."

We may sum up and say that the picture of St. Martin and St. Ambrose as a muddle-headed couple of moderns shrinking from severity of punishment, they knew not why, but in the main from nerves, is nonsense. The two great Bishops each acted in the main from the same motive, and upon the same clear principle: the incompetence of a civil tribunal to condemn a Bishop to death, and the enormity of such a sentence. This action, in the particular case of St. Martin, was coloured by his belief, before the trial took place, that it would turn—which as a fact it did not—upon Priscillian's heresy. It was coloured in the case of St. Ambrose by the fact that he

* XXIst Epistle, 5, which St. Ambrose cites as the Imperial legislation in the matter "lex vestra." Recent Imperial legislation had specifically granted to Bishops immunity from such Civil process.

† XXIVth Epistle, section 12.

A Page of Gibbon

was in a hostile atmosphere in the Court of Treves and shocked at the novel power the usurping Emperor was claiming.

With this we may leave the second of the two main errors which Gibbon here commits through his contempt of Catholicism, and, therefore, his missing of the very core of his own subject.

Had he hated the Church more thoroughly and despised her less his work would have been less vulnerable than future criticism will prove it to be.

It is worthy of remark in the same connection that Gibbon in this passage displays two other characters which are discoverable throughout his work. In other words, this page upon Priscillian is an excellent model of all the spirit and method with which I am dealing.

Note, for instance, the astonishing power of *précis* which he displays. The whole story, though falsely told, is told in a few lines with every fact mentioned which his authorities give him and which *he chooses to give*. Note, at the same time, how all the qualifying language, which gives soul and character to a bald recital of fact, deliberately conveys the impression of Catholic falsehood, Catholic cruelty, Catholic weakness and inconsistency—but anti-Catholic excellence!

The word "persecution" in the first line having to-day an odious connotation, he at once contrasts with the two words "justice" and "piety," and emphasizes the contrast with the word "saints." He emphasizes the fact that torture was used in the trial as though it was something novel and odd, or at any rate to be specially brought into relief, though he knew very well that the obtaining of evidence by torture was as normal to criminal procedure for hundreds of years in the past as it was to be for hundreds of years in the future, and was no stranger in this case than are the severities of the indeterminate sentence in the administration of English prisons.

Priscillian is "beloved." He was—by his disciples—but so was the Faith by his accusers.

In describing Priscillian, Gibbon takes sentences bodily

A Page of Gibbon

out of Sulpicius Severus, but only quotes all the favourable words of that contemporary. He leaves out all the unfavourable.

Let the reader judge for himself: Gibbon says of Priscillian, in one phrase, simply this, Priscillian "adorned the advantages of birth and fortune by the accomplishments of eloquence and learning." Sulpicius speaks of Priscillian thus: "... of noble family, very wealthy, acute, restless, eloquent, very well read, very ready to argue and dispute . . . but vain, too much puffed up with profane learning . . . putting on an external expression of humility." Again, "Priscillian is the chief and source of all the evils that followed." Priscillian's effect is that of "a plague." It is a "corruption." He and his are (I have already quoted the phrase) "unworthy of the daylight." Sulpicius further quotes with approval and in detail the evil *reputation* of Priscillian: his obscenities, his dabbling in diabolism, his secret vices and the very grave accusation in the matter of Eucrochia's daughter.

It is clear that this reputation was a commonplace of the day, and that Sulpicius Severus endorsed that opinion.

Of all this not a word in Gibbon. He is content to call Sulpicius (in a footnote) "a correct and original writer"—for he had read no other original authority. But he doesn't tell his readers what that "correct" authority said. Indeed, he conveys an impression the *opposite* of the one Sulpicius conveys, and ascribes the false one to his authority.

To put it briefly, Gibbon could only learn about Priscillian from Sulpicius, and depended upon Sulpicius for his picture; yet he deliberately omits whatever is unfavourable in that picture, and leaves his reader ignorant of the fact that his sole authority thought Priscillian poisonous!

In the same way he drags in from a posthumous eulogy the absurd statement that Latronian "rivalled the fame of the ancients," and uses for Eucrochia the laudatory epithet "noble"—which accurately describes her social rank—but says nothing of her association with Pris-

A Page of Gibbon

cillian or of her daughter's association, and leaves the reader, as he is intended to be left, under a vague impression that this personage, whom her contemporaries thought so odd, is something honourable and high on their testimony.

The vehemence of the Bishops who accuse their fellow Bishops is translated by the term "murderers," as though St. Martin and St. Ambrose had ever used so extreme a term; and to this word "murderers" the adjective "Episcopal" is added in derision of the Episcopal office. We have just afterwards the absurdly unhistorical sentence: "St. Ambrose and St. Martin were moved by the honest feelings of nature conflicting with the artificial prejudices of theology."

You might as well say that Lord Loreburn's recent protest in the House of Lords, against the Defence of the Realm Act, was the honest feeling of nature in conflict with the artificial prejudices of a lawyer. Lord Loreburn's whole argument was, on the contrary, legal: St. Martin's and St. Ambrose's was, similarly, ecclesiastical.

It was precisely as theologians and as experts in the theory of Church discipline and autonomy, and *against* their general tendencies, that the two Bishops made their protest.

Lastly, we have the pious horror of Gibbon at the Civil Court receiving the Appeal. He certainly leaves one under the impression that either a persecuting Emperor or the enemies of Priscillian provoked that unusual procedure. He omits to tell us that the Appeal was made *by Priscillian himself* from the deliberate calculation that he would stand better with the secular than with the ecclesiastical tribunal.

There is the full statement of the way in which Gibbon has dealt with this one episode. His power of compression is inimitable. His accuracy in detail such that he has only made two minor errors in this field.* His balance of

* The citation of the 15th chapter of the 3rd dialogue (it should be the 13th) and the carelessness of taking Asarinus for a deacon—we are only told that Aurelius was a deacon, we have no such evidence upon Asarinus.

A Page of Gibbon

phrase is perfect. The order of his statement as lucid as can be. But the statement made is false.

I have often thought that one of the most fruitful labours to which a young man might set himself after a course of historical study would be the publication of an edition of Gibbon corrected with the knowledge of Europe which Catholicism adds to historical scholarship. It would be a lengthy and an arduous task, but it would be final; for the whole great work is vitiated from beginning to end by the faults of which I have spoken; and upon its authority even Catholic writers (when they are of English-speaking culture) still misapprehend their past.

HILAIRE BELLOC.

SOME RECENT BOOKS

MR. SHANE LESLIE has put together, in *The End of a Chapter* (Constable, pp. 200, 5s.) a number of reminiscences, which seems a singular thing to have done, when we are reminded by him that he was born in 1885. However, convinced that no sack of Jerusalem could have been more completely the end of a world than is the present war, he has resolved to garner his recollections of that "civilization called Christian" which he sees to have committed suicide, while the "new era to which no gods have been as yet rash enough to give their name" is still struggling to be born. We are infinitely grateful. In his immediate family were those whose memories could reach back far, and held a store of astounding interest. His grandfather, Sir John Leslie, who died, alas, between the writing and the printing of the first chapter of this book, was born in 1822, and had "seen the whole Victorian era from its prelude to its aftermath." A cousin of Wellington's, he met Talleyrand, the ambassador at St. James's, and his granddaughter married the great-grandson of Talleyrand's son. In Scotland he encountered Walter Scott, and at Harrow was taught by Drury, who had taught Byron, and while there subscribed to the first shilling parts of the *Pickwick Papers* "by an unknown author." He knew Rossini and Mrs. Browning; and his sister refused the man destined to be Emperor as Napoleon III. Tom Moore, O'Connell, D'Orsay, too, he met, and his interests ranged from racing and prize-fighting to pre-Raphaelite art, to which he devoted himself when he left the army before the Crimean War. To one of his brothers the order resulting in the Charge of Balaklava was first given, and in 1856 he married the daughter of Minnie Seymour, herself adopted daughter of Mrs. Fitzherbert, George IV's wife. At Lady Constance Leslie's house, Thackeray was to have dined the night before he died, his last letter (December 22nd, 1863—he died on the 24th) was in excuse. Lady Constance Leslie herself met the Miss Berry to

Some Recent Books

whom Horace Walpole offered marriage, and who had "knocked at Doctor Johnson's door." This first chapter alone should be expanded to a volume, and makes the book worth double its price.

In his ecstatic chapter on Eton, Mr. Leslie reaches his own memories and style, and says much that most Eton men, I imagine, think, but do not tell. In fact, this book cannot be said to leave out much, except perhaps the vowel in a monosyllable on p. 92, and there we can't think why. His comments on its education—and after all, "Eton does not educate so much as initiate"—are almost those made by R. H. Benson in *Everyman*; but the Monsignor's were contemptuous, and his words rankled; Mr. Leslie's are almost quite applause, and will not anger. "To substitute Germany for Harrow and the United States for Rugby would give a fair idea of the adult Etonian's outlook." (But we have always felt that Winchester rather worries them.) It is at the University that the real differentiations take place. The "real self" has licence to form and display itself. But, in England, these rockets are soon brought down. Meanwhile Mr. Leslie perceives that the Universities—Aristotelian Cambridge and Platonist Oxford—give an education intelligent rather than scientific. In spite of this and because of this, Indians and colonials had better stay away. With detachment from both Universities (you can love warmly and still be detached) Mr. Leslie makes the most illuminating contrast between the two we have ever read. He gives new reality, too, to well-known names, Walter Headlam, Lowes Dickinson, Oscar Browning, H. A. J. Munro. Rupert Brooke blazes in his pages: of his death he writes, in one of his best sentences, that "we felt the same sickness at heart [on reading of it] that we would feel on seeing a lark shot to earth as it rose in song." Hugh Benson is placed with Leo Maxse and E. A. Edghill, whose name we are glad to see thus rescued. For those who knew that scholar-martyr from his eccentric school-days, his memory remains at once grave and disconcerting. The chapter on the Hanoverian dynasty is almost his most

The End of a Chapter

entertaining, and also, we think, wise and cheering on the whole. Somewhere he mentions Lady Cardigan. Her rancid book tried (and failed) to be as amusing as this one is, but assuredly it was not more cheeky. Well, Joseph and Eliza are far enough away to be able to stand it, we suppose. In the midst of anecdotes Mr. Leslie is fond of comparing the Victorian and Edwardine Empire to the Roman, and especially to the Antonine era. But really we do not think the comparison of Edward VII with Titus is successful. It was well for this *deliciæ humanis generis* that his tiny spendthrift reign was cut so short. He was well on the road to become a Domitian. Then it was far later than the Augustan epoch that the temples were really emptied. It is John Ayscough's *Faustula* which paints a period whose religion makes a sound parallel with collapsing Anglicanism. The chapter on religion is far too clever in its verdicts for us to sum it up: one sentence holds a deep thought, "It is the system of bribing souls which has lost England to the Churches." The Nonconformist conscience is cheerily described as "entirely occupied with the public care of two commandments" (the other, we suppose, relates to the Sabbath). Its supreme triumph has been the "nailing to God's barn-door" "three principal scapegoats [and how is that for a mixed metaphor?], Wilde, Dilke, and Parnell." We can but allude to his desperate chapter on Politicians—he naturally can say much of Randolph and Winston Churchill; there is a delicious story about Mr. Asquith, which ties for first prize with that other, of the Anglican Bishop *en vacances*. We are grateful for his paragraphs on George Wyndham, and also for his terrible contempt for the cockney Celtic movement. But he *puns* too much; and once his taste in (quoted) puns has failed him. Quite admirable is the chapter (really, perhaps, his "deepest") on our Empire of Sport and Freedom. The good best that can be said for our Indian rule is that our "justice" gives a sporting chance to every native. Herein the Latin and the Jew will never understand us—that we prefer "to miss a difficult quarry than

Some Recent Books

to slay an easy one." "Society in Decay" and "Post-Victorianism" were, I daresay, easy to write. Intact, when so much else is rotten, survives the gay, clear vision of the Navy, whole-heartedly admired by Mr. Leslie.

We think this book is consistently brilliant, and rather hard. We doubt of the value of some of the epigrams. Are we being pelted with hailstones or pearls? Anyhow, we smile beneath the storm, and emerge, on the whole, enduringly enriched, though a little bruised, perhaps, in spirit. So doubtless it was mostly pearls. It has been a nervous business thus to review one's destined Editor. Still, this was the last time we could say what we liked about him; and, in our sheer enjoyment of this book, we never forgot to congratulate the DUBLIN on a future chief who is in such vital contact with his world at so many points. *Vivat valeat.* Ω

AMERICA is kind enough to call a certain well-known half-century, or more, "Victorian," because we in our island find the name convenient. And that little fact is a sign of a bond of literature that nothing in the "melting-pot" across the ocean will break while language lasts. And it is, by the way, to be noted that Miss Agnes Repplier, in one of the energetic essays of her new volume, *Counter Currents* (Constable & Co.), insists that the children of all the races cast into that melting-pot of her America shall come out of it speaking English.

The little book is one in which beats a "heart of controversy," and its quarrel is with almost everything that is in modern favour. The reader, however, must not suppose that the things she would oppose to present things are Victorian or ante-Victorian. She wants reform, not, except in some points of education, reversion. She has no love, for example, for Victorian sentiment. But neither has she any tolerance for the sentiment which she does not yet—and her American compatriots do not yet, it seems—call Georgian. That was domestically sickly, and this is socially so. She reads many philanthropic things in

Counter Currents

American magazines that represent a thousand social movements, and she finds them sickly as well as fallacious. The protection of young girls is a worthy work, but the "White-Slave Traffic" has flooded the press with absurdities; the factories are not the best workshops for girls who have to work, but a silly, though eloquent, poem has "gone the round" in the United States charging every woman who wears "a ribbon" with the laborious misery of the girl who insists upon making it on a machine. The truth is that the ribbon-wearer stretches out her hand, with wages in it, to the ribbon-weaver all in vain for "help," as America calls it, in her home. Miss Repplier has belonged for many years to the Society for the Protection of Animals, but it is no joy to her to read Mrs. Besant's warning to the eater of meat, a warning published by that Society: "If his astral vision could be opened so that he might see the fear and horror of the slaughtered beasts as they arrive in the astral world and send back thence currents of dread and hatred that flow between men and animals . . ." etc. Moreover, Miss Repplier finds that virtues of courage and enterprise are out of favour to-day (in America); a writer has condemned the bravery of Pole-discoverers, and a philanthropist asks, "When you have explored the North Pole or the South Pole, what can you do with it?"

The query is hard to answer. Perhaps no explorer wants to do anything with the Poles; but just leave them as they are, uncolonized for the present. They are not the only things in the world which have no commercial value.

This has a touch of Miss Repplier's humour, but are we wrong in detecting a slighter touch also of a little rare unfairness? It was not necessarily commercial value that the philanthropist had in mind.

Miss Repplier opposes and denounces the present sentimentality towards criminals, not because she loves "Victorian" callousness or the cruelty of an older time, but because she finds cruelty in the applause with which a woman was acquitted of theft because she had stolen

Some Recent Books

in order to deck her little girl in fine clothes—cruelty to the mind and future and training of the child. In this case the woman was overwhelmed with presents of frocks, and the newspapers rejoiced at her fashionable appearance, and her daughter's. Of another case Miss Repplier tells us. "Two bewildered girls, who did not know enough English to understand the charge against them," wrote an emotional reporter, "were charged with violent assaults. You could not conceive anything more pathetic." Miss Repplier answers him :

I said that a young woman who bowled over another young woman into the gutter understood perfectly the charge made against her, whether she spoke English or not. One does not have to study French or Spanish to know that one may not knock down a Frenchman or a Spaniard.

Miss Repplier spends much of her unfailing good sense in fighting the present educational ways that make play of a child's work; the little creature is not to hear the word "task," and to learn nothing in which he is not interested. She thinks that to learn to work is one of the things to be done at school, and that even the doing of things one does not like is not a bad training for the life ahead. Well, no doubt this modern easy treatment is an exaggeration, but we must allow for the inevitableness of reactions; and this is a reaction against an evil, in some countries, and perhaps locally and incidentally in all countries, a great evil—the cruel exhaustion or undue stimulation of the childish brain.

In her political essays she is an impassioned American, indignant at the German immigrant's disloyalty to the country that gives him citizenship and a vote under the sanction of a solemn oath; she is indignant at his divided duty to a "fatherland" he has chosen to forsake. She evidently does not love immigrants too well, but she will tolerate them if they become, by common gratitude, Americans. She is indignant at the American complaisance which has excluded *The Merchant of Venice* from the grammar and high schools of America because the Jews do not like its Shylock :

Counter Currents

And what if our Italian immigrants should take exception to the character of Iago, and demand that *Othello* should be excluded from the schools? What if the Sicilians should find themselves wounded in spirit by the behaviour of Leontes (compared with whom Shylock and Iago are gentlemen), and deny us the *Winter's Tale*? What if the Bohemians (a fast-increasing body of voters) should complain that their pedlars are honest men, shamefully slandered by the rogueries of Autolycus?

It is the present war that inspires Miss Repplier's gravest pages. She has the pain of wounded pride and the pain of patriotic shame. The sinking of the *Lusitania* has never ceased to dishonour in her heart the country she loves. And even in the American opponents of Germany she has to answer ineptitudes. One of them has said that a war with Germany is impossible, because it would be like "challenging an insane asylum." Miss Repplier, who has a fine eye for an absurdity, retorts:

As if an insane asylum which failed to restrain its inmates could be left unchallenged by the world! It is unwise to minimize our danger on the score of our saner judgment or higher morality. These qualities may win out in the future, but we are living now. Germany is none the less terrible because she is obsessed, and we are not a whit safer because we recognize her obsession.

In her mind the wrongs done to American citizens by German law-breakers are a national calamity. She does not think that the remoteness of the New World, if remoteness can be predicated of any place under the poles to-day, can relieve America from the responsibility of a nation virtually present at the war. She tells of the "graceful remark," new to us, made by a Prussian official to Matthew Arnold: "It is not so much that we dislike England as that we think little of her." Surely the Hymn of Hate itself was not a surer sign of strong level hatred than that show of contempt. Miss Repplier's thought is rational, her grief profound, and her anger keen. But humour is at hand with her; and her book is every way excellent reading.

A. M.

Some Recent Books

AN American, Mr. J. N. Hall, has answered, in *Kitchener's Mob* (Constable), an urgent question: Who should be the "others"—the best others—to "see us" in these days when we are solemnly self-conscious and aware that the eyes of nations are upon nations? For at no other time as in war-time is this deliberate grave scrutiny practised. We know something of ourselves, but we greatly need to know more; and we long to be admired and we eagerly endure to be rebuked; but more urgent than either desire is the unexpressed desire to be liked. Not on behalf of our State, of our systems, of our society, our arts, or any kinds of our civilians, is this our wistfulness. It is all for our young men, our fighting men. Our soldiers surprise us, they act paradox and speak it; they, too, *are* paradox, and yet they are "familiar as household words"; it is, in fact, their own household words, their dialect, their vocabulary, which do so express because they so disguise and conceal the men; we are perplexed in war by the daily echo of street and market, music-hall and workshop. The talk has the burlesque turn of the speakers' humour, and in its lack of aspirates and its harmless corruptions of old curses, and the twang of its pronunciation, it is itself humorous. Yet it is the language in which these men devote themselves, think their last thoughts, accept their agony, and pass from earth and time. How do these Englishmen demean themselves in other eyes than our accustomed yet bewildered eyes?

The finest observer should be one of our race, yet an alien; one whose own rougher fellow-citizens do not drop their aspirates, nor say "Gorblimy" for an innocent curse, and "Lummy" for an innocent blessing, nor march to death with an irony; one who, precisely because he knows the English language through and through, can appreciate the dialect of the trenches in all its oddity; yet one to whom it is new. None but an American can be quite this one observer. An Englishman—even a Colonial—has not the stimulus of noting something strange. To any European, not English, the strangeness is

Kitchener's Mob

hardly discernible. The talk of the Cockney is little or nothing to the French reporter ; he sees, indeed, the gaiety and light heart for which his traditional international criticisms (and who else is so traditional and ready-made an international critic as your Frenchman ?) had not prepared him ; but there his remarks stop short. The trenches in the English front needed an American, and none other.

The English army has found its American, or rather its American has found our army, bringing to it such a mind as we have entertained unawares but are glad to welcome retrospectively. We have spoken of observation ; and this Mr. Hall brought among our men when he enlisted with them, one in the greatest volunteer army the world has yielded to the call of honour. But beyond observation there is perception, and beyond perception insight ; and Mr. Hall brought the three to the study of the arms and the man. In like manner he has a liberal tolerance, but beyond tolerance there is sympathy, and beyond sympathy, charity. Mr. Hall allies these powers with each other by a literary style of straightforward dignity, simplicity, and ease. The latter quality, by the way, has dropped somewhat, and increasingly, behind the tastes of English critics ever since Horace Walpole was used to attribute to it an even excessive value, as did his educated contemporaries.

Mr. Hall enlisted in "Kitchener's Army" as what the French call, more pleasantly than we, a simple soldier. When he obtained his discharge, it was in order to attend his father's last illness. Meanwhile he trained and fought as "simply" as the rest, trampling down (and the trampling was not anxious but humorous, and somewhat with the step of a dance) his American democratic feelings under the superiority of the officer, and his undemocratic, but perhaps equally American, sensitiveness under the fellowship of the sergeant and the Tommy, to whom he was "Jimmie." The unofficial non-commissioned advice was given him much to the purpose :

"Don't put on no airs. Wot I mean is, don't let 'em think that

Some Recent Books

you think you're different. See wot I mean? . . . All you got to do is to forget all them aitches."

Mr. Hall took all hints and followed all instructions. His comrades refused to allow the existence of any Americans with German sympathies. He was accepted as the one right representative of the American nation. For, even though he had learnt to say "Gorblimy, 'ow's the missus?" his speech did betray him, and did him no harm. But in regard to the officer bearing His Majesty's commission:

It was very hard at first . . . I learnt that a ranker is a socially inferior being from the officer's point of view.

But this did not hold good, or hardly, on active service. Such slight protests as Mr. Hall had proffered in talk with his rankers, was answered:

"Look 'ere. Ain't a gentleman a gentleman? I'm arsking you, ain't 'e?"

And to the social problem thus Socratically stated, there was obviously no efficient answer. Mr. Hall shared with his battalion, on the march in England, straggling, the contempt of nursemaids; and as an accurate historian he acknowledges that the singing of "shoulder to shoulder, blade to blade," in this inglorious preliminary work represented neither the facts of the *tenué*, nor the state of the spirits, of the men in those stages of their training. The "chaff" of the lookers-on at the passing of the new recruits might be a little surprise, but Mr. Hall allows us to see that the lack of one wave of the hand, one cheer, as his battalion sailed for France, was a surprise somewhat greater. The "boys" were crowding the deck for a last look at their silent England. It was a look also without speech; but what did rouse the men to prolonged cheering was the sight of the guardian fleet. "Good old Navy!"—and the generous soldier gave the sailor a spontaneous song, more genuine than that of the march.

Mr. Hall jotted in his notebook the little conversations of the French; the men's dealing with the French country people, and the language in which it was

Kitchener's Mob

disguised ; the dealing with the enemy ; and no other recorder has told us of the German joke of setting up on the trench parapet a manikin with string attached to its limbs, and the English joke of taking aim at the cardboard arm or leg, and the German joke of pulling the shot member by its string. We hear of the soldier's personal parasites, and of the powder which, though it does not kill, "tykes the ginger out of 'em." Plenty of irony, plenty of burlesque, but the readiest help for the wounded, and an inarticulate compassion :

Daily I saw men going through the test of fire triumphantly, and, at the last, what a severe test it was! And how splendidly they met it! During six months continuously in the firing-line, I met less than a dozen natural-born cowards ; and my experience was largely with plumbers, drapers' assistants, clerks, men who had no fighting traditions to back them up, make them heroic in spite of themselves.

Again :

I had learned to understand Tommy. His silences were as eloquent as any splendid outbursts could have been. Indeed, they were far more eloquent. Englishmen seem to have an instinctive understanding of the futility, the emptiness, of words in the face of unspeakable experiences . . . Their talk was of anything but home ; and yet I knew they thought of but little else.

The letter to be written to the mother of the slain was entrusted to those of a dead boy's comrades who knew him best.

Each of them was afraid of blundering, of causing unnecessary pain . . . The final draft of the letter was a little masterpiece, not of English, but of insight . . . Nothing was forgotten that could make the news in the slightest degree more endurable. Every trifling personal belonging was carefully saved and packed in a little box to follow the letter.

All this danger, all this privation, exhausting labour, and hardship, the stranger was enduring for a country not his very own ; all the strange companionship, all the daily disproportion between the uneducated man—the one man—and the uneducated men—the many—he was

Some Recent Books

accepting. Days of solitary thoughts must have been his, and hours of talk in which was no communication. It was not only for the privacies of the trench life that he was watchful; the English reader is happy to know that his vigilance in observing public matters gives a happy report. We have throughout the war been quick to criticize every department of its administration; to Mr. Hall were evident the daily proofs of order and success. As for wounds and death, Mr. Hall makes no futile fictions, yet preserves the modesty of the profession. He had to look daily upon the human body dismembered and disembowelled and trampled in fragments; he has to tell us this, but he tells it briefly. The priest, the surgeon, and the soldier have to guard—the first the obligation, the second the honour, the third the decorum, of their calling. Mr. Hall was a soldier, and he writes quite unlike a correspondent. Yet we know that he had to witness, that he helped to succour, indescribable anguish.

Now, as to dialect. He reports the Cockney well; but what is gained by "wot"? Dickens probably began it, and every comic writer has followed; it serves the purpose of making the pages look funny, but it represents nothing phonetically, except perhaps to the Irish ear. In Ireland that *h* may be pronounced before the *w*; in the rest of the United Kingdom it is dropped. One might also complain that the American "Say!" at the beginning of a sentence is attributed by Mr. Hall rather rashly to the Englishman. The American "Say!" is not the equivalent of the "Dis" wherewith the French child persecutes his parents; it is an abbreviation of "I say"; and the Englishman says "I say."

At the outset we showed cause why an American might write the best of all books on the Trenches, and the reader of *Kitchener's Mob* will find that an American has done it.

M.

IT is only in recent years that Paul Claudel, a translation of whose work, *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net), comes to us, has enthusiastic

The Tidings Brought to Mary

English readers. Nay, he has had to wait for his French readers also. He is one of those ardent spirits who have fought his way from unbelief to Catholicism. Belonging to the diplomatic profession, he lived outside France, mostly in the far East, and so was not in a position to introduce his work or make himself known. The form of his poetry was perhaps another hindrance to his acceptance with his own countrymen. France, conservative in the extreme as regards literary form, showed some reticence in receiving a poet whose form was neither prose nor any recognized form of verse. It was not even the *vers libre*. It was an invention of Claudel's own, much in the same way that "catalectic verse" was an invention of Coventry Patmore's. Moreover, the original form was in every way suitable to the original ideas of the poet. The most striking impression that one gets from one's first hours with him is like that of walking down the avenues of Mestrovic's sculpture. You feel that you have come into the presence of a genius, but that you have to live with him some time before you understand him. He must be allowed to grow upon you.

The work, which is described as *The Tidings Brought to Mary: a Mystery*, is not, as the title might suggest, a simple nativity play. It is a mediæval drama, formerly and more fittingly entitled *La Jeune Fille Violaine*, in which the poet wishes to portray sentiment as one of the chief branches of the tree of life. Violaine is a holy soul who chooses suffering and renunciation, chooses to be a leper, for what purpose we leave the reader to gather from the play. Whoever would undertake the task of translating such an author would be bold indeed. Moreover, it would be unfair on the part of the critic to demand the same poetic significance in the translation as in the original. We could not expect the original rhythm and metre to be retained. It is sufficient if we get the ideas together with some attempt at imitating the form of the original. And this we think Mrs. Louise Morgan Sill has here triumphantly accomplished. A very successful version of *L'Echange*, by Dr. Rowland Thurman, was

Some Recent Books

produced some time ago at the Little Theatre, though it has not as yet, so far as we know, been published. And then, too, we want to see English versions of the *Hymnes* and the *Cinq Grandes Odes*. In fact, we want to see the interesting soul of Paul Claudel, as evolved and manifested in his work.

T. J. G.

THAT there is such a thing as Heredity no one will deny, for the fact is obvious, palpable, and undeniable. But what is the mechanism, if, indeed, mechanism is a proper term to use, by which heredity is brought about, is quite another matter. That question is at present unanswered and may, perhaps, for ever remain unanswered. There are two main currents of opinion on the subject. There is the view, which, it must be confessed, has not met with much support, that Heredity is a form of memory, the so-called Mnemic Theory. And there is the more commonly received idea that there is a physical basis; either, as most believe, the chromosomes or, as others imagine, the cytoplasm. It is a highly technical question, and it is discussed in a highly technical manner in a recent work by Professor Morgan and other writers, *The Mechanism of Mendelian Heredity*, by Morgan, Sturtevant, Muller, and Bridges. (Constable & Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

Although it is a book in no way intended for the general reader we can strongly commend it to all interested in the present state of biological problems of which that of Heredity is one of the most important. We may add that anything which comes from the pen of Professor Morgan is worthy of the most careful consideration, for he is not only one of the most learned living biologists, but also one of the most cautious and philosophically minded. The authors think and bring forward much evidence to prove that such characters as are inherited according to Mendelian laws are inherited through the chromosomes, but that there are other heritable characters, not following these laws, which may be handed on by the cytoplasm.

The New Europe

Another notable point brought out in this book is the much greater influence exercised by the environment in respect of the determination of sex and other matters than would at all have been allowed in quite recent years. The book is well brought out and admirably illustrated and should find a place not only in every scientific but also in every philosophical library. B. C. A. W.

MR. ARNOLD TOYNBEE has given us in his Essays upon *The New Europe* (Dent & Sons, pp. 85, 1s. 6d. net) some of the fragments that remain from his larger work on *Nationality and the War*, which we estimated at length on pp. 197 to 199 of our last volume. *The New Europe* demands the same acknowledgment of its author's excellence of intention and subtlety of argument, but also the same comments upon his standpoint. The essay on "Ideals of Nationality" is good and fresh; with "Historical Sentiment" we begin to find the theorist theory-spinning around the very dubitable proposition that "the past is dead." With the next three chapters we get theory in full blast. Just as the clerical theorist deduces from New Testament ethics as he understands them, that we might give up Gibraltar as a pledge of our willingness to do as we would be done by, so the economic theorist deduces from his economic theories that when the German has been driven out of Belgium and made to see the error of his "pernicious doctrine of Natural Frontiers," he is to be invited back again to "promote" his "trade through Antwerp" on "the more rational principle of Economic Rights of Way."

Had we the space we might say a good deal about this "more rational principle"; at any rate the "settlement" of the Macedonian question in 1913 was not a very happy example to quote in its support, considering the way in which the German Emperor's brother-in-law has viewed his obligations, of honour and of treaty, towards the Serbians. Mutual "economic rights of way" between Belgrade and Salonika should have secured, on

Some Recent Books

Mr. Toynbee's theory, a community of interest, and mutual support between Greece and Serbia. So much for theory. Fortunately it is practical men that will decide what is to be done after the war. The Belgians are not at all likely to invite the Germans back, nor the Italians when they get Trieste to ask the Austrians to stop there under cover of "rights of way." Nor is it at all likely that the Germans will be asked to return into Africa as one constituent in a Federation after the American model, which shall shepherd the Kaffirs and Bantus—whom Mr. Toynbee so tactfully likens to the inhabitants of the newer States of the Union—till these are ready to sit in the common council-chamber of a Federated continent. Mr. Toynbee sees clearly enough and expresses vigorously what a German domination of the world would mean. German theorizing strikes his imagination and he can deal with it. But when events have demonstrated its fallacies everything will, of course, be all right: we shall sit down happily together, Germans and all the rest, and concoct a new world out of rights of way, federal constitutions, mutual concessions and the like, all of them, of course, based upon "scraps of paper." Really, we ask ourselves, is there a war going on at all, or do our senses deceive us?

THE *Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine* (Kegan Paul, pp. 360, 5s. net) is translated from a French work edited by the Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. We are not sure that it is well translated, for the English in several places is doubtfully grammatical, and sometimes there is more serious fault to be found. The phrase, "prayer of simple regard," for instance, which appears on p. 125, is a transliteration of a French phrase which no doubt is difficult to translate. But mere transliteration in this case amounts to untruth. A more painful evidence of incompetent translation is the following: "But here does Jesus not give after a fashion to the Blessed Virgin something of the superiority over her Divine Son which every mother has over her child"

Journal of Lucie Christine

(p. 102). Superiority should rather be authority. The sentence as it stands savours of Nestorianism. But, apart from defects of translation, the original work itself challenges criticism. It purports to be the spiritual journal, or diary, of "a Frenchwoman, a lady living in the world and the mother of a family, who was born in 1844 and died—of a transport of love on Good Friday—in 1908." If we are to take as true all that Père Poulain tells us about her and all that she says about herself, "Lucie Christine" was a very remarkable woman. She was a wife at twenty-one, an *ecstatica* at twenty-nine, mother of five children, and a widow at forty-three. She had hardly read any mystical authors and had no director for thirty-three years except the parish priest, yet she went through the whole cycle of spiritual experiences precisely modelled on the handbooks of Mystical Theology. On this point Père Poulain remarks, somewhat naïvely, that "although as a mystic she may have held precisely the same views" as himself, it is not to be thought that he influenced her. If all that is said of her in this book be true, it would seem almost a crime for Père Poulain to hide the identity of one so distinguished by Divine Grace under the anonymous veil of "Lucie Christine." But the story does not carry conviction.

SIR GILBERT PARKER in his novel, *The Money Master* (Hutchinson & Co., 6s.), returns to his old people, the French Canadians, and a field of romance in which he won his first and, in our opinion, his greatest successes. This story has all the old charm, and the Catholic clergy and laity, not to speak of Catholic affairs generally, are treated in a sympathetic manner and with an insight remarkable in one who does not wear the livery of the Church. That indeed is why we do remark, and make mention of, his book in these pages. His intelligent fairness, not achieved without pains, we acknowledge with gratitude and with the wish that other authors may follow his most excellent example.

Some Recent Books

MISS JANET SPENS dedicates her essay on *Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition* (Oxford : B. H. Blackwell) to Professor A. C. Bradley, whose student she is, and thus she invokes the name and in part pledges the credit of the wisest, profoundest, and—this is his most valuable quality—the most impassioned exponent of Shakespeare in our day. It is primarily a very scholarly little work, a work of research ; but the author does not limit herself to even the most selective tracing of sources and springs, or even the most alert perception of vestiges. She thinks out for herself not only the significance but the full value of the results of her research work. Still, it is research, and it is work, and undoubtedly sufficiently absorbing to assemble the writer's powers and concentrate them upon one point of literature. Thus she looks upon originality with cold eyes ; tradition and ancient things and what our fathers have told us are for the time her whole, and are no doubt, even when she is not writing on Shakespeare's relation to tradition, her chief preoccupation. Thus she opens her essay somewhat defiantly :

Originality was a new and somewhat ugly idol of the nineteenth century. It is true that the Augustans had revered "invention" as one of the great poetic qualities ; but "invention" was of the manner, decoration ; not of the matter. The subject of a great poem, they held, as did their predecessors, must be dug from the soil of the ancient thought of man.

The Nineteenth Century has had to bear hard things from the flying heels of modernity ; but is it now, on the contrary, to be reproached with inferiority in literary judgment to the Augustan age ? Never was a stranger revenge of time. It is well that Miss Spens goes on to define her terms somewhat more carefully. Obviously, poetry has to deal not only with the "ancient thought," it has to deal historically with the ancient fact. And it has to deal with the ancient emotion and the ancient passion of man ; because man is always man, however we may huddle him into centuries and label him with school-names. But the poetic originality breaking free in the

The Dead Musician

illustrious group of poets that glorified the Nineteenth Century from its very beginning to its very end is not "somewhat ugly" and was not an "idol." What is not "somewhat" but exceedingly ugly, and what might be called an idol if one wished to use words of that kind, is the Twentieth Century originality of the *vers libre*. Free verse is a contradiction in terms, but its chief offence is not that it robs us of the beauty of rhythm and rhyme, and of the poetic passion that insists upon submitting to discipline, but that it is, or was (for its day may even now be over), invariably accompanied by a grasping at originality of thought—an impotent grasping.

The least interesting part of Miss Spens' inquiry relates, as might be expected, to Shakespeare's use of old histories. This is, as it were, a mechanical "relation" with the past, and it is of course to be predicated of all writers who write about other centuries, as what writers do not? One does not make a history of Rome for oneself; if one did, it would not be a history of Rome. But Miss Spens follows her discoveries into folk-lore and other wild by-ways; and she makes, moreover, a study of more spiritual derivations. It is, at any rate, to the credit of her book that, among many discoveries, it contains, apparently, the discovery of only one mare's nest—that of sin in Nineteenth Century originality.

THE poetic thought and phrase in *The Dead Musician* of Father C. L. O'Donnell (Laurence J. Gomme) may lead a reader to wish that a more severe care had been given to the work of omission. Nothing, perhaps, should without question be cast out, but not a little might be; and that is enough condemnation when poetry is in question. On the other hand, there is so beautiful a lyric as this:

O twilight hour, you come and take my heart,
With all your folded wings and colours flown
From all your folded flowers, silver grown—
O twilight hour, you come and take my heart.

Some Recent Books

Your feet have trod what alien, far ways ;
On all the battlefields of time you came ;
In many a bower you fell upon love's flame ;
Your feet have trod what wonderful sad ways.

Egypt has met you, and the crest of Rome
Has bowed you homage with a vassal smile,
And shadowy kingdoms of the dreaming Nile ;
Egypt has kissed you, Greece, and faded Rome.

What prayers have fallen on your silver ear,
Franconian fields and Frisian fiords among ;
Bells have bespoke you, weeping queens have sung :
The vespers of the world are in your ear.

O twilight hour, you come and take my heart
And shake my soul with silent presagings ;
I walk a lonely road, and no wind sings,
But come, O twilight hour, and take my heart.

This thought, fit and formed for poetry, and altogether one with its words, is a thought worth thinking ; and it is not alone in this interesting little collection.

As to the quatrains, their brief allegories, their round symbols, inevitably recall Father Tabb, sometimes very worthily. But the longer lyrics are the best of all, and they are so good that we hope the dedication "To my Mother" implies youth in the author, and the promise of more poems equal to these, and, it may be, even better.

THE INDEX TO VOL. 159

The Titles to Articles are printed in Italics.

A MENDE Honorable, by Francisco Melgar, *reviewed*, 207.
Antiquity of Man, The, by A. Keith, *reviewed*, 200.

BARRY, D.D., Very Rev. W., *Is Turkey Doomed?* 156.
Barry, Canon William, *Free Nations and German Culture*, 291.
Baudrillart's War Publications, Mgr., *reviewed*, 206.
Belloc, H., The Last Days of the French Monarchy, *reviewed*, 198.
A Page of Gibbon, 361.
Benson, Life of Mgr. R. H., by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., *reviewed*, 195.
Bernard, St., on the Love of God, translated by E. G. Gardner, *reviewed*, 185.
Blundell, O.S.B., Dom. F. Odo, *Bishop James Gordon and the Highlands of Scotland*, 141.
Bourchier, E. S., Syria as a Roman Province, *reviewed*, 190.
Boufflers, Chevalier de, by Nesta Webster, *reviewed*, 193.
Buckle, G. E., The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, *reviewed*, 194.

CALIPH'S Last Heritage, by Sir Mark Sykes, *reviewed*, 156.
Carlyle, A. J., Political Theory from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth, *reviewed*, 186.
Chesterton, G. K., *Wilfrid Ward*, 23.
Caudel, P., The Tidings brought to Mary, *reviewed*, 388.
Comfort, William Wistar, *A Lapsed Relationship*, 336.
Confirmation, by Fr. O'Dwyer, *reviewed*, 346.
Counter Currents, by Agnes Repplier, *reviewed*, 380.
Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., Very Rev. Fr., *Wilfrid Ward*, 1.

DE GRANDMAISON, Léonce, Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres de Soldats, *reviewed*, 206.
Dead Musician, The, by C. L. O'Donnell, *reviewed*, 395.
Disraeli, The Life of Benjamin, by G. E. Buckle, *reviewed*, 194.
Duckworth, W. L. H., Morphology and Anthropology, *reviewed*, 202.

EAST and West through Fifteen Centuries, by Gen. Young, *reviewed*, 199.
Elizabeth, England and the Catholic Church under Queen, by Arnold Meyer, *reviewed*, 189.
End of a Chapter, The, by Shane Leslie, *reviewed*, 377.
Ethiopic Liturgy, The, edited by S. A. B. Mercer, D.D., *reviewed*, 183.

FOWLER, Dr. Warde, Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans," *reviewed*, 205.
Free Nations and German Culture, by William Barry, 291.
French Monarchy, The Last Days of the, by H. Belloc, *reviewed*, 198.

The Index

GARDNER, E. G., *The Book of St. Bernard on the Love of God*, *reviewed*, 185.

Garrold, S. J., Rev. R., *The Onion Peelers*, *reviewed*, 203.

German Soul, *The*, by Baron F. von Hügel, *reviewed*, 180.

Gibbon, *A Page of*, by Hilaire Belloc, 361.

Gobineau, A. de, *The Inequality of Human Races*, *reviewed*, 125.

The Renaissance, *reviewed*, 125.

Gordon, *Bishop James, and the Highlands of Scotland*, by Dom F. Odo Blundell, O.S.B., 141.

Gower, Lord Granville Leveson, *Correspondence*, *reviewed*, 193.

Grotius Society, *Transactions of the*, *reviewed*, 207.

HAILE, Martin, *Some Memories of O'Connell*, 106.

Hall, J. N., *Kitchener's Mob*, *reviewed*, 384.

Heredity, *The Mechanism of Mendelian*, by Morgan, Sturtevant and others, *reviewed*, 390.

Hirsch-Davies, J. E. de, *Catholicism in Mediæval Wales*, *reviewed*, 199.

Historic Anecdote of la Guerre, L', *reviewed*, 206.

Horæ Diurnæ, with Translation, *reviewed*, 208.

Hügel, Baron F. von, *The German Soul*, *reviewed*, 180.

IMPRESSIONS de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats, by Léonce de Grandmaison, *reviewed*, 206.

In Honorem Sancti Boni Latronis, Poem, by J. S. Phillimore, 102.

Inequality of Human Races, *The*, by A. de Gobineau, *reviewed*, 125.

Irish Scene in American Eyes, *The*, by Shane Leslie, 234.

KEITH, A., *The Antiquity of Man*, *reviewed*, 200.

Kitchener's Mob, by J. N. Hall, *reviewed*, 384.

LAPSED Relationship, *A*, by William Wistar Comfort, 336.

Leslie, Shane, *The Irish Scene in American Eyes*, 234.

The End of a Chapter, *reviewed*, 377.

Lilly, W. S., *A Plea for War*, 68.

MAHER, R. A., *The Shepherd of the North*, *reviewed*, 204.

Martindale, S. J., Rev. C. C., *The Life of Mgr. R. H. Benson*, *reviewed*, 195.

With Dyed Garments, *reviewed*, 208.

Reconstruction, 250.

Mediæval War Poetry, *Some Thoughts on*, by Mary Segar, 84.

Melgar, Francisco, *Amende Honorable*, *reviewed*, 207.

Memories and Reflections, by Wilfrid Ward, 209.

Mental and Spiritual Healing, *Problems of*, by James J. Walsh, 301.

Mercer, D. D., Rev. S. A. B., *The Ethiopic Liturgy*, *reviewed*, 183.

Meyer, Arnold, *England and the Catholic Church under Queen Elizabeth*, *reviewed*, 189.

Money Master, *The*, by Sir Gilbert Parker, *reviewed*, 393.

Morgan, Sturtevant, and others, *The Mechanism of Mendelian Heredity*, *reviewed*, 390.

Morphology and Anthropology, by W. L. H. Duckworth, *reviewed*, 202.

The Index

NEW Europe, The, by Arnold Toynbee, *reviewed*, 391.

O'CONNELL, *Some Memories of*, by Martin Haile, 106.
O'Donnell, Rev. C. L., *The Dead Musician*, *reviewed*, 395.
O'Dwyer, Fr., *Confirmation*, *reviewed*, 346.
Onion Peelers, The, by Rev. R. Garrold, S.J., *reviewed*, 203.

PAPAL Chancery, *Lectures upon the History of the*, by R. L. Poole, *reviewed*, 199.

Parker, Sir Gilbert, *The Money Master*, *reviewed*, 393.
Penitential Psalms, The, by Hugh Pope, O.P., 267.
Phillimore, J. S., *In Honorem Sancti Boni Latronis*, Poem, 102.
Pilgrimage of Grace and Exeter Conspiracy, The, by R. C. Wilton, 318.
Political Theory from the Tenth Century to the Thirteenth, by A. J. Carlyle, *reviewed*, 186.
Pollen, A. H., *The Spirit of the Nation*, 33.
Poole, R. L., *Lectures on the History of the Papal Chancery*, *reviewed*, 199.
Pope, O.P., Hugh, *The Penitential Psalms*, 267.
Poulain, S.J., Rev. A., *The Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine*, *reviewed*, 392.
Primates of the Four Georges, The, by A. W. Rowden, K.C., *reviewed*, 195.

RACE and Super-Race, by Alfred Rahilly, 125.
Rahilly, Alfred, *Race and Super-Race*, 125.
Reconstruction, by C. C. Martindale, 250.
Renaissance, The, by A. de Gobineau, *reviewed*, 125.
Repplier, Agnes, *Counter Currents*, *reviewed*, 380.
Reynolds, Rothay, *The Russian Church*, 52.
Rousseau, *The Political Writings of*, edited by C. E. Vaughan, *reviewed*, 188.
Rowden, A. W., *The Primates of the Four Georges*, *reviewed*, 195.
Russian Church, The, by Rothay Reynolds, 52.

SACRAMENTAL Theology, *A Study in the Development of*, by O. R. Vassall-Phillips, C.S.S.R., 346.

Segar, Mary, *Some Thoughts on Mediæval War Poetry*, 84.
Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition, by Janet Spens, *reviewed*, 394.
Shepherd of the North, The, by R. A. Maher, *reviewed*, 204.
Spens, Janet, *Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition*, *reviewed*, 394.
Spirit of the Nation, The, by A. H. Pollen, 33.
Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine, by Rev. A. Poulain, S.J., *reviewed*, 392.
Sykes, Sir Mark, *The Caliph's Last Heritage*, *reviewed*, 156.
Syria as a Roman Province, by E. S. Bouchier, *reviewed*, 190.

TIDINGS brought to Mary, The, by P. Claudel, *reviewed*, 388.
Turkey: Is Turkey Doomed? by Dr. Barry, 156.

VASSALL-PHILLIPS, C.S.S.R., O. R., *A Study in the Development of Sacramental Theology*, 346.

Vaughan, C. E., *The Political Writings of Rousseau*, *reviewed*, 188.
Virgil's "Gathering of the Clans," by Dr. Warde Fowler, *reviewed*, 205.

The Index

- W**ALES, Catholicism in Mediæval, by J. E. de Hirsch-Davies, *reviewed*, 199.
Walsh, James J., *Problems of Mental and Spiritual Healing*, 301.
Ward, Wilfrid, by the Very Rev. Fr. Cuthbert, O.S.F.C., 1.
By G. K. Chesterton, 23.
Memories and Reflections, 209.
War, A Plea for, by W. S. Lilly, 68.
Webster, Nesta, *The Chevalier de Boufflers*, *reviewed*, 193.
Wilton, R. C., *The Pilgrimage of Grace and the Exeter Conspiracy*, 318.
With Dyed Garments, by Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J., *reviewed*, 208.

YOUNG, Gen., East and West through Fifteen Centuries, *reviewed*, 199.

BURNS & OATES' NEW BOOKS

THE LIFE OF FRANCIS THOMPSON

BY EVERARD MEYNELL

NEW & CHEAP EDITION

Uniform with Francis Thompson's "Works." Buckram,
gilt, 6s. net. Postage 5d.

¶ "The reviewers agree that the work is splendidly done."—*PUBLIC OPINION*. "This intensely fascinating book."—*PALL MALL GAZETTE*. "The supreme interest of this biography."—*DAILY TELEGRAPH*. "We close the book with a feeling that is half reluctance and all gratitude."—*Observer*.

The Spiritual Classics

Each with photogravure frontispiece, cloth, 1s. 6d. net,
limp lambskin, 3s. net. Postage 2d.

A NEW VOLUME :

¶ **THE SPIRIT OF BISHOP HEDLEY** : Selections from his writings. With a preface by Prior Cummins, O.S.B.

ALREADY PUBLISHED :

¶ **THE SPIRIT OF CARDINAL NEWMAN** : Selections from his writings. With a preface by C. C. Martindale, S.J.

¶ **THE SPIRIT OF FATHER FABER** : Selections from his writings. With a preface by Wilfrid Meynell.

"Beautiful little books."—*THE GLEANER*. "The series is likely to be an exceedingly valuable one."—*SATURDAY REVIEW*. "A capital selection."—*Observer*. "A delightful format."—*Sunday Times*.

XXVIII ORCHARD ST., LONDON, W.

